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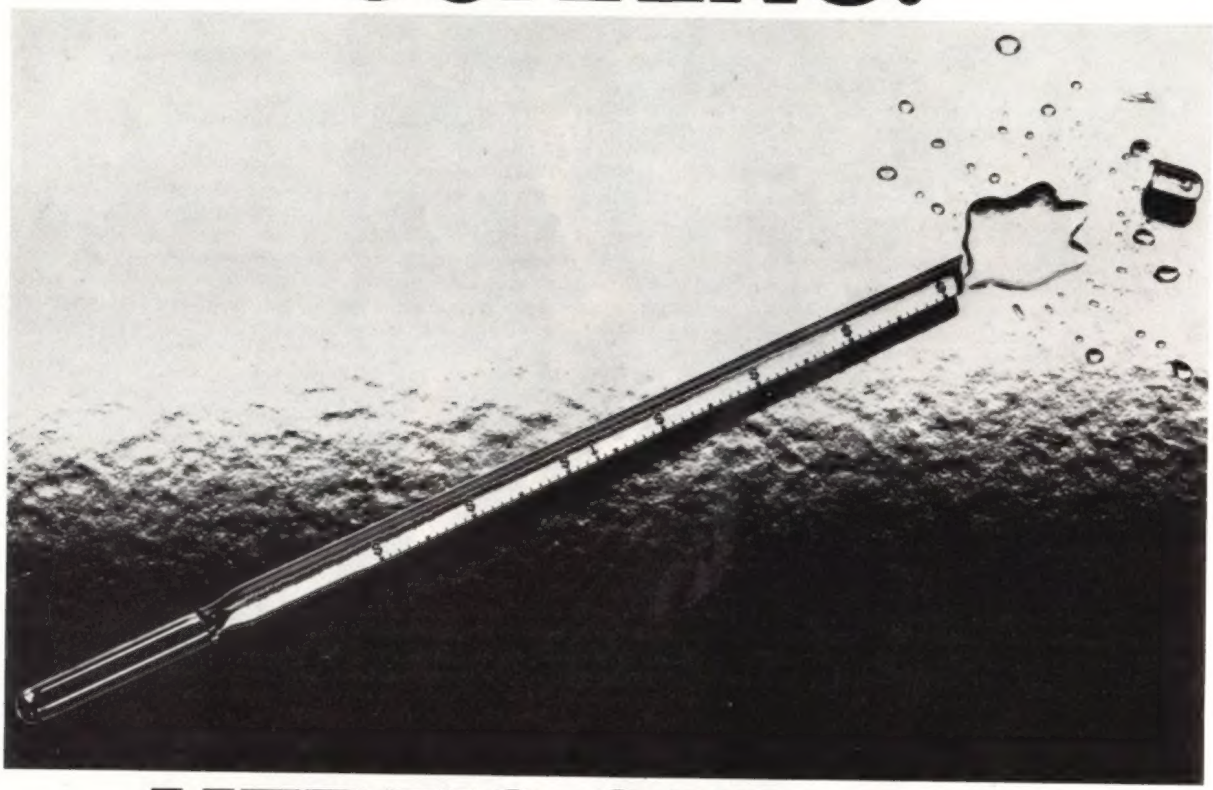

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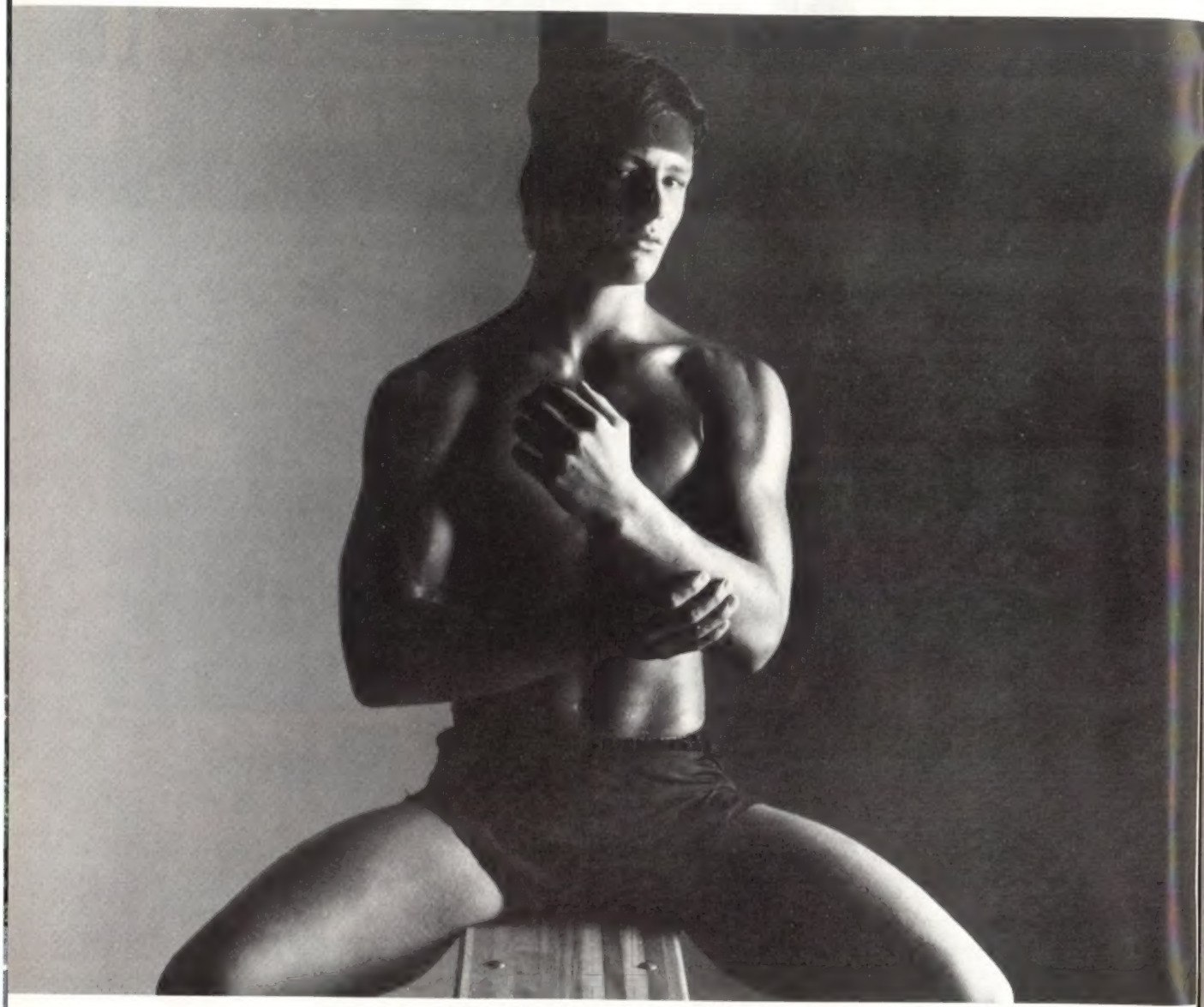

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FEBRUARY 14, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 7

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

The KGB, the Soviet secret police and espionage agency, is the world's largest information-gathering organization and certainly its most mysterious. For this week's cover story on the shadowy secret service that nurtured the Soviet Union's new leader, Yuri Andropov, TIME correspondents employed their own resourceful information-gathering techniques. In a dozen capitals, they pieced together anecdotes and insights from intelligence agents, diplomats, academic specialists and members of the Russian émigré community. In London, TIME's Frank Melville met with Defector Vladimir Kuzichkin, a former KGB major. Washington Correspondent Christopher Redman talked with past and present members of U.S. intelligence and found them wary about revealing too much knowledge of KGB operations, lest it tip off Soviet spies to U.S. capabilities. Moscow Bureau Chief Erik Amfitheatrof probably had the most delicate assignment. "Soviet citizens are usually leery of talking about the KGB," he reports. "But those willing to be interviewed provided insights available nowhere else. One person told me, 'If you walked down the street with a sign reading GLORY TO COMMUNISM, the KGB would detain you, because all unauthorized action is prohibited.' That said something very real to me about the KGB's pervasive power." In New York, on the receiving end of the gleanings from correspondents, were Senior Editor Donald Morrison, and Staff Writer John Kohan, who wrote the story.

Amfitheatrof in Red Square

Part of the cover package is a report on Bulgaria, written by Associate Editor Jim Kelly, which examines that Balkan nation's reputation as an espionage surrogate for the Soviets, perhaps even in the 1981 assassination attempt on Pope John Paul II. Rome Correspondent Barry Kalb has followed the scenarios that have speculated on various countries' possible roles in the affair. In Washington, Correspondent Ross H. Munro canvassed the intelligence community and pored over the Soviet press. Rome Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn went to Turkey to assess "the amazing Bulgarian involvement in arms and drugs, and Bulgarian activities aimed at destabilizing Turkey." Eastern Europe Bureau Chief Richard Hornik traveled to Sofia, Bulgaria's capital, and gained a different perspective. "The country has been in the news because of an assassination plot," Hornik says. "But with its ancient culture, beautiful scenery and relatively prosperous economy, Bulgaria is in itself a subject worthy of separate journalistic analysis."

John a. Meyer

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Don't thank us

Hundreds of "Dear Mobil" notes and calls have been deluging our mailroom and switchboards for a couple of weeks now—a quite unprecedented outpouring of public thanks for *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*. We were delighted to bring you the Royal Shakespeare Company's TV production of that marvelous Charles Dickens tale on "Mobil Showcase Network" stations across the country last month, and now your moving response leaves us feeling...well, as poor Smike himself said: "It's my heart. It is so very full."

Amazing—and true—that simple sentiment so suspiciously corny in our cynical and self-centered age can be so honest and appropriate in the company of Dickens. Families came together for four warmhearted evenings, parents cheered *Nickleby's* emotional and intellectual uplift for children, older folks expressed their happiness at seeing a lifelong favorite novel come to life. For the hearing-impaired, the closed-captioned *Nickleby* was a "fantastic gift" to share "how rich a tapestry" language is.

Viewers praised the wonderfully versatile actors, and the wonderful lines they had...the staging, and the special way it came across on TV...but mostly fans simply celebrated the whole magnificent production...and their own tears and laughter. Some recalled other outstanding programs we've supported, some complimented the quality and public-spirited tone of our messages during *Nickleby's* commercial breaks, some even sent us checks for the theater tickets they didn't have to buy.

Obviously, that's as heartwarming for us as the generous friendship of the Cheeryble brothers was for Nicholas. We're sorry only for the "wretched, desolate, lachrymose" Nevada fan and others who couldn't get *Nickleby* in their areas (and maybe a little sad that there was no Mobil service station near the New Mexico lady who otherwise "would have rushed right off and filled all five of our cars").

But, really, no thanks are necessary. If you recall, we didn't use our commercial time to boost Mobil or its products, but rather to give a prime-time showcase to some community groups that are helping to solve society's problems...totally through private efforts. Matter of fact, these groups have had their own flood of "letters and cards from all over the country...requesting information" and delivering "contributions, and lots and lots of praise."

Which is why we bring the subject of *Nickleby* up again. As we said in returning those checks people sent us, if you want to thank anybody for *Nicholas Nickleby*, let your good cheer flow—as Dickens surely would have had it—to those in need of it. You can extend your generosity to the groups mentioned on the air (their addresses are below) or to similar agencies deserving of your helping hand.

For as Nicholas himself learned at the play's end, even in the happiest of times there's always another Smike to befriend: "Who calls so loud?"

Daytop Village, 54 West 40 Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

Volunteer, Tutorial and D.O.V.E.S. (Dedicated Older Volunteers in Educational Services) Program, 450 North Grand, Room G114, Los Angeles, Ca. 90012.

Inner City Scholarship Fund, 1011 First Avenue, Suite 6110, New York, N.Y. 10022.

The National Committee-Arts for the Handicapped, 1825 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Suite 417, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Young Audiences, 115 East 92 Street, New York, N.Y. 10028.

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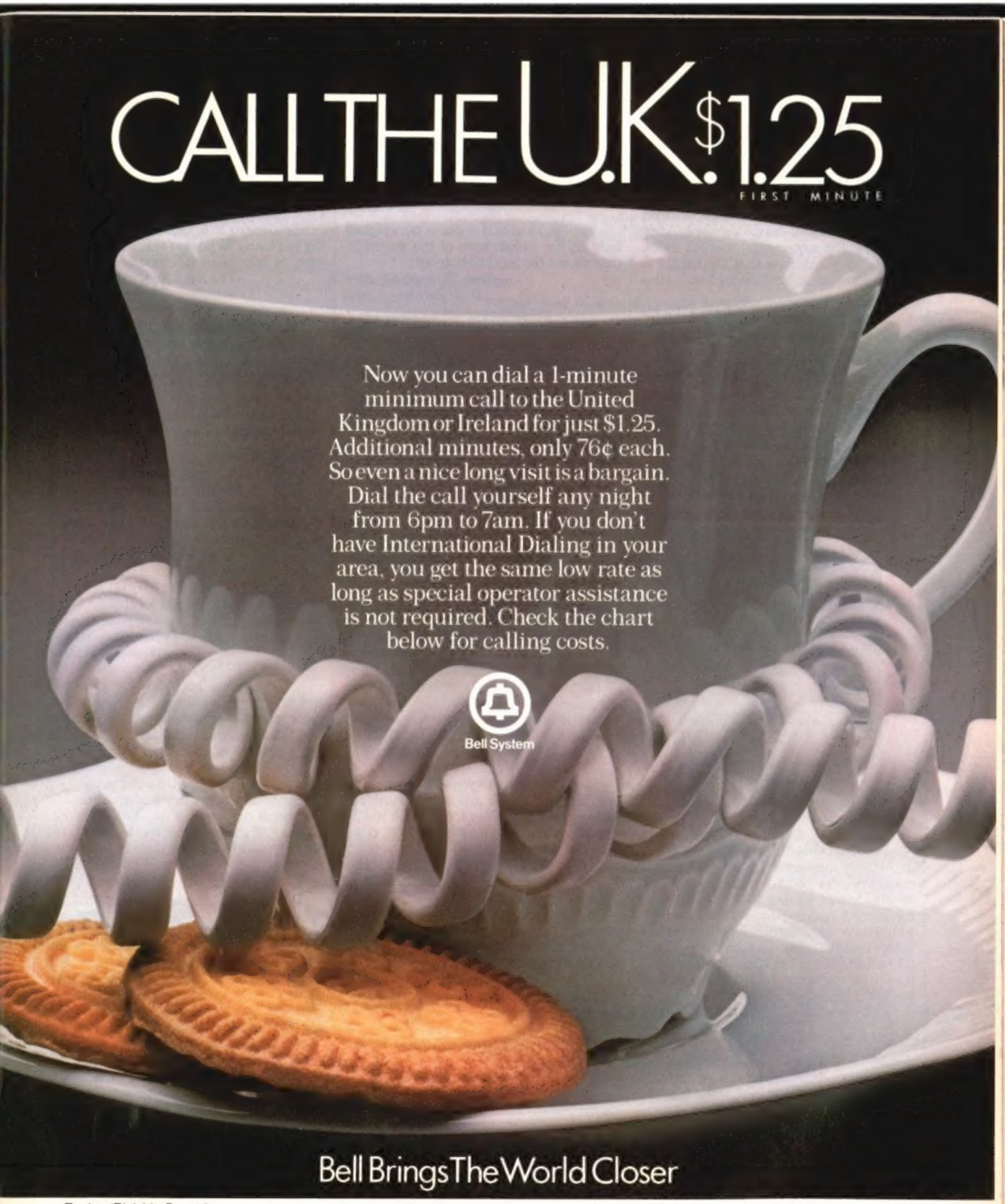

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Letters

Death Penalty

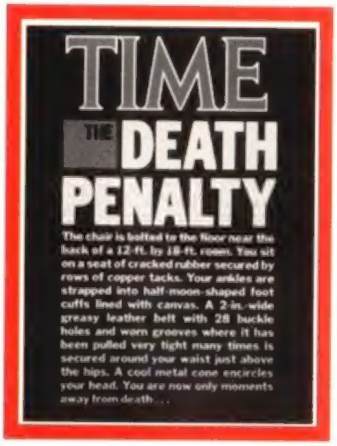
To the Editors:

Your story on capital punishment [Jan. 24] was one of the best and most balanced pieces that I have read on that emotional and soul-searching issue. After analyzing the arguments on both sides, one can only conclude that the matter is far too complex to be dismissed with simplistic judgments.

John A. Vance
Athens, Ga.

In the November elections I voted, with some hesitation, to put the death penalty on the books in Massachusetts. After reading about the atrocities in your article, my second thoughts have passed. There is no doubt in my mind that I made the correct choice.

Betsy Billard
Brighton, Mass.



I was working at the U.S. penitentiary in Atlanta the day a 23-year-old female employee was brutally raped and killed by an inmate serving two life sentences for murder and rape. This woman's life would have been spared if the inmate had been executed after his conviction. Capital punishment is the only way to ensure that a person who has killed before will never kill again.

Eduardo Barajas Jr.
Lewisburg, Pa.

Henry Brisbon complains about his small prison cell. Someone should remind him of the size of the coffin occupied by the woman he murdered.

Janice P. Ellis
Hayward, Calif.

The criminal who murdered my sister and orphaned her three children during a housebreaking showed no remorse. He is alive, soon to be free. By contrast, my sister has been slaughtered, and her family is still suffering.

Gregory C. Meyer
Fort Sam Houston, Texas

Must I teach my children that we have to kill people in order to convince others that killing is wrong? There must be a better way.

Stacy A. Alexander
Houston

My loathing of murder is outweighed only by my abhorrence of the authority that claims the legal right to kill.

Gerald James Gardner
West Redding, Conn.

My daughter, her husband and their baby were stabbed to death recently. The bizarre nature of the multiple stabbings suggests that the murderer was mentally sick. I cannot believe that the execution of the individual responsible for the murder of my family is a solution. Rather than retribution, we need to support research into mental illness and crime. It is the best way to save lives. As a grieving father, I urge that forgiveness replace anger.

Norman Felton
Los Angeles

I am a death-row prisoner in Florida. One issue not adequately covered in your otherwise objective article was the inevitability of a mistake. I know of 14 cases in which men who were once on death row have been set free. The Marquis de Lafayette put this issue into perspective when he said, "I shall ask for the abolition of the punishment of death until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me."

Robert A. Sullivan
Starke, Fla.

The death penalty would be a deterrent if administered to all murderers. The current practice in the U.S., which has allowed just six executions since 1977, is not a deterrent but a joke.

John Sikos
Romeo, Mich.

If the death penalty is ever to be a deterrent to crime, we must remove the aura of romance and dignity that surrounds it. Perhaps if executions were shown on TV, some people would think twice before putting themselves in a position to receive the same treatment.

William J. Fleischaker
Prosecuting Attorney, Jasper County
Joplin, Mo.

The continuing argument over the death penalty does not alter the fact that at this moment Americans are predisposed to "fry" felons. A decade ago we were not. The pendulum of revenge will continue to swing.

Hardy F. LeBel
Providence, R.I.

I disagree with the Rev. Jerry Falwell's claim that Jesus Christ favored the death penalty. Christ clearly denounces vengeance in *Matthew 5: 38-39*, "You have heard that it was said, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' But if anyone strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also."

Dan Wagner
Wynnewood, Pa.

In *Genesis 9: 6*, God is quoted as saying to Noah, "Whoever sheds the blood of man, by man shall his blood be shed."

(The Rev.) Robert W. Eckardt
Cedar Falls, Iowa

No matter how bloodthirsty, sick or satanic these criminals get, we must not stoop to their level. The commandment "Thou shalt not kill" applies to us too.

Nora Berger
Rockville, Conn.

Arms and Man

Why is it "preposterous" for the U.S.S.R. to be more interested than the U.S. in controlling nuclear weapons in Western Europe [Jan. 24]? The Soviets face the possible deployment of the Pershing II missile, which can strike into their territory in less than ten minutes. Andropov has sound reasons to bargain seriously for the control of nuclear weapons.

Stephen Wegren
Center for Defense Information
Washington, D.C.

Negotiations between the U.S. and the Soviets over intermediate-range nuclear missiles are irrelevant. No matter what the outcome, the U.S.S.R. can simply take some of its ICBMs and submarine-based missiles now aimed at us and retarget them at Europe. Unless the talks on intermediate-range missiles are linked to a massive reduction, if not outright elimination, of strategic nuclear missiles, the negotiators are wasting their time.

Paul Bakulski
Manchester, Conn.

Nicaraguan Tale

The article "New Regime, Old Methods" [Jan. 24], based on an interview with Roberto Guillén, contains false charges against the Nicaraguan government. My government's open-door policy to visits by international human rights organizations, such as the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, Amnesty International and Pax Christi, is sufficient to counter Guillén's baseless allegations.

Julio Icaza Gallard
Deputy Permanent Representative to the United Nations from Nicaragua
New York City

TIME *stands by the validity of Roberto Guillén's story.*

Hatchet Job

It is about time someone called attention to the negative interview style [Jan. 17]. It has become chic to put down an-

other writer in order to make oneself look better, which is what James Conaway of the Washington *Post* did in his interview with Willie Morris.

Michael P. Cawley
Oxford, Miss.

You put into precise words my frequent revulsion with the new journalism. A petty piece of writing remains petty whatever label it is given.

Patricia L. Cooper
Blacksburg, Va.

Importance of Winning

Your article "Surviving the Super Bowl" [Jan. 24] is a sobering comment on life in America, where the term burnout is now more widely used than the word success. By insisting on winning in competitive sports, we have encouraged self-destructive behavior.

Kathleen Seusy
Moline, Ill.

Stopping Scofflaws

Re your Essay on scofflaws [Jan. 24]: most people obey laws not because they fear the penalty but because they believe the laws to be good and necessary. Rules that are not widely perceived as essential tend to be ignored. This was the case with Prohibition; it may also be true of the 55-m.p.h. speed limit. If many motorists are ignoring the speed limit, they may be voting with their right foot.

John Griffiths
Sedona, Ariz.

The growing disregard for the nation's laws is insidious and damaging to everyone's safety and welfare.

Kent E. Watson
San Francisco

Reporting Economics

The networks are not only reporting the state of the economy, they are influencing it [Jan. 24]. The country's financial performance is affected by the expectations of Americans. By harping on bad economic news and ignoring the good, television undermines our confidence and therefore weakens the economy.

A. Robert Florio
Jamaica, N.Y.

Australian Intrigue (Contd.)

I write as the former Governor-General of Australia who in November 1975 terminated the commission of Gough Whitlam as Prime Minister of Australia and thereby dismissed his government. You discussed that event in your issue of Dec. 13. Your article stated that since the dismissal, allegations have surfaced that "the CIA had a hand in Whitlam's fall." You referred to a recent piece in *Foreign Policy* magazine in which a Professor James A. Nathan stated that "a plausible case is being developed that CIA officials may have also done in Australia what they managed to achieve in Iran, Guatemala and Chile: destroy an elected government." I do not know what the CIA did or did not do in those other countries, but it is totally false to say that it did this in Australia.

Before publishing your story you gave me an opportunity to comment, but I decided to continue my longstanding policy of not speaking to the press about these events. However, Nathan's article presents much rumor, gossip and allegation as fact. As a result of being mentioned in TIME, his piece has received widespread circulation in the U.S. and throughout the world. Thus I have come to the conclusion that my denial of CIA participation in any act of mine should be equally widely published.

My decision to dismiss Mr. Whitlam was exclusively my own, made upon my sole and full responsibility as Governor-General. No one else produced it. The CIA had no part in it.

The Rt. Hon. Sir John Kerr
London

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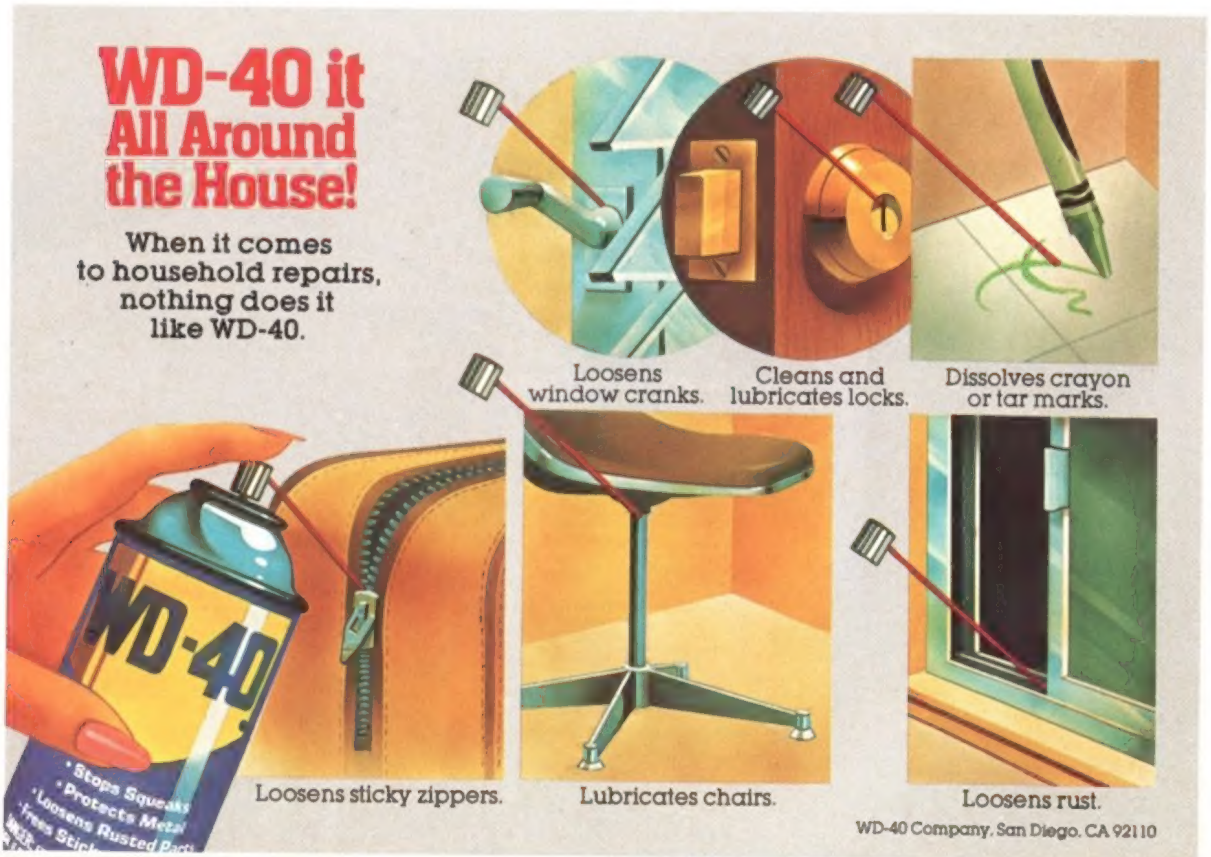

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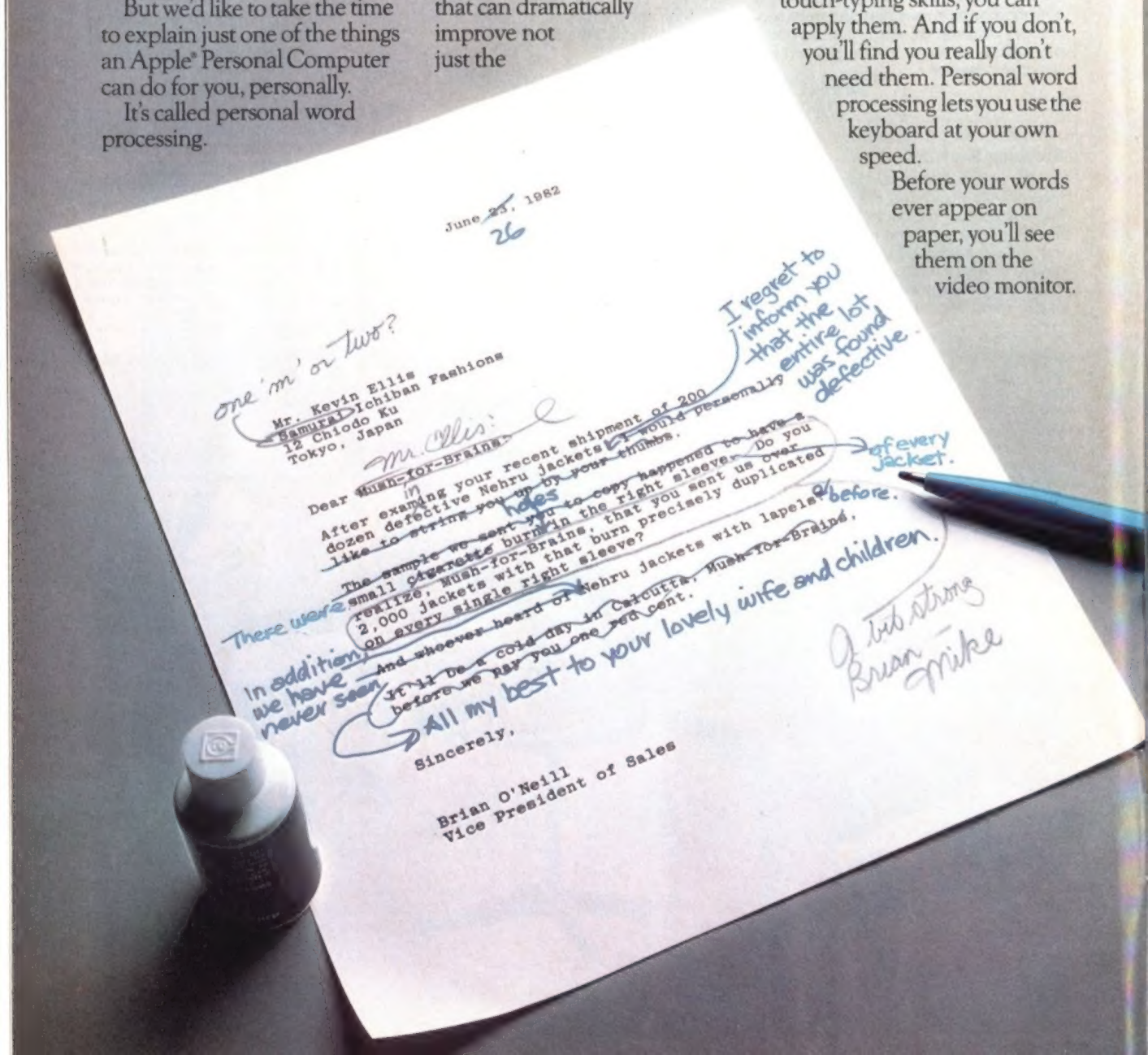

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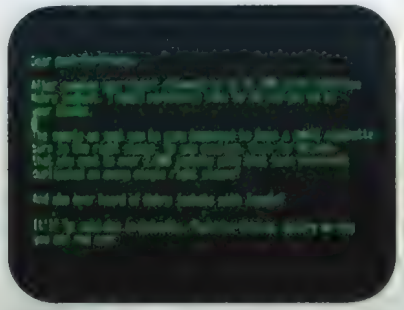

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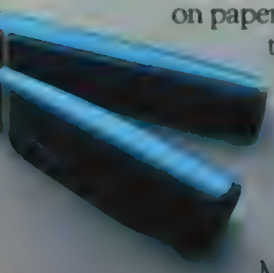

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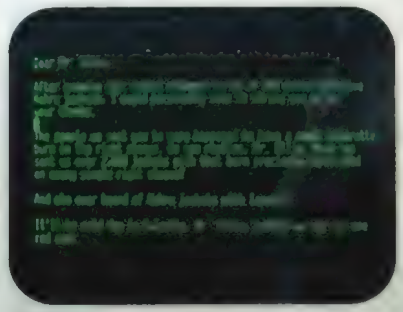

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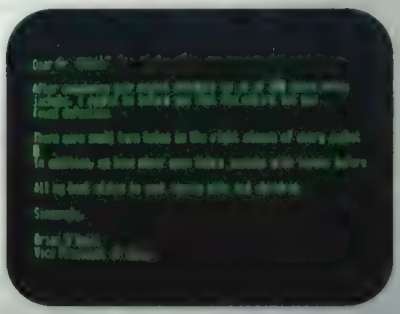

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TIME/FEBRUARY 14, 1983

Selling the U.S., by George!

Hoping to reassure allies, Bush tours Europe and Shultz visits Asia

Vice President George Bush was in West Berlin, the Communist-encircled outpost where American leaders often enjoy ovations. In the mirrored ballroom of the Inter-Continental Hotel, his delivery was crisp, almost inspirational, as he told some 650 politicians, businessmen and military officers what they wanted to hear. "We are not preparing to fight a nuclear war. We are preparing to deter war. An attack on you is an attack on us." The U.S., said Bush, is ready "to consider and explore any and all reasonable Soviet offers at the negotiating table in Geneva."

Then, as his listeners sipped Riesling wine and broke bread rolls to stave off predinner hunger pangs, Bush unveiled his *pièce de résistance:* a letter from President Reagan to "the people of Europe." It said: "Just as our allies can count on the United States to defend Europe at all cost, you can count on us to spare no effort to reach a fair and meaningful agreement that will reduce the Soviet nuclear threat. I have asked Vice President Bush to propose to Soviet General Secretary Andropov that he and I meet wherever and whenever he wants in order to sign an agreement banning U.S. and Soviet intermediate-range land-based nuclear missile weapons from the face of the earth." Bush's audience rose and applauded loudly.

Yuri Andropov called the Reagan letter a "propaganda game" and said that it contained "nothing new." In effect, Reagan had made the summit meeting contingent on Andropov's accepting the President's "zero option" proposal, under which the U.S. would cancel plans to deploy 572 Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe starting late this year if the Soviet Union dismantles all 342 of its SS-20 missiles, most of which are aimed at Europe. Said Andropov: "That it is patently unacceptable to the Soviet Union is already generally recognized."

The next day, Reagan acknowledged there was more show than substance to his letter. When reporters aboard Air Force One en route to St. Louis asked whether he was trying to send new signals to the Kremlin through his letter, the President replied with startling candor. "No," he said, "I was simply responding to their vast propaganda effort."

The Soviet Union has, indeed, been waging a skillful peace offensive depicting the U.S. as the obstacle to progress on arms control at the Intermediate-range Nuclear Force (INF) negotiations and Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START), both of which are under way in Geneva. In sending Bush to Europe and Secretary of State George Shultz to Japan, China and South Korea, the Administration was trying last week to counter the Soviet p.r. blitz with some salesmanship of its own. The American emissaries carried no fresh initiatives of real substance. Instead, they sought to reassure America's allies with friendly rhetoric and promises of flexibility on both arms control and other tender issues. To a large extent, each man succeeded, though Reagan's loose talk about propaganda undercut Bush.

The Vice President's mission—to persuade the NATO allies that the U.S. is sincere about wanting an equitable agreement with the Soviets on nuclear missiles in Europe—was clearly the most difficult. In the abstract, Reagan's zero option is a

Bush in The Hague and at Berlin Wall with West German Chancellor Kohl

proposal that nearly everyone in Western Europe would embrace as a major step toward nuclear stability. The trouble is, the zero option has zero chance for acceptance at the INF talks. From the Soviet perspective, it ignores the 162 missiles in France and Britain and asks the Kremlin to dismantle missiles that are already deployed in return for paper reductions by the U.S.

For his part, Andropov has offered an equally tendentious deal, in which the U.S. would cancel its deployment of 108 Pershing II and 464 cruise missiles, while the Soviets cut their SS-20 arsenal to the level of the French and British nuclear forces. The U.S. has rejected this, since the British and French missiles are not under American control. The Reagan letter reinforced the impression that the U.S. is locked into the zero option, even at a time when Bush was stressing U.S. willingness to consider any "reasonable" Soviet proposals.

Undaunted, Bush faced his European challenge with all the zeal of a man who would like to be President. His well-turned speech in Berlin, stressing the "moral" value of the zero option, was a crowd pleaser, deftly designed to buttress the political fortunes of Chancellor Helmut Kohl, a strong advocate of the new U.S. missile deployments in West Germany. Kohl is facing a serious challenge from Social Democrat Hans-Jochen Vogel in the parliamentary elections on March 6.

In a hurried, 24-hour visit to The Netherlands, Bush attended a dinner presided over by Queen Beatrix, and met with a group of prominent businessmen. He spent one hour chatting with members of the U.S. embassy staff in The Hague, and thus was criticized when he claimed that he could not spare five minutes to meet with an influential Dutch antinuclear weapons lobby, the Inter-Church Peace Council. Nonetheless, Dutch Prime Minister Ruud Lubbers proclaimed that he would judge progress at the INF talks by "only one criterion: the zero option."

Bush then flew into Brussels, where security was tight and the welcome of Prime Minister Wilfried Martens was warm. The Vice President pointedly recalled that the decision to deploy the Pershing II and cruise missiles had been made in Belgium three years ago, largely at the urging of the Europeans. Their hope, Bush said, was "to restore the balance that the Soviet Union has upset by reserving unto itself a dangerous monopoly of intermediate-range land-based nuclear weapons." Bush emphasized that the Kremlin's strategy was aimed at disrupting NATO unity by exploiting European doubts about accepting the new missiles. Martens readily agreed that "the solidarity within the Alliance is of the utmost importance."

Bush dined with Belgium's King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola at their Laeken Palace. Next day he attended a round of closed meetings with NATO officials, including Secretary General Joseph Luns. Bush met in Geneva with the Soviet Union's top arms negotiators, Yuli Kvitsinsky, who heads the INF team, and Victor P. Karpov, the START leader. Karpov said the meeting was useful in "clarifying positions." In a speech to the United Nations Committee on Disarmament, Bush challenged Soviet negotiators to "come up with your plan to banish these INF missiles."

The other traveling George, Secretary of State Shultz, faced a less demanding task in Tokyo, where Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone had only recently returned from a cordial trip to Washington. Still, Shultz found the issue of Euromissiles much on the mind of his host. Partly because the U.S. has urged Japan to play a larger role in the military security of the Far East, Nakasone has depicted his island as "an unsinkable aircraft carrier" and called the Soviet Union his nation's major foreign threat. Japanese leaders thus worry about any Geneva deal under which the Soviet Union would agree to move some of its missiles into Asia rather than dismantle them. Shultz reassured Nakasone that the zero option calls on the Soviets to dismantle all 243 of its SS-20s in Europe as well as the 99 already in Asia. Shultz vowed that U.S. negotiators would never "do something that is good for Europe but not good for Asia." While that may have comforted Nakasone, giving Japan a virtual voice in the European missile debate could severely restrict U.S. flexibility in Geneva.

Then it was on to China, where Shultz said the purpose of his four-day visit to Peking was simply to "correct misunderstandings—or at least to talk out what our differences are." He and his Chinese counterpart, Foreign Minister Wu Xueqian, spent eight hours doing just that. Wu put an arm on Shultz's shoulder at one point and declared, "And now we are friends." Shultz also had a talk with Premier Zhao Ziyang and with China's top leader, Deng Xiaoping. That meeting, which lasted 2½ hrs., was described by Shultz as "penetrating and worthwhile." Differences over

Shultz sharing a toast with China's Wu and a smile with Japan's Nakasone

Taiwan, trade and relations with developing nations were discussed candidly but left unresolved. Shultz apparently cleared the way for Premier Zhao to visit Reagan in Washington later this year. A return trip by Reagan to Peking did not seem likely.

At a rare press conference with American reporters, Zhao said bluntly that "the main obstacle [to better U.S.-China relations] is the question of Taiwan." On that issue Shultz and Zhao both refused to give ground. Shultz insisted that the U.S. could not go beyond Reagan's "Taiwan Communiqué" issued last August. It promised that the U.S. will gradually reduce arms sales to Taiwan at an unspecified pace and quantity, a pledge far too vague to satisfy China, though not so vague as to alarm Taiwan.

Lesser, but nonetheless sticky, differences over China's desire to import high-technology equipment from the U.S. and American restrictions against textile imports from China were not resolved either. The normally imperturbable Shultz seemed testy on trade issues. At a lunch with U.S. businessmen in Peking, Shultz rejected complaints that the Government was moving too slowly to improve trade with China. "Sometimes the problems are created by you," snapped Shultz. "They're your problem. Don't complain to the Government." And if they think European governments are more helpful in expediting trade with China, he added, "why don't you move to Western Europe?"

On the delicate strategic issue of China's relations with the Soviet Union, Zhao said that he hoped for "a breakthrough" when the two sides meet in Moscow next month. But in private talks, Shultz apparently detected no real determination by his hosts to develop closer ties with Moscow. Aides traveling with Shultz indicated, somewhat surprisingly, that the Administration was inclined to downplay China's importance in the global strategic picture.

The Shultz visit, in fact, did little to warm the official coolness between Washington and Peking, and the visiting Americans seemed quite content to maintain that distance. This was a sharp break from the "opening to China" zeal during the Nixon and Carter Administrations.

While both Shultz in Asia and Bush in Europe effectively presented U.S. foreign policy positions in places where those policies have been criticized, both operated within the limits of mainly restating old arguments. That needed to be done, perhaps, but salesmanship cannot really substitute for creative American proposals. More substantive diplomacy will be required if the U.S. is to ensure that the deployment issue does not pull apart the NATO alliance and that the Taiwan question does not permanently poison relations with the People's Republic. —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Roland Flamini/Berlin and Johanna McGeary with Shultz*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

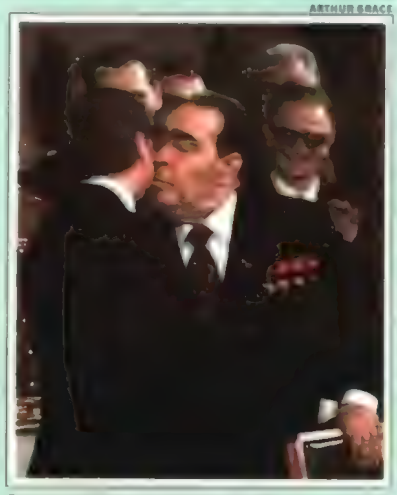
Getting to Know Andropov

Rarely a day goes by now that there is not a reference to Yuri Andropov in the President's morning intelligence report. Fragments from spies, diplomats, generals and businessmen are eagerly collected and fitted into the giant mosaic that American experts are assembling. As Ronald Reagan prepares to do psychological battle over the deployment of nuclear missiles in Europe, no task is more important than understanding the mind of this protagonist.

The files in the veiled recesses of the Kremlin bulge with material on Reagan. The Soviets know everything from the size of his biceps to the way he conducts himself at closed-door meetings. By contrast, U.S. intelligence analysts do not even know whether Andropov drinks vodka. The Soviet leader at this point is little more than a neat, dark blue suit filled with cold air. But we have made a start in putting some flesh and blood under the suit.

He has a singular stoop that forces his chin down, perhaps the result of an injury. Part of his right eyebrow is missing. His voice is middle range. He does not appear weak, nor does he appear robust. He has a gracious manner with strangers. His handclasp is firm, his hair gray. He is less bulky than the stereotyped Soviet leader, but not thin.

ARTHUR GRACE



Carter and Brezhnev kissing in Vienna in 1979

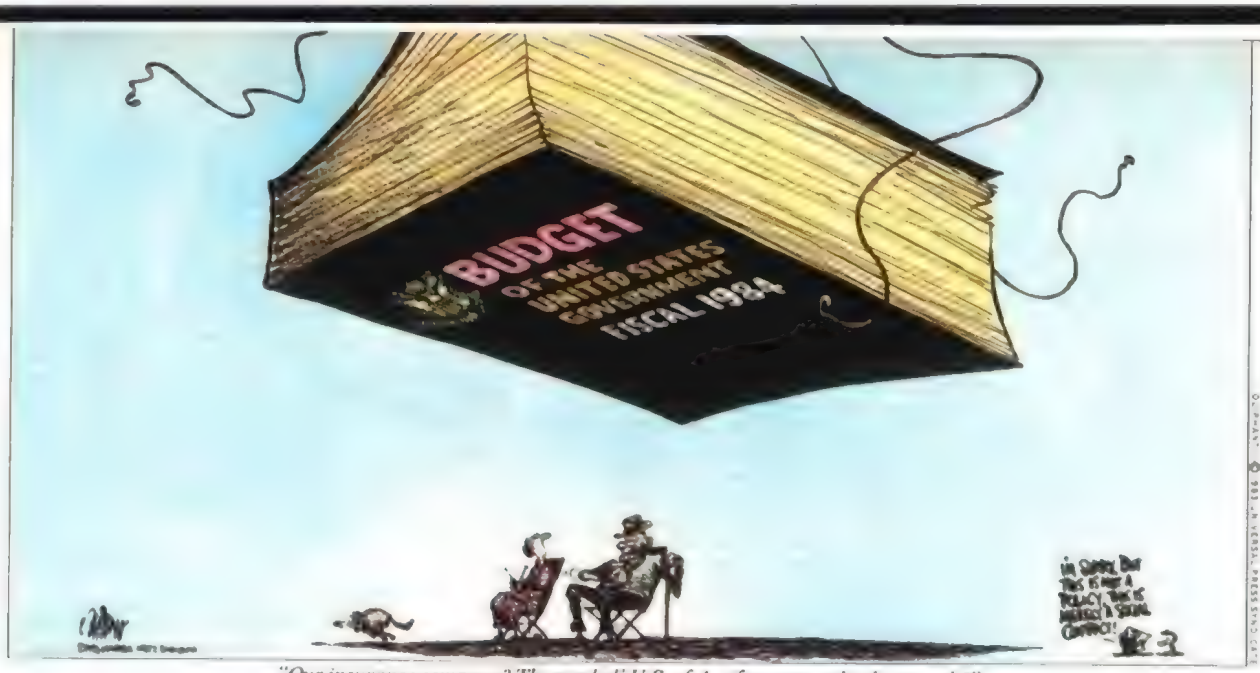
We are not certain of his height (5 ft. 10 in. or 11 in.) or his weight (possibly 180). We are not absolutely sure who his parents were, how much schooling he had (he apparently never completed higher education), or whether his wife is alive or dead. Nor do we know for certain whether he speaks or understands English. We do know that a son speaks English and that a daughter writes stories for a Soviet culture magazine. Andropov's affinity for the arts is hearsay because there are no confirmed reports of him at the theater or in museums.

The way he walks and carries himself indicates he is not physically agile. Disappearances from public life in the past suggest some bad health, probably cardiovascular trouble. Compared with Leonid Brezhnev in his final years, Andropov seems alert and durable. But those few Americans who have seen him face to face (Vice President Bush and Secretary of State Shultz are two of only a handful) report that he seems more fragile than most men his age. Shultz noted that Andropov acted like "a man who had been in charge." Still, analysts are not yet convinced he has full control in the Kremlin.

Several stories suggest to the experts that Andropov has an ability to put people at ease, even those who might fear him. Still, there is no hint of the humanity that bubbled from Brezhnev when he was drinking vodka or hunting wild boar. Andropov has no record as a sportsman. He seems totally urban, in complete contrast to the rural flavor of Khrushchev and Brezhnev. It is assumed, but not proved, that Andropov spent his formative political years in Karelia, on the Finnish border. What he did during World War II is also sketchy. Presumably, Andropov was involved in the bitter fighting at Leningrad, but there is no public record of it.

Andropov is not a tactile person who needs to touch others, as Brezhnev occasionally did. The photograph of Brezhnev and Jimmy Carter kissing in Vienna's shadowy Hofburg Palace is a classic. Andropov is not likely to be so cuddly. Evidence suggests no pronounced indulgences (like Brezhnev's cars and guns), but instead, a lean life-style and an abhorrence of official corruption.

There is no charisma about Andropov. So far he is using television less than his two immediate predecessors. The curiosity of the Soviet people and the world will bring out more information about Andropov. But be careful, American officials warn. The real past is so dim that the official mosaic may be myth. It is no wonder that Ronald Reagan looked at the secret intelligence assessments and told his aides that he would wait to see what Andropov did before he judged the man.



"Our insurance company? The good ol' U.S. of A., of course—why do you ask?"

Clashes and Compromises

The budget struggle begins anew with disputes over defense and jobs

"Nothing is certain but death, taxes and congressional cuts in the defense budget," proclaimed Republican Senator John Warner of Virginia, a former Navy Secretary. Actually, in the budget battle that began last week, the question of taxes is very much a matter of uncertainty. But military spending has already become a blazing battleground that promises to produce some cuts and much political bleeding.

Armed with red, white and blue charts detailing the Soviet military threat, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger marched up to Capitol Hill to erect a defiant rampart around his $239 billion share of the $848 billion budget. After three days of crossfire from Congressmen of both parties, the Iron Duke of Defense emerged battered but unbending. "We simply cannot reduce defense spending any further without undermining the security of the United States," he adamantly declared.

The skirmishing on defense was the opening round in the struggle between Congress and the Reagan Administration over spending priorities in the budget for fiscal 1984, which begins in October. The President has proposed a spending "freeze" that will in fact reduce funds for some programs for the poor, such as food stamps and child nutrition, by about 8%, while boosting the defense budget by 14%. But lawmakers on both sides of the aisle are loath to make further cuts in programs for the poor. Moreover, there is considerable bipartisan support for a public works jobs program to stimulate employment. Predicted Republican Congressman Silvio Conte of Massachusetts: "There will be a hell of a shift from defense to social programs, no doubt about it."

Republicans pleaded with Weinberger for help in making the inevitable excisions. "The worst thing we can do is dig in our heels," warned Senator Dan Quayle of Indiana. But Weinberger's rigidity was reinforced by the President himself, who dispatched a statement to his beleaguered Defense Secretary advising him to tell Congress that "we have reached the bone and that any further cuts would do severe damage to our national security." Republican leaders were forced to come up with their own suggestions. Warner proposed reducing the size of the armed forces by up to 7%. Senate Budget Committee Chairman Pete Domenici of New Mexico argued that military spending could be cut by 5%, bringing it down to the growth rate put forward by Reagan two years ago. Slade Gorton of Washington suggested freezing defense spending at the fiscal 1983 level, $209 billion.

The Democrats' attack on the defense budget was even harsher. Senator Edward Kennedy badgered Weinberger to say whether America's armed forces could defend the U.S. When Weinberger replied that the country's current power to deter attack is not "sufficient," the Massachusetts Senator declared, "You are the first Secretary of Defense to appear and say we are unprepared and vulnerable." Weinberger told Kennedy: "You still have a propensity not to listen." The Democratic barrage culminated when Senator Donald Riegle of Michigan called Weinberger "an ideologue" and "a fanatic" who was "damaging the national defense." Weinberger labeled Riegle's tirade "demagogic . . . insulting and wrong."

Warner likened the Defense Secretary's stance to that of the legendary Confederate general at the first battle of Manassas. Said he: "In Virginia we have a saying, 'There stands Jackson like a stone wall.'" When it came to finding defense programs to prune, the congressional confrontation was more like the Wilderness Campaign, with lots of smoke and fire but no clear targets. Senator John Tower of Texas, the hawkish chairman of the Armed Services Committee, highlighted the problem when he read a letter he had written inviting each Senator to submit

SUSAN MCELHINNEY

Weinberger testifying before a Senate committee, backed by Vessey

After the crossfire: "We simply cannot reduce defense spending."

a list "of any defense-related project in his or her state where a reduction of expenditures could be made." The request was met with nervous laughter. Many members criticized the only substantive cut the Administration has proposed, freezing military pay for a year, an objection that was tacitly endorsed by General John Vessey, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who told the lawmakers he would prefer cuts in weapons procurement instead.

Enthusiasm for emergency jobs was running especially high among Democrats, some of whom pressed for a huge antirecession package costing upwards of $30 billion. But the party elders, including House Speaker Tip O'Neill, were chilled by Reagan's deficit projections and opted instead for a plan that would cost from $5 billion to $7 billion. "It doesn't help the unemployed," explained one Democratic leader, "to propose a $50 billion program that would not pass."

Republicans began putting together proposals of their own. In the bipartisan burst, few bothered to point out that the impact of jobs programs usually comes only after recovery is under way. House Minority Leader Robert Michel of Illinois appointed a ten-member task force to write a jobs bill. Senators Howard Baker of Tennessee and Paul Laxalt of Nevada met with Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese to enlist his support. Later in the week the White House announced that Reagan was considering a limited and as yet unformulated plan to speed up Government construction projects in order to create more jobs.

The President's top economic advisers also reflected some willingness to compromise on spending for the unemployed. "That's certainly something we should look into," Martin Feldstein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, amiably agreed when the Joint Economic Committee pressed him over the possibility of including more money for "soup kitchens." Responding to questions about adding a "reasonable" relief program to the package, Budget Director David Stockman told Senators: "I'm sure there is room in the budget for it."

The Administration's economic triumvirate also proclaimed its faith last week that the 19-month-long recession is finally ending. "The recovery may well be under way," Treasury Secretary Donald Regan told the Senate Finance Committee. Said Stockman: "Recovery begins this quarter." According to Feldstein, this prospect may make the deficit forecasts in the Reagan budget, which Congressmen praised as "grim" but "realistic," actually too pessimistic—a sharp contrast to last year's budget, which Congress peremptorily dismissed because the rosy economic assumptions were patently phony. A resurgence in home construction and a strengthening of consumer spending are signs that economic growth this year may exceed the 3% rate projected in the budget by 2 percentage points. That alone could reduce the deficit by $20 billion.

Reagan seized upon the intimations of economic revival during a visit to a Chrysler plant near St. Louis. The stop was added to a scheduled trip after the White House heard that the car factory was beginning to recall laid-off workers. "America is on the mend," Reagan said. "The shoots of an economic recovery are beginning to push up through the recession." With Lee Iacocca at his elbow, he adopted the Chrysler chairman's televised sales pitch to defend his economic policy. "If you can find a better program than that, buy it," he told the warm but somewhat wary autoworkers.

The President's trip was part of an energetic campaign, instigated by Reagan, to boost confidence in the economy—and in his Administration. As in the past when political campaigns showed signs of faltering, Reagan insisted on increasing his personal contacts with the press and public. "He really prompted this initiative because he kept saying over and over that we had to do a better job in telling our story," says his close aide Michael Deaver.

Reagan's contagious optimism was further bolstered by Friday's announcement that the unemployment rate dipped from 10.8% in December to 10.4% in January. A new statistic, which includes the U.S.-based armed forces in the labor pool to reflect the reality that armed service is now voluntary, put the jobless rate at 10.2%. The vagaries of seasonal adjustments mean that it is too early to tell whether the downward trend will continue, but Reagan exulted in the news at one of his increasingly frequent informal press conferences. "It is one more sign that America is on the mend," he said. "Millions of Americans can take heart."

In his speech to the autoworkers, Reagan boasted that "our projections call for, as we get beyond 1984, a decline and rather steep decline in the deficits." But in fact his budget assumes that the deficit will rise once again in 1985, and decline steeply after that only if new tax hikes go into effect. The budget battle brewing with Congress emphasizes that he still has a long way to go in forging a spending and revenue plan that is perceived as fair and not wildly out of balance.

But the realistic numbers that Reagan submitted last week ensure that his budget document will serve as the starting point for this session's debate over priorities. Indeed, the fact that Feldstein and others persuaded the President to present such cautious forecasts in the budget will make any faster recovery, and consequent drop in the deficit, seem all the more salutary. The Reaganesque optimism that now infects the White House could conceivably catch fire in the country just in time for the President's decision, expected to come late this summer, on whether to run again. *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Neil MacNeil and Bruce W. Nelan/Washington*

High Flyers

To the boiling debate on Capitol Hill over how many dollars the Pentagon should get in forthcoming budgets, a second controversy is being added: whether the Defense Department can be trusted to spend wisely the funds Congress does allot. Outside critics have long accused the military services of misleading, inefficient practices that cause huge cost overruns and long delays in delivery of weapons. Now similar criticisms are coming from within the Pentagon, and Defense officials have been unable to hush them up.

The latest blast comes from a team led by five retired Air Force generals asked last year by Air Force Secretary Verne Orr to study that service's procurement policies. The report has not been released, but the findings have been leaked.

Secretary Orr

The generals assert that "if we continue to do business as usual," the Air Force will be unable to buy as many planes and missiles as it plans even if Congress votes every penny President Reagan requests. Costs of major weapons systems, the generals found, are continuing to rise far more rapidly than can be accounted for by simple price inflation. For example, they estimate that B-1 bombers will cost $285 million each, *vs.* Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger's current figure of $200 million. Also, they said, "the current development time for major Air Force [weapons] systems is averaging 11½ years."

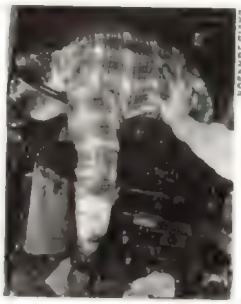
The Air Force, say the generals, often grossly underestimates the cost of weapons, orders more than it can pay for, then juggles the production programs in a manner that plays hob with efficiency. Also, it has a habit of "entering full-scale development with immature" technology. Their conclusion: the Air Force should cancel some weapons-buying programs and concentrate on those it considers top priority.

The report confirms the findings of two previous, still suppressed studies by Pentagon Analysts Franklin Spinney and Milton Margolis that accuse the Army and Navy of many of the same inefficiencies. Influential Congressmen are demanding that both Spinney and Margolis testify before them. Asked last week if he would let Spinney appear, Weinberger replied with a flat no. But he may have to yield, particularly since copies of the Air Force generals' report have reached enough Congressmen to ensure a loud debate.

The Low Road to Protest

Bullets and rocks fly as truckers try to block new taxes

It started out as a nationwide protest against higher fuel taxes and highway-user fees for trucks. But within hours, violence eclipsed the issues. Shortly after 11 p.m. on the first day of the Independent Truckers Association (ITA) strike, George Franklin Capps, 34, a Teamster driver, lay slumped in the cab of his 18-wheeler on Route 701, north of tiny Newton Grove, N.C., fatally shot in the neck by a sniper. "The strike is the last thing we talked about," recalled his widow Esmond. "I told him to be careful."



DAVID JOHNSON

Capps: felled by a sniper

Indeed, care was increasingly warranted. By week's end there had been more than 1,000 incidents of violence. Trucks were hit by gunfire and damaged by brickbats and fire bombs; some had their tires slashed or were set afire. Although Capps was the only fatality, more than 50 others were injured, several seriously. Trucker Howard Abrams, 45, was shot in the chest while unloading his rig in Utah. A trucker in Michigan was wounded in the face by windshield glass when a shotgun blast hit his truck. And Melissa Sarsfield, 14, suffered a fractured skull when a brick bounced off a truck into her family's car on the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

In at least 37 states, some highways were becoming unsafe at any speed. In La Porte, Ind., a sniper fired at an 18-wheeler, missed, and hit Schoolteacher Chris Balawender, 35, in the hip while he was driving a van loaded with eleven children. He managed to keep the vehicle under control, averting a major tragedy. One driver in Tampa, Fla., roused by fellow truckers, awoke in his cab's sleeping compartment to find his trailer engulfed in flames. To protect themselves, many truckers traveled only by day, and then only in convoys. At night, drivers jammed rigs into crowded truck-stop parking lots platooned with police and extra security guards to fend off vandals. Some operators bypassed truck stops altogether, however, to avoid intimidation by protesters. "I'm staying away from trouble," said a Fogarty Van Lines driver near Joliet, Ill.

Some truckers took matters into their own hands. Robert Wells returned fire when one of three men in a car pumped six shots into his rig on I-55 near Crystal Springs, Miss. Three shots hit the driver's door, but Wells escaped unharmed. Out of fear, as much as sympathy for the strike, some truckers held a self-proclaimed moratorium on work. Said a Texas trucker at the Crossroads Truck Stop in Gary, Ind.: "A lot of guys have given up for a few days, gone home and parked their rigs in the driveway hoping this nasty stuff will blow over." But for many, there was no choice. "Hell, I can't lay up," said Trucker Wayne Renn of Lima, Ohio. "I got bills to pay."

At issue in the protest is tax legislation passed by the 97th Congress in the waning hours of the lameduck session and signed by President Reagan on Jan. 6. The bill increases the gas tax by 5¢ per gal. and, over the next five years, hikes highway-user taxes for trucks from $240 to $1,900 a year. For most independent truckers, the new taxes will become effective in 1985, one year later than for the rest of the industry. The federal sales tax on trucks would also jump from 10% to 12%, and new taxes would be imposed on tires, based on their weight. Some industry authorities estimate the total package could increase a trucker's taxes per tractor trailer by $5,000 a year. This is a burden that Michael Parkhurst, president of the Independent Truckers Association, argues will snuff out many independents, already smarting from the recession and increased competition brought on by trucking deregulation.

BILL JORDAN

Intimidation by effigy outside a Charleston, S.C., truck stop

Drivers parked their rigs hoping the nasty stuff would blow over.

Parkhurst, a former trucker who founded the ITA in 1962, says that his group represents about 30,000 of the nation's 100,000 independent truckers—those who own and operate their own rigs. Despite their antipathy toward the higher user fees, others within the trucking Establishment gave Parkhurst the cold shoulder. Roy Williams, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, condemned the violence, calling for Government "protection of our drivers and the motoring public." Said Robert Jasmon, executive vice president of the Mid-West Truckers Association, another independent group: "The law is terrible, but striking isn't the way." Insisted Parkhurst: "We deplore violence."

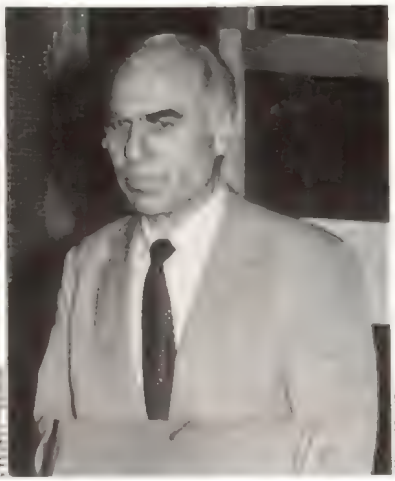
In fact, few truckers blamed Parkhurst's partisans for most of the violence. "Strikers know how much it costs to repair a rig," said Brent Mitchell, 23, who with his father runs a two-rig operation from Big Lake, Minn. "I don't think they're doing most of the damage." Of the more than 60 people arrested, however, all but a handful were either drivers or connected to the trucking industry in some other way. Most of the arrests were made in Pennsylvania and Ohio, where the worst of the violence occurred.

The strike caused spot shortages and slightly higher prices at wholesale and retail food counters. Produce deliveries were down moderately in New York City, Boston and St. Louis, and prices were several cents higher for such items as potatoes, eggplant and beans. Independent truckers, who represent only a fraction of the trucking industry, handle about 90% of the nation's fresh fruits and vegetables. Still, said Russell Roemmely, spokesman for the New Jersey Motor Truck Association, which does not support the action, "the strike won't affect industry that much unless it goes on a few more weeks."

Parkhurst's tactics won his cause little sympathy in Washington. President Reagan, who in 1981 faced down an air controllers' strike, said that it would be "the worst thing in the world" for the Government to capitulate to those "committing murder." At a weekend press conference, Republican Senator Robert Dole of Kansas called the tax bill fair. "Congress will not be intimidated," he declared.

The tough line appeared to have an effect. Although his proposals to the Administration and the trucking industry to end the strike were rebuffed, Parkhurst seemed willing to negotiate. By week's end weigh stations in Florida's agricultural belt reported increasing traffic, and some drivers in other areas appeared to be getting back on the road. —*By Susan Tifft.*

Reported by Lee Griggs/Chicago and B.J. Phillips/Atlanta



Contrasting styles but similar cases: Smalley and Wilson leave their respective trials

Hot Shots Feel the Heat

In Texas, two arms merchants face heavy time

One defendant was a dour ex-CIA agent with dark, glowering eyes and a tight-lipped G. Gordon Liddy demeanor. The other was a jovial Englishman who smokes Cuban cigars, drives a $60,000 custom-made Cadillac convertible and cracks jokes about himself as a "good ole boy" who "drills a little oil and raises a little beef" on his 2,000-acre ranch near Dallas. Their personalities may differ, but the two millionaires have much in common. Both Edwin Wilson and Ian Smalley were on trial in Texas, in unrelated but remarkably comparable cases, charged with masterminding elaborate arms-smuggling deals in the Middle East.

In Houston, Wilson, 54, was convicted of shipping 20 tons of plastic explosives from the city's Intercontinental Airport to Tripoli in 1977. In Dallas, Smalley, 42, was charged with conspiring to smuggle 100 tanks to Iran and 8,300 antitank missiles to its foe Iraq. Both offered similar alibis: they were motivated by patriotism rather than profit and believed, their lawyers claimed, that they were involved in covert operations sanctioned by the U.S. Government.

Wilson's trial ended Saturday when the jury found him guilty on four smuggling-related charges. After the verdict federal prosecutors asked that Wilson be declared a "dangerous special offender," claiming that he had "offered about $1 million" to a fellow prisoner to kill nine people, including Government attorneys and witnesses who testified against him. If U.S. District Judge Ross Sterling agrees, that could add eight years to Wilson's possible sentence of 17 years in prison.

It was the second of four trials that Wilson faced on charges that he ran an international web of illegal arms deals and terrorist activities between 1976 and 1979. In November he was convicted by a federal jury in Alexandria, Va., of organizing the export of rifles and handguns to Libya. As he did in the first trial, Wilson's lawyer, Herald Price Fahringer, argued that the defendant was a *"de facto* CIA agent" working undercover to get secrets for his former employer from Libyan Dictator Muammar Gaddafi.

Prosecutors termed the shipment from Houston to Libya the largest illegal movement of explosives ever investigated by the U.S. Jerome S. Brower, a California explosives manufacturer and distributor who is an unindicted co-conspirator, testified that Wilson, who left the CIA in 1970, said he wanted "as much as I could get" of cyclotrimethylene trinitramine, a plastic explosive known as C-4. Brower said he shipped 42,300 lbs. in 856 5-gal. cans disguised as "drilling mud," a chemical lubricant used in oil-drilling rigs, from California to Houston, where it was loaded aboard a leased DC-8.

According to the Government's indictment against Smalley, the Englishman conspired to ship 100 vintage 50-ton tanks to Iran by using phony "end user's certificates," which gave the United Arab Emirates as the delivery site. He allegedly planned to buy the tanks from an Army depot in Anniston, Ala. He is also charged with conspiring to ship 8,300 antitank missiles to Iraq.

Smalley, against whom charges are pending in Britain for the illegal sale of 60 tank engines to Iran, faces a maximum term of 70 years and a $61,000 fine if convicted on the U.S. charges. He offered courtroom observers little more than the traditional stiff upper lip. "I've got confidence in the American justice system to find me as innocent as I am," he said. "I'm really not a Bluebeard." ■

Panther Power

Feinstein faces a recall vote

When San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein last summer got the board of supervisors to pass an ordinance to outlaw most handguns in the city, she was predictably the target of potshots from the right. The local political left, of course, was generally pleased with the antigun crusade of the moderate mayor. But not all factions on the left: more determinedly upset than any of the conservative gun groups was the White Panther Party, a ragtag tribe of about a dozen communards encamped in an electric-blue town house in—yes—the Haight-Ashbury district. The Panthers were formed in the 1960s, and they still adhere to a position popular with the far left in that frenzied time: revolutionaries need weapons.

The present Panthers did not waste time with '60s-style protests and sloganeering: last month they blind-sided the city by turning in petitions signed by 35,000 people that called for the ouster of Mayor Feinstein. That was more than enough signatures to force only the second mayoral recall election in San Francisco since 1900.

The *ad hoc* election is unofficially scheduled for April 26. Feinstein and her aides fear that even if she survives the recall vote, she could suffer politically in the regular quadrennial election coming up in November. Two-thirds of the voters are Democrats, as is Feinstein, who took office in 1978 after the handgun murder of Mayor George Moscone; the next year she won the popular election. Admits a Feinstein adviser of the April vote: "We can't afford to win this one by only 51% to 49%."

ROGER BESSMEYER

Mayor Feinstein

Ironically, the gun ordinance itself is now dead. Last month the state supreme court declined to overturn a lower court ruling that the measure violated California's constitution. By that time, however, the recall petition had become a grievance catchall. Feinstein, 49, though widely regarded as bright and hard working, has alienated various constituent groups. In December she vetoed an ordinance, backed by the city's substantial homosexual population, that would have given unmarried couples, even those of the same sex, many of the rights of married people. Landlords and tenant groups are both critical of her housing policies. Says Feinstein: "You can get people to sign a petition for an overhead sewer line on Market Street." The recall, wrote Journalist Warren Hinckle in the Los Angeles *Times*, "has reinforced San Francisco's reputation as a tree house for adult delinquents." ■

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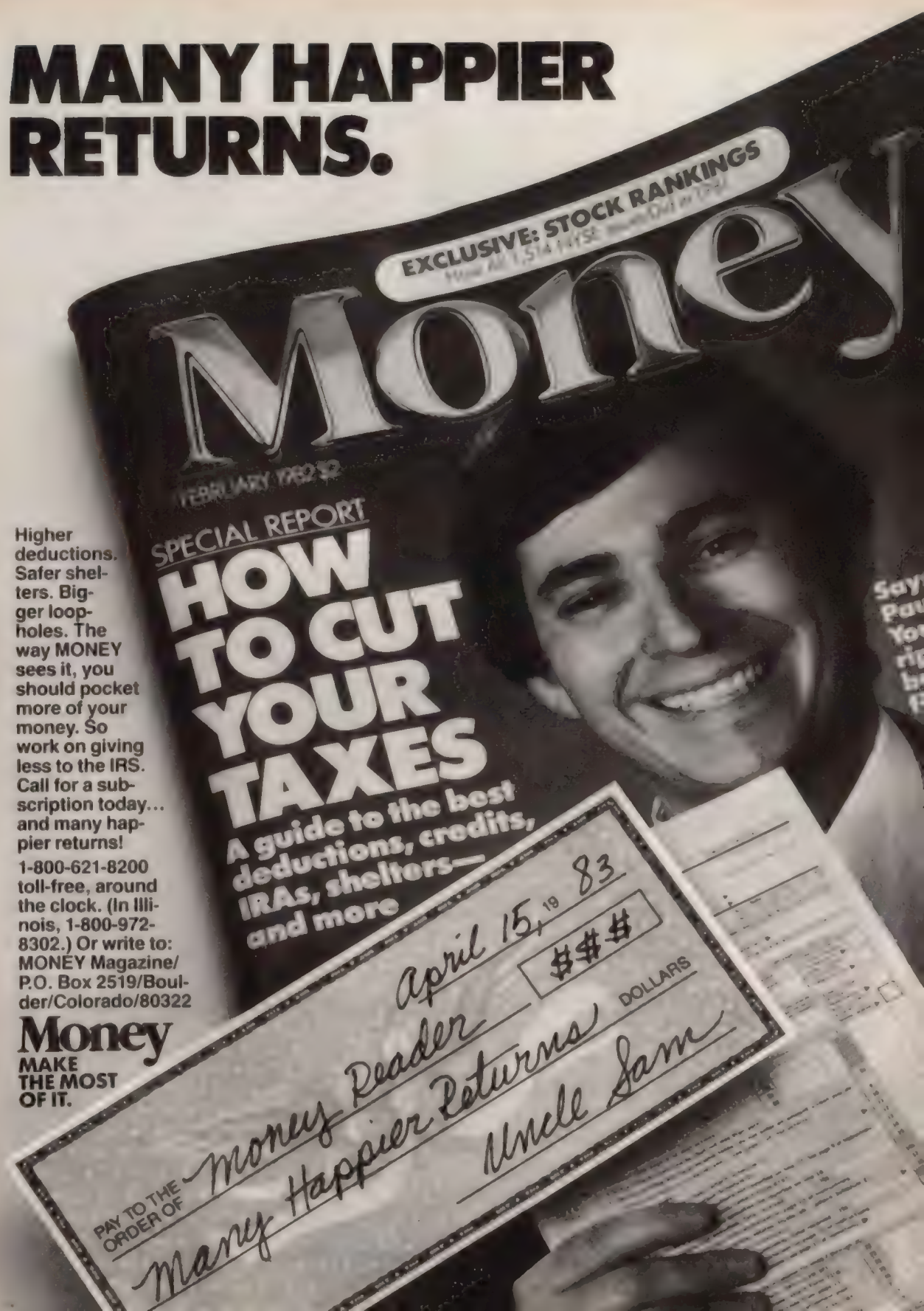

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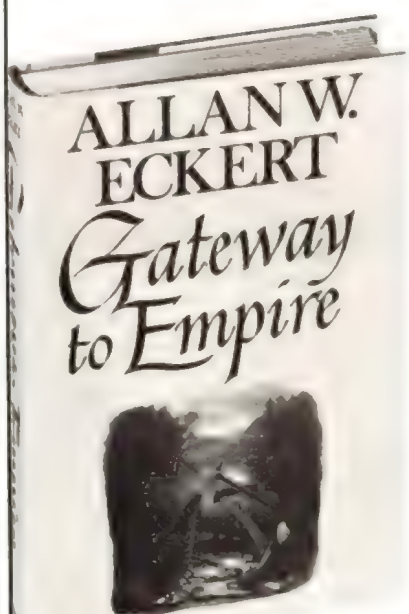

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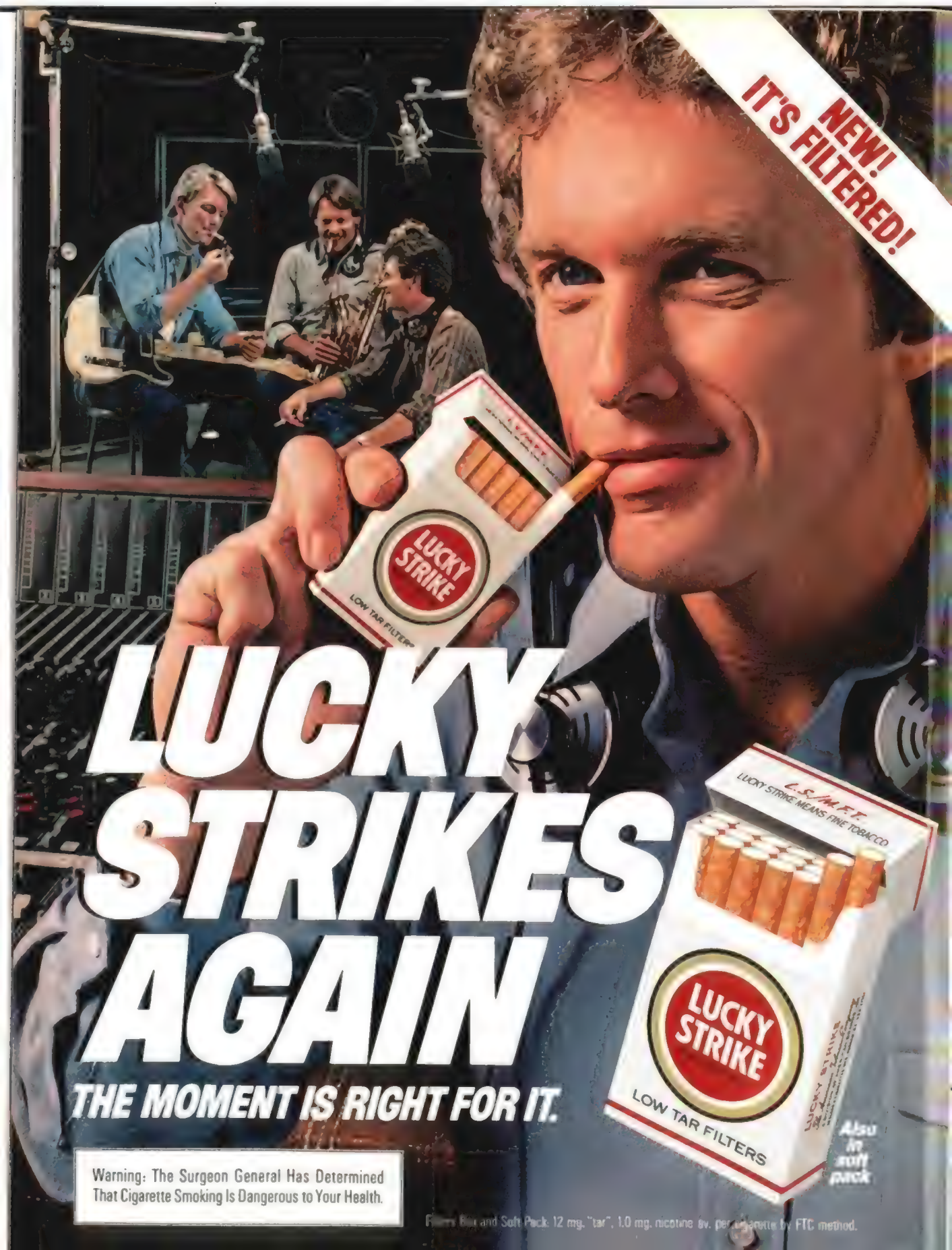
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Downhill Slope

Aspen struggles to recover

When the ski boom hit in the late 1960s, Aspen quickly emerged as its glamorous headquarters. Tourists flocked to the old Colorado silver-mining town turned winter resort, lured by the 11,300-ft. Aspen Mountain, the classy lodges and chic crowds. Its glittery, fast-lane image later included pricy real estate and such open cocaine use that it acquired the nickname "Toot City." Artists, ski bums and a coterie of rich and famous, including Actor Jack Nicholson and Troubadour John Denver, settled in what Denver dubbed "the sweet Rocky Mountain paradise." Now, as the ski craze cools and recession-fueled competition among Western resorts increases, hard times have intruded on paradise.

There are no longer snaking lines at the lifts feeding Ruthie's Run, Aspen's best-known trail. In the past year the landmark Red Onion saloon has closed, along with several other restaurants. Five lodges, including the 170-unit Continental Inn, are in the midst of foreclosure. Retail sales growth has slumped from the peak years of the 1970s, when profits grew at an annual rate of more than 15%. Owners of chic boutiques and eateries gripe that business is significantly down from last season. The "Silver Queen," as residents fondly refer to their town, even looks a bit bedraggled. Compared with accommodations in Vail, which now attracts more business, Aspen's once premier lodges seem cramped and aging. Says Boutique Owner Rita St. John: "People are paying $200 a night and getting a dump." There is no first-class resort hotel. Zoning and building limitations passed when the town was thriving have hobbled renovation and expansion efforts.

Not surprisingly, the business community and some townsfolk, who think Aspen (pop. 7,620) has been too complacent in the face of growing competition, want to spruce it up and launch a promotional campaign. Says Author Leon Uris, a 20-year resident: "We've been ho-humming it for years. We have to get competitive." But other residents, who want to preserve Aspen's small-town charm, are disturbed by calls for mass marketing. "We're a mature resort with a solid product," says Lodge Owner Allan Blomquist. "We don't need flamboyant hype."

Aspen faces a showdown next week in the debate over its future, when residents will vote in a special election on whether to impose a local business tax. The revenues, which could generate up to $1.5 million a year, would go into a fund to set up services to attract tourists. Examples: a computerized central reservation system for the area's lodges and an association to woo ski clubs and conventions. Even if the new tax is approved, Aspen faces an uphill battle. For one thing, the baby boomers who led the rush to the slopes are older now. "The skiing hotshots of the '60s are married now with three children," says Chamber of Commerce President Tom Clark. "We need to work harder to get them." Mindful of the family crowd, police have cracked down on overt cocaine use. Another problem: more resorts fighting for a stable pool of skiers. Since 1975 the number of ski areas in Colorado alone has snowballed from 27 to 35, and Aspen's share of the state pie has slid from 29.5% in 1972-73 to 15.7% last season.

On top of all this, Aspen needs to convince itself that its old ways will no longer work. "Greed dominates the town. There was an arrogance toward tourists that used to prevail," said Thomas Richardson, the former president of the Aspen Skiing Corp. "People put their heads in the sand and said, 'We're the best.' Suddenly, we're not No. 1 any more. Now Aspen has a reputation as a rip-off community." The town's troubles are not likely to lead to a bust similar to the one Aspen experienced after Congress repealed the Sherman Silver-Purchase Act in 1893. But the Silver Queen is, as Cab Driver Dave Knowles puts it, "getting a good dose of reality." ■

A worrisome sign: empty chairs and runs

A mountain paradise gets a dose of reality.

Out to Lunch

Some inspectors fail inspection

Since the 1981 Hyatt Regency Hotel walkway collapse in Kansas City, nearly $50 million in damages has been paid to survivors and to families of the 114 who died. In addition, Hallmark Cards Inc., whose subsidiary owns the hotel, has agreed to give $6.5 million to local charities and $3.5 million more to plaintiffs. But new damage to the city's sense of security was inflicted last week when the Kansas City *Star* published an exposé of the department of public works. After a two-month investigation, a team of *Star* reporters who tailed 18 of the city's 46 building inspectors, among them two who had overseen the Hyatt Regency project, discovered that the inspectors were routinely falsifying work logs, more often than not spending their working hours bar hopping and merely driving by construction sites. One of the inspectors the reporters found derelict was the city's chief watchdog at a new hotel complex under construction downtown. One January day, the inspector reported to superiors that he had spent seven hours tramping around a dozen building sites, but the *Star's* investigators found that instead he had made just two quick official stops. The rest of the day he had hung out with fellow inspectors at a restaurant, shopped, and early in the afternoon, well before quitting time, gone home.

Last week all 18 building inspectors were suspended and two promptly retired; the city's building-codes administrator resigned, and the public works director was put on "involuntary leave." And the fuss may not be over: the county prosecutor is considering bringing criminal charges. ■

Inside Job

Arrests made in Sentry heist

Like many New Yorkers tired of winter, Cristos Potamitis, 25, a former security guard for the Bronx-based Sentry Armored Car Courier Co., went to Puerto Rico late last month for a vacation. What he got instead was a surprise. While sunning himself by the pool at the Holiday Inn in San Juan last week, he was arrested by FBI agents for allegedly stealing $11 million—widely regarded as the largest cash heist in U.S. history—from his former employer. Potamitis, who was on duty at Sentry on Dec. 12, 1982, the night of the robbery, claimed he had been overpowered by two men in ski masks during the heist. His alleged accomplices, George Legakis, 21, a part-time cook in a Queens diner, Demetrios Popadakos, 35, and Eddie Argitakos, 24, were also arrested and charged with bank larceny. The $11 million is still missing, but authorities said they were "optimistic" about recovering it. ■

NIGERIA

Exodus of the Unwanted

By land, sea and air, expelled aliens head for home and harder times

On the cab of a battered and overloaded Toyota van waiting at the border between Nigeria and neighboring Benin was the unintentionally ironic sign NO CONDITION IS PERMANENT. The statement was all too true for the score of Ghanaians packed inside, and for as many as 800,000 of their countrymen who had suddenly been ordered to leave Nigeria. By truck, boat and plane, they streamed out of the country last week, carrying what possessions they could. Many of them were hungry and sick. All of them were hurrying to meet the Feb. 1 deadline for their expulsion. Along the way, at least 34 participants in the chaotic exodus died of starvation, in accidents or from other hardships.

The unwanted aliens had come to Nigeria over the past five years to take jobs created by the country's oil boom. But Nigeria's economic bubble has been punctured by the recent decline in world oil prices. On Jan. 17, Minister of Internal Affairs Alhaji Ali Baba announced that the alien workers, most of them illegal entrants to black Africa's most populous state (85 million), had two weeks to leave the country. The suddenness of the decree sparked a panic among the Ghanaians and some 700,000 other foreign workers from Benin, Togo, Niger, Cameroon and Chad.

Within a day or two, hundreds of thousands had left their jobs and started looking for transportation to take them home. Ghana Airways scheduled six flights a day from the Nigerian capital of Lagos to Accra, Ghana's capital, and some 10,000 Ghanaians paid $60 each to go home in relative comfort. The Ghanaian government sent six ships to collect thousands of its stranded citizens who began packing the docks in Lagos the day after the expulsion order. By the time the first ship arrived, more than 30,000 people were waiting on the quays. In the scramble to get aboard, several plunged into the harbor; at least one drowned. "It was crazy," said a Nigerian port official. "Fights broke out, and the police had a hard job controlling the crowd." Those who missed the first ship camped out amid gathering piles of garbage, grateful for the *harmattan*, a breeze of Saharan dust that blotted out the sun and kept temperatures down from the usual 90° F. Women nursed babies in the shadow of cargo sheds, while vendors of fruit, bread and illegally distilled local spirits set their wares out in the open.

Most of the expelled workers chose to

make the 275-mile trip to Accra overland, and their journey was often a nightmare. Separated from Nigeria by the narrow countries of Togo and Benin *(see map)*, Ghana is ruled by Flight Lieut. Jerry Rawlings, who seized power for the second time 13 months ago. Rawlings had ordered all his borders with neighboring countries to be closed last September in an effort to wipe out smuggling and assuage his own fears about an external coup plot said to involve foreign mercenaries.

To prevent too many Ghanaians from piling up in Benin and Togo, both countries had to close their frontiers temporarily. By the time Rawlings opened his border twelve days after the expulsion order, there were hundreds of thousands of people camped out on the road from Lagos. Food and water were in short supply, and the roadsides had become foul-smelling repositories of garbage and excrement. The border finally opened, and the caravan of vehicles loaded with household possessions, including shiny new radios destined for resale in Ghana, inched forward in the heat across Togo and Benin.

Toyota piled high, a Ghanaian leaves Lagos

Nationals from countries bordering Nigeria had a much easier time. But the repatriation was frequently marred by acts of abuse. Some reported that Nigerian police had taken their possessions or asked for bribes to permit them to pass. Edward Konto, a Ghanaian construction worker, said a friend of his had been relieved of his radio, watch and money by a policeman. Konto was luckier. Piled on top of his taxi were a mattress, a battered suitcase containing his clothes, a bicycle, and a new Japanese shortwave radio. "I plan to sell it as soon as I get home," he said.

The immediate response of most of the governments involved was muted, though Chad called the expulsion "sudden and brutal." Among those expelled, the reaction for the most part was resignation. "We just want to go home," said Joseph Nartuy, who had come to Nigeria from Ghana three years ago to work as a painter for $250 a month, three times what he could have earned in Accra. "The Nigerians never liked us, and it would be dangerous to stay on now."

Most Ghanaians, for that matter, were well aware that their own government, pleading economic problems, had expelled 50,000 Nigerians in 1969. Since then, there have been several other expulsions of foreign workers. Moreover, most of those returning to Ghana last week were young men recently arrived in Nigeria who had left their families in Ghana. The money they and other foreign workers sent home had become extremely important to the economies of Nigeria's poorer neighbors. Said a Western diplomat in Lagos: "If there were a million Ghanaians here and they each sent $5 home each week, that's more than $250 million a year, a huge amount of money for a debt-ridden country like Ghana."

The official Nigerian explanation for the expulsion was that foreigners had been involved in religious riots and had played a role in the growth of both petty and organized crime. While there was some truth in those allegations, the reasons more likely stem from Nigeria's parlous economy as the country approaches a national election later this year, the second since the return to civilian rule in 1979. Oil production fell to around 800,000 bbl. per day last month because of weak world demand. The government's ambitious development plans, meanwhile, are based on expectations of revenue from 2 million

bbl. per day, the level of output in 1980.

That dramatic decline has forced the government to draw on its foreign currency reserves, which are now down to around $1 billion, enough to cover a single month's imports. Although Nigeria's long-term debt is a relatively low $15 billion, the government is having problems putting together the financing for major projects. Several developments, including the construction of a new national capital at Abuja, have been cut back. Said a Western diplomat: "The government couldn't afford to allow foreigners to hold down jobs while increasing numbers of Nigerians were out of work."

The unemployment problem is also likely to be a crucial campaign issue. President Alhaji Shehu Shagari and his broad-based National Party of Nigeria are expected to triumph over the four opposition parties, but it could be an uncomfortably close race. Said a Nigerian journalist: "Throwing out the foreigners was a very popular move among Nigerians, who are a xenophobic lot in the best of times." The government is allowing skilled foreigners to stay until the end of the month in order to register for employment and obtain permits to remain in Nigeria. But few are expected to do so. "Being identified as a Ghanaian can lead to trouble at home or in the streets these days," said a Western official. "People are frightened." Some factories, particularly in the textile industry, were forced to close down when their foreign workers suddenly left. In the shantytown of Moroko, a preserve of foreign workers, a security firm put up a blackboard in the market. It read: "Wanted urgently, 50 security officers, 20 dog handlers and 2 cleaners."

Back home, the Ghanaians were promptly taken to the world trade center on the outskirts of Accra, where they were fed and documented before going on to their villages in the interior. Doctors and nurses were on hand to provide medical checks but reported few cases of illness or serious malnutrition. The U.S. turned over 60 tons of grains and edible oils to relief agencies caring for the new arrivals, and also supplied emergency foods to the Togo and Benin governments.

While the Ghanaian government officially welcomed back its citizens, there were fears in Rawlings' year-old administration that the influx could pose difficulties. Since Rawlings seized power, his left-leaning government has suffered from internal feuds and a growing sense of disenchantment among those who at first supported it. Government officials said that food resources would be strained, and there will be few jobs for people returning. Many factories are already operating at only 15% of capacity. One move that was applauded by all, however, was the decision to suspend collection of customs duties at the borders, an action perhaps taken more of necessity than in good will. —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by John Borrell/Lagos*

Desperate to meet the ouster deadline, foreigners crowd a border road and throng a ship in Lagos harbor

CENTRAL AMERICA

The Rising Tides of War

In three countries, a wave of soldiering and questioning

The struggle over the troubled future of Central America grew fiercer last week. In El Salvador, Marxist guerrillas scored a psychological triumph with a surprise raid on the country's economic heartland; for the first time a U.S. military adviser was wounded. In Honduras, a major display of U.S. military logistics was intended to send an intimidating message to neighboring Nicaragua's Sandinista government. At the same time, the covert border war against the Sandinistas heated up, even though the Marxist leadership seemed more entrenched than ever. Reports from the scenes of battle:

Salvadoran guerrilla leaders haranguing the citizens of Berlín after the rebel takeover

EL SALVADOR. By the standards of El Salvador's tortuous three-year civil war, the first signs of the impending debacle were small ones. As some 70 members of the country's National Police guarded the once bustling agricultural center of Berlín (pop. about 30,000), guerrillas launched a cautious nighttime raid. For an hour small-arms fire popped back and forth between the opposing forces. Then the guerrillas slipped away into the surrounding cotton and coffee fields of Usulután, one of El Salvador's richest and most strategic departments.

But as dawn broke the next day, the guerrillas returned with a vengeance. Some 500 members of the People's Revolutionary Army, a branch of the Marxist-led Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.), descended on Berlín. Raking the town with automatic-weapons fire and rocket-propelled grenades, they devastated the puny garrison, killing or wounding four policemen and capturing or driving away the rest. The guerrillas sacked and burned Berlín's pharmacies and dry-goods stores, robbed the only local bank of $160,000, and rocketed the town's postal and telex offices. Local residents were herded into the central municipal plaza and harangued with propaganda and recruitment speeches.

The reaction of the U.S.-backed Salvadoran armed forces was slow and clumsy. The day after the guerrillas began their occupation, U.S.-supplied A-37B Dragonfly jets appeared over Berlín and began to strafe and rocket the town. At least two bombs were dropped a few blocks from the central plaza. Floods of refugees started to stream from their homes carrying sacks of food, clothing and hammocks, as Red Cross ambulances, their sirens screaming, crept through the streets.

More than two full days after the guerrillas had captured Berlín, 1,000 Salvadoran army troops arrived to lift the siege. When relief columns neared the town, the guerrillas, true to form, melted into the nearby hills. As they retreated, they burned Berlín's coffee warehouses, the town's chief source of income.

In Washington, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Thomas O. Enders admitted that the F.M.L.N. occupation was a "significant psychological action." Not only had the guerrillas briefly occupied a major town, but they seemed to have underscored a growing incompetence on the part of the Salvadoran army. U.S. military advisers in El Salvador have repeatedly warned the country's Defense Minister, José Guillermo García, to concentrate on defending economically vital Usulután, where they believe the Salvadoran conflict ultimately will be won or lost. Instead, García had sent the cream of his 22,000-member army into the northeastern department of Morazán, a mountainous guerrilla stronghold that is both economically and militarily unimportant.

The U.S. also paid a price for the Berlín episode. Special Forces Staff Sergeant Jay Thomas Stanley, a communications specialist, was wounded in the left leg by guerrilla ground fire while flying in a helicopter near the border of Usulután, about seven miles from Berlín. At first, U.S. officials maintained that Stanley was on a "training mission." Later, however, the U.S. embassy in the capital of San Salvador announced that Stanley's immediate superior had been relieved of duty for ordering the sergeant to act in violation of congressional strictures that forbid advisers to enter Salvadoran combat zones. Two other U.S. military men were also sent home. The entire incident was almost certainly bound to generate further controversy about the U.S. role in El Salvador, and about whether the more than $160 million in requested military and economic aid to the country this year is a wise investment.

HONDURAS. The poverty-stricken Miskito Indians who eke out an existence in the northeastern Honduras department of Gracias a Dios had never seen anything like it. As U.S. Air Force C-141 transports and giant C5-A Galaxies roared overhead, Honduran special-forces parachutes bloomed in the skies above that remote and inhospitable corner of the country, twelve miles from the Nicaraguan border. In the nearby Caribbean coastal town of Puerto Lempira, two 8,800-ton U.S. Navy landing craft nosed ashore to deposit 580 members of the Honduran fourth infantry battalion. A mile away, U.S. Army officers huddled at a sophisticated and top-secret satellite communications center that had suddenly materialized in the swampy jungle, along with a mobile radar station. The display of U.S. military muscle flexing known as Operation Big Pine was launched with a fanfare of technological sound and fury.

In Washington, Pentagon officials said that Big Pine was merely a continuation of U.S.-Honduran military exercises that have taken place annually since 1965. True enough, but the scale of this year's effort was vastly grander than that of war games of the past. Last year only 30 U.S. military men turned up for the Honduran exercises. This year 1,600 Americans provided logistic and communications support in pitting 4,000 Honduran troops against an imaginary invading "Red army" from a neighboring, equally imaginary country called Corinth.

The real aim of Big Pine, of course, was to send an intimidating message to Marxist-led Nicaragua. "There has been a big change in Central America since the Nicaraguan revolution of 1979," said U.S.

Ambassador to Honduras John Negroponte. "Since then, the Nicaraguan government has quadrupled the number of its uniformed soldiers and brought in between 1,700 and 2,000 Cuban security advisers. Honduras and Costa Rica are worried. So is El Salvador, which has suffered from Nicaragua's role as the springboard for the Salvadoran insurgency." Said another U.S. diplomat, who traveled from the Honduran capital of Tegucigalpa to observe the war games: "Big Pine is a political maneuver rather than one of major military significance."

It was also a highly provocative maneuver. The area chosen for the exercise is part of a surreptitious battleground used by Nicaraguan exiles in a growing counterrevolutionary war against their homeland. U.S. Air Force pilots learned about the covert war the hard way during Big Pine: two days after the exercise began, a U.S. C-130 transport aircraft was sent back to the U.S. with bullet holes in its tail assembly.

As an exercise in the U.S. ability to transport and supply the Hondurans, Operation Big Pine went off without a hitch. But as a test of Honduran military ability, the exercise appeared to be a failure. The ill-trained Hondurans were unable to cope with the 1,300 tons of equipment rained on them by the U.S. Nor did they show any great mastery of the battlefield discipline necessary to repel a hypothetical Corinthian advance. The 528 Honduran paratroopers dropped into the wargame zone, for example, spent two full hours attempting to regroup into companies. When one trooper was slightly injured during a faulty jump, other members of his battalion stood idly by rather than carrying him off for medical aid. In public, U.S. military officers had only good things to say about the doleful Honduran performance. But a ranking U.S. officer admitted: "They have a very long way to go before they can be rated as capable of defending their own country."

NICARAGUA. Smoke and the stench of death hung over the isolated Nicaraguan village of Bismuna last week. Bullet holes pocked the wooden sides of the tiny thatched huts that cluster on stilts along the bank of a small river, 20 miles from the Honduran border. A concrete schoolhouse stood blackened and gutted by mortar fire. Brown-shirted members of Bismuna's Sandinista militia defense force gathered up unexploded mortar rounds and other debris of battle. Jorge Vargas Lopez, 38, a combat veteran who fought in Nicaragua's Marxist-led Sandinista revolution of 1979, pointed to boot tracks near the river. Said he: "Those are Honduran military boots they were wearing."

Vargas was referring to some 150 anti-Sandinista invaders who had swept down on the hamlet garrison five days earlier to launch a twelve-hour firefight. Before the attack was repelled, the Sandinistas claimed, the counterrevolutionaries killed five Nicaraguan defenders and wounded five others, at a cost of 58 of their own dead. According to the Nicaraguans, the incident was the latest in a series of 500 such attacks in the past year; as many as 440 civilians and military men have been killed. The Bismuna battle, they protested, was part of a continuing effort by the Reagan Administration to overthrow the Sandinista government. Says Rosario Murillo, director of the Sandinista Association of Nicaraguan Cultural Workers: "Nicaragua is in a state of war."

That state reached a new height last week as the Nicaraguans watched Operation Big Pine taking place across the border. Claiming that Big Pine was the prelude to a major U.S.-backed invasion of Nicaragua, the Sandinista government called a full-scale alert in five frontier provinces. Green-uniformed guardsmen scanned border outposts for signs of more incursions of the kind that occurred at Bismuna.

Nicaraguan officials candidly admitted that they were embarked on a form of propaganda campaign against the Big Pine maneuvers. Said a Sandinista diplomat in the Nicaraguan capital of Managua: "When there's a well-known rapist in the neighborhood, you scream in order not to suffer."

Screaming is useful for the Sandinistas in another way. At a time when important sectors of Nicaraguan society have become alienated by the leftward drift of the regime, the constant evocation of a threat from the U.S. and the counterrevolutionaries, known as *contras*, has become an important domestic political weapon. Moreover, the strategy seems to work. For all their highly vocal insecurities, Nicaragua's rulers are more securely entrenched at home than ever.

Citing the *contra* threat, the government is still using an emergency law enacted in March 1982 that gives the government almost unlimited powers of censorship, arrest without warrants, and the authority to set up special counterrevolutionary tribunals. According to Western intelligence sources, internal security operations in Nicaragua are controlled by Cuban and Soviet-bloc experts.

One of the small signs that the Sandinistas are growing more self-confident is the disappearance of roving goon squads from Managua streets. The gangs were used to rough up antagonists to the regime and break up opposition political rallies. Now the Sandinistas claim that freedom of assembly is being respected. They also say they are drafting a law that will guarantee a role for opposition political parties, in theory at least. Such progress, however, is likely to be limited as long as the Sandinistas can claim that extraordinary domestic measures are needed to confront foreign threats. Through their protests and actions last week, the Sandinistas seemed to give notice that they still consider government by emergency to be the order of the day. —*By George Russell. Reported by Bernard Diederich/Managua, David Halevy/Tegucigalpa and Timothy Loughran/San Salvador*

Honduran paratroopers descending as part of Operation Big Pine; Sandinista troops keeping watch at the Nicaraguan-Honduran frontier

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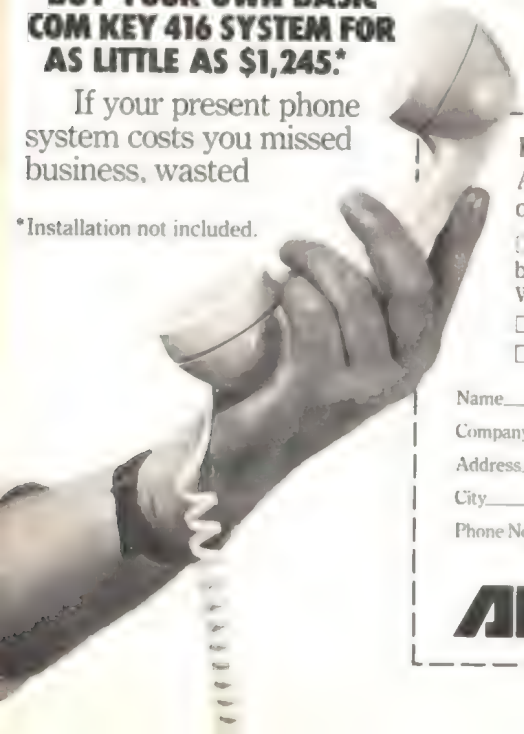

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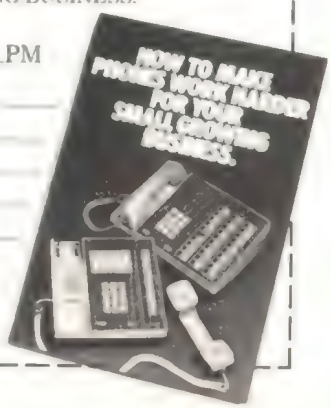

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MIDDLE EAST

"Over My Dead Body"

A Marine takes a stand, as U.S.-Israeli tensions rise

As three Israeli tanks approached a U.S. Marine position near the old Sidon road to the south of Beirut, Captain Charles B. Johnson, 30, of Neenah, Wis., did not hesitate. He ran toward the heavily armored, British-made Centurions, then took a position in the middle of the road. When the lead tank halted barely a foot in front of him, Johnson told an Israeli lieutenant colonel atop it, "You will not pass through this position."

After a momentary pause, the Israeli commander dismounted, talked with Johnson, remounted his tank and declared, according to Johnson, "I am going through." Johnson again demanded that the tanks halt, adding, "If you come through, it will be over my dead body." He drew his pistol and held it at a 45° angle, the "ready" position. After another pause, during which the Israelis spoke over their radio, the lead tank turned off the road. Johnson walked beside it.

Then, suddenly, the other two tanks took off at full speed in the original direction. Johnson jumped on the lead tank, grabbed the Israeli commander and yelled at him to stop his tanks. Complying at last, the Israeli, who was subsequently identified only as a Lieut. Colonel "Rafi," told Johnson, "One thing we don't want to do is shoot each other." Replied Johnson: "Yes, but if you keep doing things like this, the likelihood is going to increase."

The incident was the most serious in a rising tide of tension between the U.S. and Israeli forces in Lebanon since the Marines landed five months ago, with French and Italian troops, as part of an international peace-keeping effort. Indeed, the entire three-nation force seemed under siege last week. A grenade was tossed into a French military vehicle in West Beirut, wounding one soldier. Several French soldiers out jogging were sprayed by automatic weapons fire; two were wounded, one seriously. In one of the worst incidents of violence in West Beirut in recent months, a car bomb blew up outside the Palestine Research Center and the temporary Libyan embassy, turning both buildings into infernos. At least 20 people were killed and 70 wounded.

For the 1,200 U.S. Marines in Lebanon, the problems have been with the Israelis. Several times in the past month, Israeli units tried to pass Marine checkpoints, in violation of the peace-keeping agreement, and each time were turned back. In order to end such confrontations, the Marines and the Israelis two weeks ago set up a radio "hot line" and tried to agree to certain lines of demarcation between their forces. But some U.S. officials in Beirut remained convinced that the Israeli moves last month, as well as recent Israeli charges that the Marines were failing to stop "terrorists" from passing through Marine positions, were part of an Israeli strategy. Its purpose: to discredit the Marines, as well as the French and Italian forces, and to reinforce the argument that the task of patrolling southern Lebanon, once the occupying armies have been withdrawn from the rest of the country, should be retained by the Israelis.

NELSON—UPI

Johnson shows how he used his pistol to halt the Israeli tank

In Reagan's view, the captain did "the only thing he could."

However that may be, the Reagan Administration reacted to the latest incident with open anger. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger declared that the Israeli move had been "threatening" and that there was "no authority or necessity" for it. In a news conference, President Reagan defended Johnson's action, saying he thought the Marine had done "the only thing he could." Pentagon officials flatly disputed Israel's contention that the Israeli tanks were not in Marine territory. Furthermore, the officials maintained, the behavior of the tanks had been belligerent and provocative. Belying Israeli insistence that the tanks had been on a "routine patrol," Pentagon officials added, was the fact that a group of Israelis with binoculars had taken up a position on a nearby hill in order to watch the events unfold.

The Israeli government blamed the whole affair on a misunderstanding on the part of the Marines. The Israelis produced Lieut. Colonel Rafi, who scoffed at the Marines' behavior. When Johnson drew his pistol, said Rafi, it "rather amused me." Privately, the Israelis were angry at Washington, and particularly at Weinberger, for reacting so sharply to the incident; an aide to Prime Minister Menachem Begin said the U.S. response was "shocking and ridiculous." A day later, American and Israeli diplomats met in Beirut and agreed to build a formal boundary around some Marine positions in the hope of keeping the two forces apart.

The real problem is that patience is running out on all sides. The U.S. wants a withdrawal of Israeli, Syrian and Palestinian forces from Lebanon, but the Israeli-Lebanese negotiations remain at an impasse. U.S. Special Envoy Philip Habib returns to the Middle East this week, though it is uncertain whether he will fare any better this time than he did on his last trip three weeks ago. The Reagan Administration still hopes that King Hussein of Jordan can be induced to join Egypt, Israel and the U.S. in seeking a negotiated settlement to the problem of the Palestinians in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip. But if the U.S. cannot get the Israelis out of Lebanon, or at least get them started in that direction, the U.S. will never get Hussein or any other Arabs to the bargaining table.

In Israel, the conclusions of the commission of inquiry that investigated the Beirut massacre last September were expected to be released this week. If the report is critical of Begin, he may call new elections this year. Israel's President Yitzhak Navon, 61, announced last week that he will not seek another five-year term when the present one expires in May. That could thrust Navon into a three-way race, along with Opposition Leader Shimon Peres and former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, for leadership of the Labor Party. Recent polls show Navon would have a better chance than either Peres or Rabin of leading the party to victory against Begin.

The most popular man in Beirut last week may have been Captain Johnson. Arab-language radio stations were retelling the story of the American who stopped three Israeli tanks "singlehanded." Colonel Thomas Stokes, the Marine commander in Lebanon, said that Johnson would receive a commendation for his action. As for Johnson, he modestly called his sudden fame "a lot of fuss over not that much of a deal." On that point alone, the Israelis would agree. —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Harry Kelly/Jerusalem and Roberto Suro/Beirut*

Prime Minister Gandhi puts a brave face on her recent political setbacks in several states

INDIA

Indira's Woes

An uphill climb to 1985

"All this talk of my going downhill," insisted India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi last week, "is just so much political nonsense." Translation: she is going downhill all right, but she is fighting back. Her Congress (I) Party (the "I" is, of course, for Indira) has not won a majority in any of the eight state elections it has fought since Mrs. Gandhi's return to power in 1980. It fared particularly badly last month in the southern states of Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka, which had supported the Congress Party since India became independent in 1947. More elections were scheduled in the Union Territory of Delhi last weekend and in the troubled northeastern state of Assam next week. Whatever the outcome of these contests, Mrs. Gandhi will have to work hard to rebuild her party in time for the 1985 national elections, when she hopes to win an unprecedented fifth term as Prime Minister.

She was voted out of power in 1977, after her countrymen grew tired of the repressive manner in which she governed India during the 1975-77 state of emergency that she had proclaimed. This time the issues are more diffuse. Opposition parties charge that the Congress leadership has become corrupt and insensitive to the public welfare. In addition, there are powerful local controversies. In Andhra Pradesh, for instance, the movie star turned politician N.T. Rama Rao won a stunning victory for his new Telugu Desam party, advocating increased powers for the state's Telugu majority. In Delhi, many Sikhs vowed to boycott last weekend's elections, thereby showing their support for the movement that is advocating greater autonomy for the rich agricultural state of Punjab, the Sikh homeland.

Nowhere is regionalism more explosive than in Assam, where voters are angry about the wave of nearly 4 million refugees who have entered that state illegally from Bangladesh in the past decade. What makes the Assamese especially bitter is that the refugees, who are grateful to have been given sanctuary in India and thus are overwhelmingly pro-Gandhi, are being allowed by the government to vote in next week's elections. As a result, all the opposition parties in Assam, including the Marxists, are boycotting the elections, thereby assuring a Congress Party victory. To halt a surge of election-related violence, the New Delhi government has sent 40 battalions of paramilitary police to Assam.

Trying to strengthen her government, Mrs. Gandhi two weeks ago asked all 60 members of her Council of Ministers to submit resignations. She fired only seven ministers and named a dozen new ones, prompting criticism that she lacked the nerve to undertake a wholesale housecleaning. Luckily for Mrs. Gandhi, the opposition parties are at least as disorganized as her Congress Party; no candidate has emerged as a serious rival for 1985, and her personal popularity remains high.

One of the mysteries of Indian politics is why the world's largest democracy has produced so few leaders of national quality. Mrs. Gandhi, the daughter of India's first Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, spent years grooming her ambitious younger son Sanjay as her ultimate successor. After Sanjay was killed in an air crash in 1980, she turned to her elder son Rajiv, 31, a former commercial airline pilot. So far, Rajiv has shown little flair for politics, but never mind that. He is Indira Gandhi's surviving son and thus the heir apparent to the House of Nehru, whose street address for most of the past 35 years has been 1 Safdarjang Road, New Delhi, the Prime Minister's residence. ■

Lady Killer

A career in crime may end

They travel in gangs through the hills of the state of Madhya Pradesh, robbing wayfarers as did highwaymen of old. Villagers admire them, movies glorify their exploits. For eight centuries, India's dacoits (*dakoo* is the Hindi word for bandit) have been the buccaneering heroes of pulp-magazine adventures. But none is more compelling than the tale of Phoolan Devi, 27. Over the past four years she has become her country's most notorious dacoit. Once pursued by 2,000 police, she has been charged with 70 cases of banditry and is suspected of some 50 murders. Fanciful speculation convicts her of still more. "For every man this girl has killed, she has slept with two," says a police inspector. "Sometimes she sleeps with them first before she bumps them off."

Why the animus? Within months of her betrothal at age 11, Phoolan was beaten and expelled by her husband for suspected infidelities. Soon after returning to her parents, she began attracting a male audience by bathing naked in the local river. Raped by a group of voyeurs, she blithely continued in her habits until her arrest in early 1979 on, ironically, a false charge of dacoity. After being raped by policemen and prisoners, she was released.

Her subsequent rise to criminal eminence was swift: she fell in with a dacoit named Babu Gujar, seduced his lieutenant Vikram Mallaha and, while bathing Gujar one evening, stabbed him to death. Thus Mallaha became chieftain, Phoolan second in command. Dressed in blue jeans and a multicolored turban, brandishing a stolen bullhorn and a rifle, she quickly earned a reputation as a deadly shot. When Mallaha's restive followers killed him, Phoolan formed her own gang. On Feb. 14, 1981, to avenge her lover's murder, she and her marauders gunned down 20 apparently innocent citizens in the village of Behmai.

Phoolan Devi

But the myth of a bandit's life is more glamorous than the reality. "All dacoits are dead by the time they are 30," says a senior police official. "The nights are lonely. She is no longer the beauty she once was." She is also hunted by vengeful enemies. As a result, Phoolan has begun negotiating for police protection in exchange for her surrender. The legends will surely persist, but Phoolan may be shedding her image as India's deadliest woman. Two weeks ago, her gang encircled a bicyclist near the Chambal River. Phoolan scolded her victim for traveling alone in such dangerous country and, when she learned that he had lost part of a leg in the 1971 war with Pakistan, gave him $20 and sent him home with greetings for his family. ■

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The heart of an intelligence empire: a snow-covered statue of Felix Dzerzhinsky, first chief of the Soviet secret police, stands guard in front of KGB

The KGB

Eyes of the Kremlin

The new KGB: how Andropov's agents watch the home front and the world

Four hours after the funeral of Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev last November, an incident that would have seemed improbable in the most contrived spy thriller unfolded in the Green Room of the Kremlin. As leader of the American delegation attending the Brezhnev burial, Vice President George Bush had been invited for a private chat with the new Communist Party chief, Yuri Andropov. The atmosphere was stiffly formal. Bush, who had been director of the Central Intelligence Agency from 1976 to 1977, tried to break the ice with a bit of humor. Said the Vice President: "I feel I already know you, since we served in similar positions." Andropov sized up his American guest through thick bifocals and smiled enigmatically. For the first time in history, a former director of the CIA had come to visit the onetime head of the *Komitet Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti* (Committee for State Security), known worldwide by three letters: KGB.

As Andropov well knew, there is nothing at all similar about the position Bush held for a year and the powers that the Soviet leader wielded for 15 years as chief of the world's largest spy and state-security machine. From an office in the KGB's ocher-colored neo-Renaissance headquarters at 2 Dzerzhinsky Square,* barely a mile from the Kremlin, the head of the KGB oversees an intricate network of espionage and information-gathering operations that further the political objectives of the Communist Party. Unlike the CIA, the KGB works both abroad and at home, doing for the U.S.S.R. what the CIA, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the National Security Agency and the Secret Service do for the U.S.—and a good deal more. The KGB chief commands an army of some 700,000 agents and about as many informers (*vs.* a U.S. intelligence and counterintelligence network of only 130,000), most of whom keep watch on their fellow citizens within the U.S.S.R. Even before Andropov's rise to power, the KGB's influence inside the Soviet Union

*Felix Dzerzhinsky, an aristocratic Pole turned revolutionary, was the first head of the Soviet secret police, which was founded shortly after the 1917 Bolshevik revolution

headquarters in central Moscow

Hawk at home, dove abroad: Communist Party Chief Yuri Andropov, former head of the KGB

was immense. Today more than four decades after the height of Stalin's reign of terror, many Soviets are still reluctant to call the organization by name, preferring such euphemisms as "the Committee," "the Office," or just an abbreviation, G.B.

Outside the Soviet Union, the KGB seems to embody Western fear and loathing of the Soviet system. Almost from its inception as an instrument of "revolutionary justice" following the Bolshevik revolution, the Soviet secret police, known successively as the Cheka, GPU, OGPU, NKVD, NKGB, MGB and, since 1954, the KGB, has been synonymous with terror and coercion. It brings to mind the worst excesses of the Stalinist period: the public show trials and confessions exacted through torture, the random arrests and midnight executions in the infamous Lubyanka prison. KGB "sleepers" penetrating to the heart of Western intelligence services are now a staple of espionage fiction, film—and reality. Reports that Bulgarian agents in Rome may have aided Turkish Terrorist Mehmet Ali Agca in his attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II in May 1981 have only added to Western suspicions of the KGB. In the view of many Westerners, the KGB would surely have been behind any Bulgarian plot to murder the spiritual leader of the world's 800 million Roman Catholics.

Given the KGB's awesome power and a well-earned reputation for ruthlessness and brutality, it had long been assumed that the men who rule the Soviet Union would never allow a secret-police chief to hold the nation's highest post. Yuri Vladimirovich Andropov, 68, surmounted that obstacle last November, when he was chosen by the Communist Party's Central Committee to succeed Brezhnev. Andropov was relieved of his job as KGB chief six months earlier and moved to the party Secretariat, but the bureaucratic fig leaf deceived no one.

KGB emblem: sword and shield of the party

During his first three months in office, the neatly tailored and coolly authoritative Andropov has worked hard to shake the worldwide stereotype of the KGB heavy in the ill-fitting suit. In a rumor campaign that began before Brezhnev's death, Andropov was portrayed in the West as a sensitive liberal with a fondness for Scotch whisky and the Glenn Miller sound. Now, after most of the disinformation and half-truths have been sifted out, Andropov remains an unknown quantity. What is clear is that his rise to power has coincided with the gradual evolution of the Soviet Union as a modern police state in which the physical terror of the Stalin era has been largely replaced with subtler forms of control. The KGB has developed into an increasingly sophisticated instrument for advancing national interests around the world. As head of the KGB, Andropov had much to do with those changes. Now that he holds the top party job, he has given every indication

that he wants to keep things that way.

Issuing a series of nuclear arms proposals designed to appeal to a foreign audience, Andropov has effectively revived the Soviet propaganda offensive against the deployment of new NATO missiles in Europe. So skillful has Andropov's performance been that General Edward Rowny, the U.S. negotiator at the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks in Geneva, has jested that the West is being subjected to "trial by Yuri."

While seeming to be a man of peace abroad, Andropov has virtually declared war at home on sloth, corruption and any signs of nonconformity. In an effort to instill greater discipline in the malingering Soviet work force, police have been ordered to make sweeps of public places, rounding up drunkards, vagrants and workers who ought to be on the job. Last week Andropov went to Moscow's Sergo Ordzhonikidze machine-tool factory, where he held a shop-floor version of a town meeting, and bluntly told the employees that "without discipline we cannot advance quickly."

Intellectuals are also beginning to feel new pressures. In a wave of mass meetings, artists and writers have been warned of ideological "deviations" and reminded that their art must "help the party." Some have been singled out for more specialized treatment. Iconoclastic Historian Roy Medvedev has been officially told to "cease hostile activities" against the Soviet system. Nonconformist Writer Georgi Vladimov was threatened with criminal prosecution by KGB agents (*see box*).

Most of Andropov's major appointments to date seem designed to consolidate KGB power further. He elevated onetime Azerbaijan KGB Chief Geidar Aliyev, 59, to the key post of Deputy Premier. He sent Vitali Fedorchuk, 64, who replaced Andropov as KGB chief last year, over to the Ministry of Internal Affairs, which controls the conventional police, or *militsia*. That move appeared to compromise a formal separation between the police and the security service that has been in effect since 1954. The new chief of the KGB is Viktor Chebrikov, 60, who served for 13 years as Andropov's deputy.

Some Western analysts speculate that Andropov's election as party chief reflects the gradual gravitation of political power in Communist countries toward the military and security sectors. Andropov's first round of appointments certainly suggests that he wants to use KGB men and methods to run the Soviet Union. But Vladimir Kuzichkin, a former KGB agent in Iran who defected to the British last June, insists that Andropov has been and remains a loyal party man. As Kuzichkin told TIME: "In the West people talk about the KGB as if it were an independent body. It is an instrument in the hands of the Soviet Communist Party. Whatever the KGB does inside the country or overseas, it does on the order of the Central Committee." In its emblematic role as the party's sword and shield, the KGB is perhaps the ultimate guarantor of Communist rule. It is the contemporary expression of the traditional Russian obsession with seeking out real and potential enemies of the state.

Ironically, Andropov may owe his rise to the bungling of one of the nation's most notorious secret police chiefs, Lavrenti Beria. After the death of Stalin in 1953, the tiny Georgian with the trademark pincenez tried to bully his way to power by incorporating the Ministry of the Interior into his vast security empire. That incautious move roused a vengeance-minded Politburo to action. Beria was arrested and executed. First Secretary Nikita Khrushchev, in a famous secret speech to the 20th Party Congress in 1956, vowed that the state security forces would be subservient to the principles of "revolutionary socialist legality." The KGB would be run by political appointees answerable to the party leadership, men like Andropov.

KGB Chief Chebrikov, right, confers with Police Chief Fedorchuk

A former Ambassador to Hungary, Andropov was chosen by Brezhnev in 1967 to continue the gradual "politicization" of the KGB. He took over a security service still demoralized after several reorganizations. Andropov set about winning friends among the power groups hostile to the secret police. The military, for example, has been a traditional KGB rival. Security police ruthlessly purged the military high command on Stalin's orders in 1937, and uniformed KGB agents still riddle the armed services at all levels, a power unto themselves. It was a measure of Andropov's political skill that he managed to form an alliance with Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov, a crucial maneuver in his rise to the top. Says French Sovietologist Hélène Carrère d'Encausse: "Andropov came to the KGB with a double mission: first, to rebuild an efficient police apparatus, and second, to transform it into a modern, effective instrument of the party. He succeeded on both counts." What the security operation lost in brute force it more than made up in political power under Andropov. In 1973, he was granted full membership on the Politburo, the Central Committee's ruling inner circle.

The KGB's new-found status has been enhanced by a public relations campaign designed to help traumatized Soviets forget the horrors of the Stalinist period, during which an estimated 20 million perished. The Soviet people have been served up idealized KGB agents in books, movies and television series. Unlike their counterparts in Western spy fiction, these heroes do not roll in the hay with curvaceous blonds or indulge in other unseemly 007-style vices, and they rarely reach for their pistols to liquidate enemies. Instead, they use their superior intellect to outwit the forces of evil, usually the CIA. The Soviet James Bond is Maxim Isayev, code-named Stirlitz, an undercover agent who manages to penetrate Nazi headquarters in a popular TV serial called *Seventeen Moments in Spring*.

To help build the new KGB, Andropov encouraged recruiters to go after the best and the brightest in the Soviet academic world. Says Leonard Shapiro, a Soviet specialist at the London School of Economics: "In the 1930s the KGB was full of thugs. Now it has become an elite that skims the cream from the universities." Recruiters are eager to enlist youths who speak foreign languages for possible assignment abroad. Students from Moscow's prestigious Institute of International Relations are in particular demand. For many youths, the appeal of a KGB job is a mixture of patriotic impulse and shrewd calculation. Says a recent Soviet émigré: "A post in the KGB conjures up a marvelous vision of all the perquisites that come with it: higher pay, larger apartments, better vacations, foreign travel—in short, all the things the average Soviet spends every moment of his waking life trying to get."

KGB recruiters zero in on the children of army officers, the police or the KGB's border guards and agents. KGB scouts will invite candidates for an interview at a special training school. They will stress the organization's ideals and explain how

it is the Soviet's patriotic duty to defend the motherland against imperialist spies and propaganda. For a young person from a collective farm, the KGB is an escape from the drudgery of rural life and a source of pride to parents, who can boast of a son or daughter in the KGB.

The KGB's most important mission is a domestic one: to ensure that party writ is faithfully followed from Kaliningrad to Kamchatka. From its Moscow headquarters, the KGB keeps watch over the activities of foreign tourists, journalists, businessmen and diplomats within the Soviet Union. The organization's major instrument of domestic control is its Political Security Service, known simply as *Sluzhba* (the Service), which, among other things, runs the national network of informers. The *Sluzhba* operates independently of the *militsia* in much the same way that the FBI works alongside the local police in the U.S.

The average Soviet feels the presence of the KGB most directly through the personnel department at his workplace. Ostensibly concerned with screening job applicants and maintaining security, KGB workers doubling as personnel administrators check for any signs of anti-Communist sentiment on the job. They often go so far as to oversee social gatherings, ensuring, say, that a rock band performing at a factory dance does not slip in politically questionable lyrics. If a Soviet steps out of line, "personnel" officials may summon him for a chat and, perhaps, make note of his behavior in his records. Says a British expert on the KGB: "People know that if they say something wrong they may not be imprisoned, as in Stalin's time, but their careers will go nowhere."

Still, with a landmass of 8.6 million sq. mi. and a population of 271 million, the Soviet Union would present logistical problems for even the most efficient police organization. The KGB manages to sustain the illusion of being all-powerful largely because Soviet citizens police one another. Schoolchildren are taught to revere Pavlik Morozov, a 13-year-old who was murdered by enraged villagers during the forced collectivization of farms in the early 1930s after he informed local Communist authorities that his father was sheltering more prosperous peasants. Few Soviets today would be likely to follow young Pavlik's example, but there are more than enough concerned citizens ready to play the role of *stukachi*, or stool pigeons. An elderly pensioner with time on her hands could consider it a patriotic duty to report any foreign-looking types who visit her apartment building at odd hours. In a society where many people routinely break laws against black-market activities just to get by, everyone is vulnerable to denunciation by a neighbor or friend who has his own sins to hide.

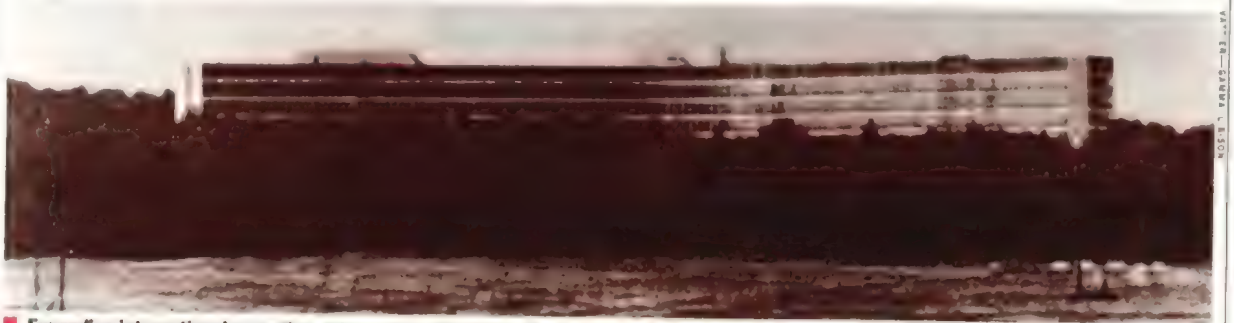
During the Andropov era, the overwhelming majority of Soviets have lost their fear of the midnight knock on the door and the random arrest, but the KGB still moves with brutal swiftness to suppress dangerous displays of "nonconformity." One innovation was the creation of a KGB directorate to control political, nationalist and religious dissent. The directorate has achieved results without great social disruption, something that Andropov's conservative comrades on the Politburo clearly value. The democratic movement within the Soviet Union that first surfaced in the 1960s and gained impetus from the 1975 Helsinki Conference on Human Rights has been all but crushed. Punishment for dissent has been selectively tailored for the dissidents: some are expelled, as outspoken Novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn was in 1974; others, like Nobel Peace Prizewinner Andrei Sakharov, are sent into internal exile; still others—like Sergei Batovrin, spokesman for an independent peace group–are shut away in psychiatric hospitals. Finally, there is the Gulag, which, according to human rights activists, holds some 1,000 known political prisoners today, though the count might be three times as large.

The broad range of options available to the KGB is evident in its control of religious groups. Arrests of Russian Orthodox priests are rare because the party holds the mostly docile church hierarchy firmly in its grip. Protestant believers, mainly Baptists, Pentecostalists and Adventists, who refuse to register with the state, are routinely arrested and sent to labor camps. In the Roman Catholic republic of Lithuania, where clergy arrests might rouse nationalist feelings, three priests have been killed since October 1980 under suspicious circumstances; one was apparently pushed into the path of a speeding truck. Thousands of Soviet Jews who have been refused exit visas to Israel are also a target of KGB persecution.

Just how all-pervasive the KGB presence can be was illustrated last November, when a dozen Pentecostalists set out from Chernogorsk, Siberia, to visit relatives living in the basement of the U.S. embassy in Moscow. On their arrival at Yaroslavl station, they were greeted by a KGB agent who claimed to work for the visa registration office. Later, while the Siberians exchanged hugs and kisses with family members through the heavy metal grate covering an embassy basement window, a young agent in a black leather jacket perched on a nearby railing, taking pictures of them. Said a U.S. diplomat: "They have a hunting license to go anywhere in the system."

Western intelligence authorities fear that the KGB believes the same rules that lead to success at home will also work abroad. During the Andropov era, the KGB's foreign directorate moved out of the Dzerzhinsky Square headquarters to a large, modern, half-moon-shaped office building on the Moscow Ring Road. It expanded overseas operations, though it still shares assignments with the GRU (*Glavnoye Razvedyvatelnoye Upravleniye*), the Chief Intelligence Directorate of the Soviet military. Many experts consider the KGB to be the world's most effective information-gathering organization. Says a senior intelligence staff member in Congress: "It used to be that you could tell the KGB guys a mile off. They were caricatures of themselves. Now they are highly sophisticated, urbane, exceptionally smart, and there are more of them."

Counterintelligence analysts estimate there are at least 350 KGB and GRU agents in the U.S. In Soviet embassies and consulates around the globe, at least a third of the resident diplomatic staff are estimated to work for the KGB. These "legals," who operate under diplomatic cover, receive support from other agents scattered through the Soviet press corps or the staff of Soviet agencies with overseas offices, such as Aeroflot and Intourist. The largest concentration of agents in the U.S. is in New York City, where special United Nations conferences can swell the size of



Expanding international operations: the new headquarters of the KGB's First Chief (foreign) Directorate, located on the outskirts of Moscow

the Soviet delegation to more than 1,000.

The KGB runs a parallel espionage operation using "illegals." Such agents assume a false identity, complete with a false personal history, or "legend," so they can penetrate deeply into a foreign setting. They often remain inactive for years before receiving an assignment from Moscow. Illegal Agent Rudolph Herrmann slipped into the U.S. by way of Canada in 1969 and, while posing as a freelance photographer, arranged information drops for other spies. FBI agents caught up with Herrmann because of a blunder by his KGB contact and turned him into a double agent. Herrmann "officially defected" in 1980, after receiving orders from Moscow to groom his son for the spy trade.

According to the FBI, the Soviet Union gleans about three-quarters of its intelligence from documents, publications and other sources freely available to the public. Soviet diplomats are a familiar sight on Capitol Hill in Washington, where they sit as observers at open sessions of sensitive congressional committees. Staff members in the office of former Congressman David Emery were taken aback during last year's debate over the MX ballistic missile when one brazen Soviet agent walked in looking for documents on the weapon.

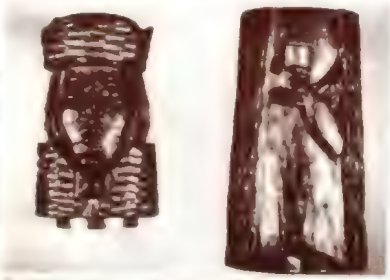
Hardly any of the data obtained by such open means are of themselves damaging to national security. Still, intelligence officials fear that by arranging bits and pieces of data into a mosaic, the Soviets come up with some highly sensitive conclusions. Critics of the Freedom of Information Act claim that its provisions are so broad that even Andropov could request the same kinds of declassified information as any American. Says Edward J. O'Malley, assistant FBI director in charge of the bureau's intelligence division: "This is a problem inherent in an open society and it is not our place to draw the line."

Under Andropov's direction, the KGB has made a concerted effort to catch up with Western intelligence services in the technology of espionage. The Soviets are still lagging behind the U.S. in developing spy satellites. Only two weeks ago, a runaway Cosmos 1402 Soviet spy-in-the-sky plummeted to earth, the second such event in five years. But Moscow has made significant advances in electronic eavesdropping. Operatives from the KGB routinely monitor Western communications from embassy outposts bristling with antennas or from offshore spy trawlers. Ironically, the Soviets have benefited from the telecommunications revolution in the West. The use of satellites and microwaves to transmit telephone conversations has made it easier for KGB eavesdroppers to intercept highly confidential Government and business information.

If the KGB lags behind in technical spycraft, it is second to none in human intelligence "assets." KGB Defector Aleksei Myagkov says that between 1969 and 1974, 1,500 West Germans were recruited by the Soviets as spies. No one knows how many Americans have been enlisted, but FBI officials are sure of one thing: KGB activity in the U.S. is on the rise. Says the FBI's O'Malley: "It is evident in the ever increasing resources deployed against us, in the unrelenting effort by the KGB to recruit agents from Government, business and science, and the growing voraciousness of the Soviet appetite for science and technology."

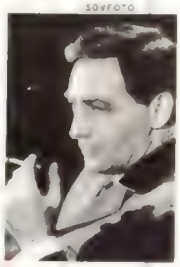
In the 1930s and '40s, when sympathy for the Soviet experiment was high, the Soviet secret service could count on attracting ideologically committed foreign recruits. One such believer was British Intelligence Official H.A.R. ("Kim") Philby, who passed on secrets to the Soviets while serving as Britain's senior intelligence officer and, for a time, as liaison with the CIA. He defected to the Soviet Union in 1963. Now 71, Philby may have retired. U.S. intelligence experts have noticed a decline in the quality of KGB forgeries in English, a former specialty of Philby's.

The enticements for such traitorous acts today are various. In a permissive age, sexual entrapment is not as effective as it used to be, but it can still play a role in KGB blackmail schemes. In the late 1970s, a randy West German with political ambitions who had made several sexual conquests at the Leipzig Trade Fair soon learned that he was the unwitting star of a movie directed by the KGB's sister operation in East Germany, the MfS. If he did not show equal enthusiasm about climbing into bed with the secret police, agents threatened, they would turn over to the West German press photos of him wearing only his socks. West German counterintelligence foiled the plot by extracting a promise from the newspapers not to publish the photos. The KGB tried to snare U.S. Assistant Military Attaché James Holbrook in a similar "honey trap" of seductive female agents during a visit to the Ukrainian city of Rovno in 1981. He reported the misadventure to U.S. officials and was sent home.



Hollow chess piece for hiding microfilm

Overhead view of the chess piece; cigarettes cut to hold film negatives



"Stirlitz": Moscow's 007

The KGB seems to have more success abroad when it simply pays for espionage, often at a surprisingly low rate. U.S. counterintelligence experts are concerned because a growing number of Americans with little or no political convictions have taken the initiative to provide the Soviets with information purely for monetary gain. Says the FBI's O'Malley: "The KGB manual says that Americans can be bought, and unfortunately it is often true, especially in difficult economic times." A roundup of recent rogues:

▶ In 1974 a young college dropout named Christopher Boyce, then 21, got a job as a communications clerk with TRW, a California defense contractor that was working on surveillance satellites for the CIA. He was disillusioned with the Viet Nam War and Watergate. At a party in 1975, he and a childhood friend, Andrew Daulton Lee, then 22, devised a scheme to sell information to the Soviets. Lee made the first contact at the Soviet embassy in Mexico City, and over the next year and a half collected more than $60,000 for his troubles. Boyce made less: approximately $15,000. They were caught when Lee tried to contact his Soviet caseworker by throwing a message through the gate of the embassy and attracted the attention of Mexico City police. Boyce gave the Soviets valuable information, particularly about the "Pyramider,"

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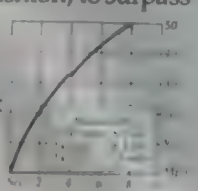

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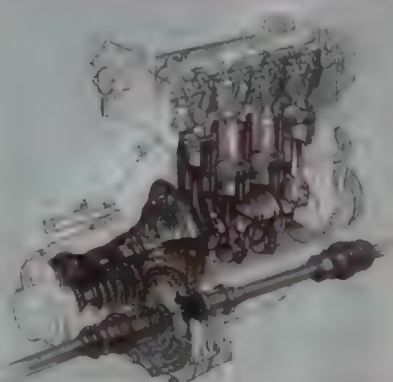

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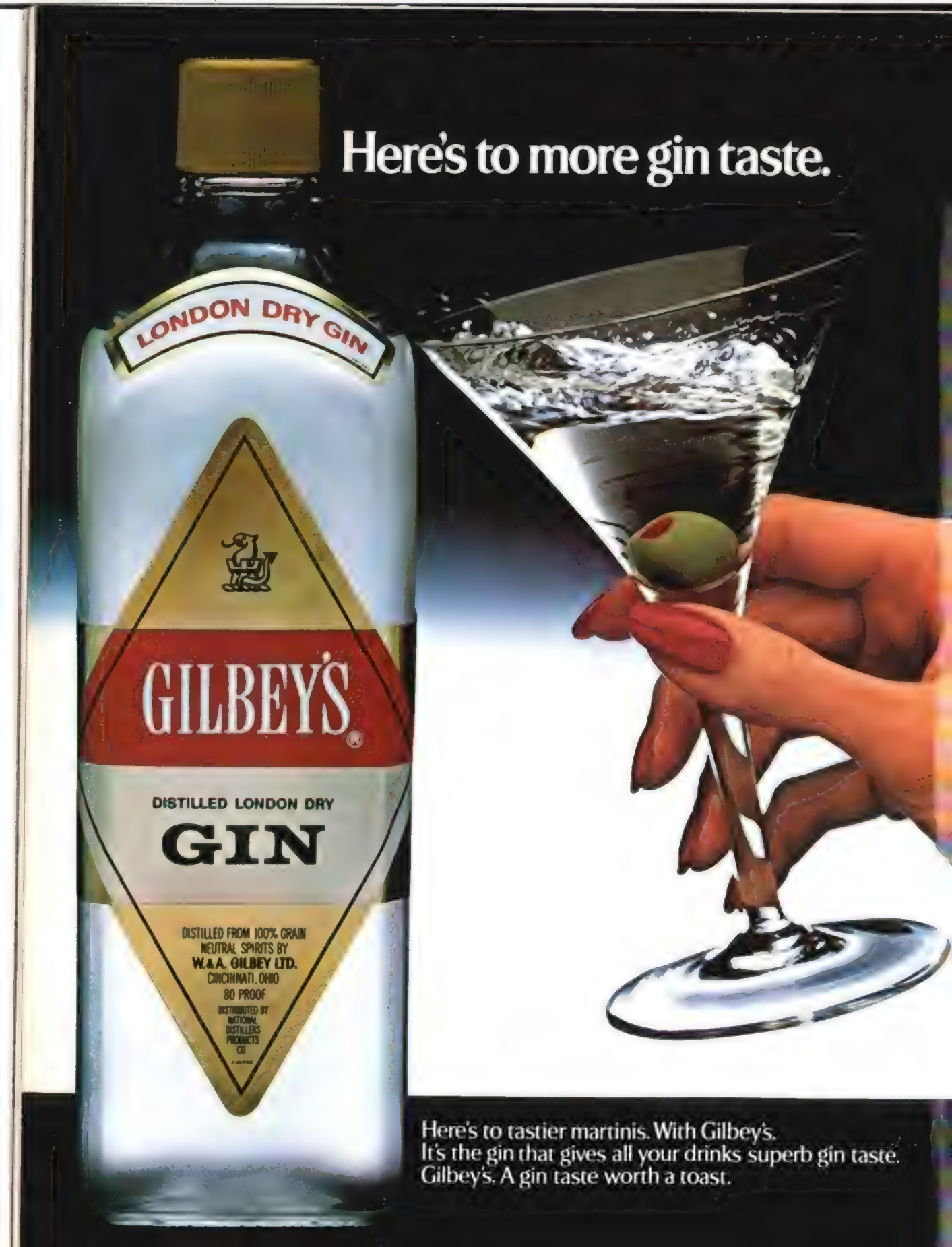
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an espionage satellite in development.

▸ To Soviet agents in Ottawa, one Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer, who remains anonymous, seemed an ideal "mole" for penetrating the Canadian security service. They wooed him assiduously. Details for secret meetings were passed inside a hollow stick or in a specially designed pack of Marlboro cigarettes. A piece of colored tape strategically placed on a pillar in a shopping center would also signal a rendezvous. Over a nine-month period the Mountie received $30,500; then Canadian police blew the whistle. The case proved to be a classic counterespionage sting. After the Soviets tried to recruit him, the Mountie had informed his superiors, who encouraged him to play along. The scandal resulted in the expulsion of 13 Soviet diplomats.

▸ Former CIA Undercover Agent David Barnett was having trouble making money from his antiques export firm when KGB agents approached him in Indonesia in the early 1970s. They were allegedly willing to pay $100,000 to hear his story of how the CIA had picked up Soviet military hardware from Indonesian naval officers in the 1960s, plus any other trivia about U.S. intelligence operations. In 1977 they prodded him to apply for positions on the Senate and House intelligence committees and the White House Intelligence Oversight Board. He was not accepted. FBI agents arrested him in 1980.

▸ Geoffrey Arthur Prime was serving with the British Royal Air Force in West Berlin when he offered his services to the KGB in 1968. Over much of the next 13 years, he worked as a Russian translator at Britain's top-secret electronic intelligence center in Cheltenham, and he managed to pass the Soviets sensitive information on British and American counterespionage efforts. After Prime was picked up last year for a sex offense involving a 14-year-old girl, his wife reported to police that she had uncovered spy equipment he had used.

▸ In the Southern California condominium complex where they lived, William Holden Bell and Marian Zacharski seemed to be merely good neighbors. They were more than that. Zacharski was a Polish intelligence agent and gave the financially strapped Bell some $110,000 over three years in return for secret information about Hughes Aircraft radar and weapons systems. By the time the FBI got wind of the deal in 1980, Zacharski had already taught Bell to make his own film drops in Austria and Switzerland.

▸ Two weeks ago South African police picked up Commodore Dieter Gerhardt, 47, and accused him of spying for the Soviet Union. The Berlin-born naval officer was apparently recruited by the KGB while training in Britain. Assigned to a naval base located on vital trade routes around the Cape of Good Hope, Gerhardt had access to secrets of international strategic importance.

One major development in KGB activ-

The Missing Micraligns

In Switzerland, customs officials called the matter "embarrassing." In Washington, the Commerce Department would not confirm that the case was under investigation, but expressed grave concern. In Moscow, KGB officials were believed to be jubilant over a victory on one of the newest frontiers of espionage: the theft of Western industrial technology.

The cause of that fuss was the disappearance of two projection mask aligners (price: $250,000 each) made by Perkin-Elmer Corp. of Norwalk, Conn. The automobile-size machines, called Micralign 200s by Perkin-Elmer, are used in the manufacture of microcircuitry for everything from digital watches to missile guidance systems. Designed ten years ago, the equipment has since been superseded by more advanced models. Nonetheless, the Commerce Department has it on a list of equipment banned for export to Iron Curtain countries. Commerce analysts estimate that 70% of computer microchips made in the Soviet Union are turned out on Western equipment, most of it shipped there illegally.

Perkin-Elmer certainly had no intention of doing that last March, when the company received a routine purchase order for the machines from Favag S.A., a medium-size electronics company in the Swiss watchmaking town of Neuchâtel. Recalls Perkin-Elmer Vice President James P. Gregory: "We are fully aware of the importance of this equipment. We did not know Favag, so we reported the order to U.S. Customs, to the Commerce Department and to the FBI." After

A technician uses an updated version of the missing Perkin-Elmer machines

months of investigation by U.S. agencies, the sale was approved by the Commerce Department; the Micraligns were shipped to Switzerland in August.

As soon as the machines arrived, Favag resold them to another company, Eler Engineering, based in Geneva. Says Marc Villoz, a Favag director: "We pocketed a commission, and Eler got the machines. It's a normal commercial transaction, and we don't know or care where those machines are right now."

The Micraligns were definitely not installed in Eler's Geneva offices. The company has no offices. Like hundreds of firms taking advantage of Switzerland's secretive banking and tax laws, Eler was represented in Geneva by a local lawyer, who has since cut her ties with the company. Eler is, in fact, run from Paris by Joe Lousky, a businessman specializing in import-export arrangements. Says Lousky of the Micralign deal: "This is a highly complicated affair. I have absolutely no way of knowing where those machines are right now." TIME has learned that the Micraligns were shipped to Paris soon after arriving in Switzerland. Then they vanished.

Swiss authorities admit that the case of the missing Micraligns is not unusual. Switzerland, along with Finland and Austria, is among the Soviets' most important sources of improperly obtained Western technology. U.S. Under Secretary of Defense Fred Iklé has warned the Austrian government that unless export controls in that country are tightened, Austria may be denied access to sensitive U.S. industrial goods. Last week Ronald Reagan met Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky in Washington, and a U.S. official subsequently announced that the two countries "will cooperate" on the technology issue. Says a Swiss official: "We will probably never discover where the Micraligns are. Presumably, the Soviets are having a great time taking them apart right now."

Rogues' gallery, clockwise from right: Soviet Naval Attaché Anatoli Zotov, expelled from Britain in 1982; Canada's Hugh Hambleton, who gave away NATO secrets; high-living South African Commodore Dieter Gerhardt; Californian Christopher Boyce; ex-CIA Agent David Barnett

ity today is a growing interest in so-called Line-X espionage, the theft of high-level technology (*see box*). Says former CIA Director Richard Helms: "Under Andropov, the Soviet Union has refined and expanded its intelligence targets. The new focus is on technology." Last October, officials of COCOM, the NATO committee overseeing East-West technology transfers, estimated that more than 20,000 Soviet and East bloc agents are now at work pilfering the latest Western gadgetry, and have whittled down the West's overall technological lead from ten years to about two. Prime American targets are the East Coast's high-tech corridor stretching from Boston to Baltimore, Southern California's aerospace industries, and the Silicon Valley, near San Francisco. The Soviet consulate in San Francisco has as many as 30 KGB and GRU agents, most of them scientific and technical experts.

The Kremlin can sometimes buy technology through intermediaries, "false flag operations." U.S. export restrictions prohibit the sale of sensitive equipment to the Warsaw Pact nations, but the Soviets have found willing channels abroad. West European businessmen will buy the desired hardware and export it to dummy European companies, which then re-export it to the Soviet Union. Austria and Switzerland, with relatively lax controls on imports, have become favored trading posts. Says an executive from one Silicon Valley company: "If every piece of equipment shipped to Vienna stayed there, the city would sink."

Much modern intelligence work is concerned not with military plans or industrial blueprints but with political information that can help the Kremlin zero in on targets of opportunity abroad. The Soviets may not be the initiators of global unrest, but they do their best to exploit it. KGB agents posted in the Third World alert Moscow to signs of political turmoil that could be fanned into "wars of national liberation." It is difficult to determine how critical a role KGB intelligence plays when the Politburo decides which rival political faction to back in a regional conflict. But it may have been because of such careful spadework that the Kremlin was able early on to examine Angola's struggle for independence and predict the winner, a nationalist group called the MPLA.

Once the Kremlin has determined what group can best serve its interests, KGB agents might be called on to provide paramilitary training or channel arms to the fledgling guerrillas. More often than not, however, such aid is provided by intermediaries. U.S. concern that the Soviet Union is intent on fomenting revolution in Central America focused on increasing Soviet military shipments to Cuba. These shipments jumped from 21,000 tons in 1980 to 40,000 tons in the first six months of 1981. The dramatic rise suggested that Moscow was arming not only Cuba's military forces but also Marxist insurgents in the region.

Soviet weapons were crucial in converting the Palestine Liberation Organization into a force capable of harassing and challenging Israel. Since the Soviet Union officially recognized the P.L.O. in 1974, the number of Palestinian commandos trained in the Soviet Union has swelled to more than 1,000, perhaps to 3,000. The P.L.O., in turn, has trained terrorists from many countries in a network of camps in Syria, Lebanon, South Yemen, even outposts as far away as the Indian Ocean island of Socotra.

There is circumstantial evidence linking the Soviet Union to West European terrorist groups such as the Red Brigades in Italy and the Baader-Meinhof gang in West Germany. When members of the Provisional Irish Republican Army went on a hunger strike in Northern Ireland's Maze Prison in the spring of 1981, for example, British intelligence agents noticed that senior KGB officials held a number of meetings with Provo leaders in Dublin. Says a top Western intelligence expert: "The Soviets back groups and people who are certifiably terrorist, but they do it with their fingers crossed and with their hands over their ears, if not their eyes. Backing a terrorist is a little like shooting craps, and the Soviets don't like to gamble."

During Andropov's tenure at Dzerzhinsky Square, the KGB stepped up efforts to influence world events in the Soviet Union's favor through propaganda and disinformation, so-called active measures. Some of the KGB's more polished agents abroad have apparently been instructed in recent years to cultivate officials of their host governments and drop tantalizingly frank tidbits of information during cocktail-party chatter. Says former West German Counterespionage Officer Hans Josef Horchem: "They come right up to a man, knowing that he knows they are KGB, and with a wink of the eye, they calmly ask him about exactly what it is they want to know. It is disarming because the other fellow is thinking, 'If he is being so open about it, maybe what I know is not so secret after all.' "

The question of Soviet influence becomes difficult to call when counterespionage officials try to uncover KGB

links to the antinuclear movement in the U.S. and Western Europe. By CIA reckoning, the Soviets spend roughly $3 billion to $4 billion each year on overt and covert propaganda activities. According to a State Department official, as much as $600 million may have been spent so far on the peace offensive. Using national Communist parties or recognized Communist-front organizations like the World Peace Council, the Kremlin has been able to channel funds to a host of new antiwar organizations that would, in many cases, reject the financial help if they knew the source. Western intelligence experts believe that the mass movement in opposition to new NATO missiles in Europe probably was not Soviet-inspired, but they fear that the Kremlin's active measures have given the movement greater momentum.

In testimony before the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence last year, the FBI's O'Malley claimed that KGB officers have recently instructed their contacts "to devote serious attention to the antiwar movement in the United States." He pointed out that a Communist-front group, the U.S. Peace Council, was among the organizers of last June's huge peace protest in New York City, and reportedly tried to direct criticism away from the Soviet Union. One Soviet diplomat posted in Washington, who is involved in active-measures work, frequently speaks at disarmament meetings across the country. But so far, according to O'Malley, the KGB has not manipulated the American movement "significantly."

Moscow has also tried to exploit the groundswell of popular feeling against nuclear weapons in Western Europe for its own ends. After mass demonstrations were held in West Germany in 1981, an official investigation turned up circumstantial evidence but no absolute proof of KGB involvement. It is widely rumored, however, that money for peace groups has come from East Germany and that leaflets and handbills may even have been printed in the Soviet Union. West Germany's more than 48,000-member Communist Party has had an influence on the peace movement disproportionate to its size. During a meeting held in Bad Godesberg last April to plan a protest rally scheduled to coincide with President Reagan's visit to Bonn two months later, leaders of the Protestant and environmental groups that had been at the forefront of the peace movement were repeatedly shouted down by an audience packed with Communists and fellow-travelers.

Counterespionage agents have turned up more compelling evidence of the KGB role in the Soviet peace offensive. For several years, Danish intelligence monitored numerous secret meetings between Arne Petersen, a Danish peace activist and writer, and three KGB agents. According to the Danish Ministry of Justice, the KGB promised to help finance advertisements officially sponsored by Petersen and signed by prominent Danish artists who wanted Scandinavia to be declared a nuclear-free zone. In November 1981, Norway expelled a suspected KGB agent who had offered bribes to Norwegians to get them to write letters to newspapers denouncing the deployment of new NATO missiles.

Sometimes the Kremlin tries to influence public opinion by outright deception. In an attempt to damage U.S.-Egyptian relations and scuttle Carter Administration Middle East peace efforts in the late 1970s, the KGB circulated a number of ingenious forgeries, some on U.S. State Department stationery, suggesting that U.S. officials had serious doubts about Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. One phony dispatch from the U.S. embassy in Tehran spelled out Iranian-Saudi plans to overthrow Sadat with American complicity. Soviet agents also distributed inflammatory "letters" from U.S. Ambassador to Egypt Hermann Eilts and a fictitious press interview in which then Vice President Walter Mondale expressed concern about Sadat's leadership.

The KGB can count on considerable help from sister security organizations in the East bloc. After World War II, the KGB organized intelligence networks in all the satellites. KGB liaison officers are still posted in the security services of each Warsaw Pact nation. Some intelligence experts believe that the KGB may have taken direct control of the Cuban security apparatus.

The satellite services all have a role to play. Explains a U.S. intelligence official: "The chief of the KGB residency in Washington holds regular meetings with the heads of the satellite intelligence services based in Washington, and they often divide up intelligence tasks." Czechoslovakia, formerly a favored channel for disinformation, seems to have taken on the job of watching East bloc émigrés. East Germany is said to excel in electronic surveillance and detection equipment. Before martial law was imposed, Poland offered the best approach to influencing opinion in the West. In the U.S. alone, Poland reportedly can call on agents among some 200 trade representatives. Rumania has the crudest and largest secret police; some experts estimate that as many as one-third of all adults have served in the security service or cooperated with it. Bulgaria's secret police is especially valued for its loyalty. Explains an East European expert in London: "In Soviet eyes, the Bulgarian security service does not carry the same risk of defections as the Polish or Czechoslovak secret services—this is important in operations with a high risk of exposure."

Would the KGB have called on the Bulgarian security service to stage just such an operation in St. Peter's Square on May 13, 1981? The Kremlin certainly had a motive for wanting Pope John Paul II out of the way. Since his election in 1978, the Pontiff has shown particular concern for the plight of Communist bloc Catholics, and also set about improving ties with Eastern Orthodox churches in the region. Moscow has long been suspicious of any such religious activity, fearing that it might stir up nationalist sentiments, especially in the Baltic republics and the Western Ukraine. But what must have irked the Kremlin leadership even more was the Pontiff's strong support for Solidarity, the independent Polish trade union.

The assassination attempt came at a critical moment in Poland's 16 troubled months of reform. Polish Primate Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, long a symbol of opposition to the Communist regime, lay dying. Solidarity leaders had begun to feel the pull of more militant supporters, especially after a March 1981 clash with police in Bydgoszcz. Even rank-and-file Communists had started to call for democratic changes in the party organization. By striking down Solidarity's pastor and main international patron, the Kremlin could, in one blow, have demoralized Polish soci-

Silencing a protester in Red Square

Meeting a woman contact in Australia

ety and shifted the shaky balance into the government's favor. Explains a Vatican official: "It was the same kind of drastic action that the Soviets took when they invaded Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968. They did that while the whole world was watching. What would it matter if they were exposed for killing the Pope?"

In the Andropov era, the KGB has apparently been careful not to soil its own hands with murders of revenge, political assassination and other "wet" (bloody) affairs. A plot against the Pope would have demanded extreme caution, since it conceivably could have endangered Andropov's political prospects and damaged the Kremlin's European peace offensive. Says Hélène Carrère d'Encausse: "If the West becomes convinced of Andropov's implication in this affair, it will not only diminish his international authority but shatter the modern, nonterrorist image that he has sought to give the KGB."

The Kremlin may have had the motive, but many Western intelligence experts question whether the KGB would have engineered so amateurish a murder attempt. Says a British government analyst: "The repercussions of a Soviet assassination of the Pope would have been of such horrendous proportions that it would seem only a fool or a madman could have authorized it—and Andropov is neither." Arguments that the plot against John Paul was too clumsy to be the work of Soviet security may overestimate the KGB's sophistication. Says the FBI's O'Malley: "We have an enormous respect for them as adversaries, but they are not ten feet tall." In any event, the Italian investigation into the shooting continues, and the findings get increasingly curious.

KGB agents around the globe are ultimately cogs in a bureaucracy centered in Moscow that in many respects is just like any other in the Soviet Union, down to its own five-year plan. Because the KGB is organized in a rigid, vertical chain of command, cronyism is widespread. Many of its officers are not above currying favor with their superiors and sometimes compound their mistakes by trying to cover them up. According to Defector Vladimir Kuzichkin, this most secretive of organizations has had its share of minor security lapses. An angry old woman searching for a toy store located across the street was once discovered roaming through the ground floor of the KGB building. In an incident that must have left Andropov red-faced, a distinguished group of guests who had come to confer with the KGB chief discovered on leaving his office that all their elegant fur hats had been stolen from the anteroom.

It would be equally wrong, however, to underestimate the spy machine that the new man in the Kremlin built during his years at Dzerzhinsky Square. Andropov has received more raw information about things at home and abroad than any of his predecessors. He has had access to the KGB's dossiers on his Politburo colleagues. If he has resorted to repression as an instrument of social reform at home, he has shown subtlety in exploiting divisions in the Western alliance to further Soviet interests abroad. Predicts London-based East European Expert Leopold Labedz: "Andropov will prove to be a dangerous combination of strategic ruthlessness and tactical flexibility."

Such a puzzling mix of methods is certain to pose problems for the West. Still, however sophisticated he may be in his dealings with the outside world, Andropov cannot escape the restraints imposed on him by the security system he helped maintain at home. The Soviet Union may present a formidable façade to outsiders, but it remains a nation beset by fear of the enemy, both known and unknown. Andropov has surely believed for years that it is difficult to rule the U.S.S.R. with fear, but impossible to rule without it. —*By John Kohan. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/Moscow and Christopher Redman/Washington, with other bureaus*

A Knock on the Door

Georgi Vladimov, 51, a Soviet writer, hunches over a cup of tea in his small, fifth-floor apartment on the outskirts of Moscow. Outside, the sun has broken through the midwinter gloom, and in the courtyard below a father plays with his child among the birch trees. It is a scene of cheery placidity, but life is not placid for Vladimov. Like thousands of fellow citizens, he has learned firsthand about the implacable methods the KGB uses to intimidate those who deviate from prescribed norms of thought or behavior.

On Dec. 28, a team of agents searched Vladimov's apartment and then interrogated him for two days. They seized research notes, books and magazines for a novel he was writing about World War II. They took away his two typewriters, one with Cyrillic script and one with Roman script. "It's very hard to work now," Vladimov told TIME Moscow Bureau Chief Erik Amfitheatrof last week. "They could search me again any time."

Novelist Georgi Vladimov

A promising writer whose early fiction appeared in the 1960s in *Novy Mir*, the respected Soviet literary monthly, Vladimov has not had a word published in the Soviet Union since July 1969. His fiction evidently drew too accurate a portrait of how Stalin's shadow still hangs over the Soviet system. His best-known novel in the West, *Faithful Ruslan*, an imaginative story about a labor-camp guard dog who finds he cannot live in a world without prisoners, is available only to Soviets willing to risk passing along hand-typed copies.

The intricate network of wrinkles around Vladimov's eyes lightens as he describes the KGB search. His interrogator, a lieutenant colonel, told him that the KGB employs experts to examine the literary worth of authors they investigate. Vladimov had received a highly favorable evaluation. But the rest of the message was not so encouraging. If Vladimov did not write a letter of apology for his "antistate" writings by Jan. 20, listing all the Western diplomats and journalists he has met, his files would be sent to the prosecutor.

The deadline has passed. Vladimov did write a letter to Yuri Andropov asking to be allowed to emigrate. He told the Soviet leader that he was "ready to accept the familiar thorns of a Russian writer and walk under the vaults of Lefortovo Prison," but had decided to leave for his family's sake. Wrote Vladimov: "To be forced to this is painful and humiliating. We have already proved our love for Russia by the patience with which we endured persecution, repression, humiliation."

Vladimov does not expect Andropov himself to reply. An answer will come either from the passport office, which means he will leave, or from the procurator, which means he will be warned that criminal charges are pending. For now, the man widely considered the best writer of his generation in the Soviet Union can only sit and wait in his small apartment until a postman drops an official letter in his mailbox.

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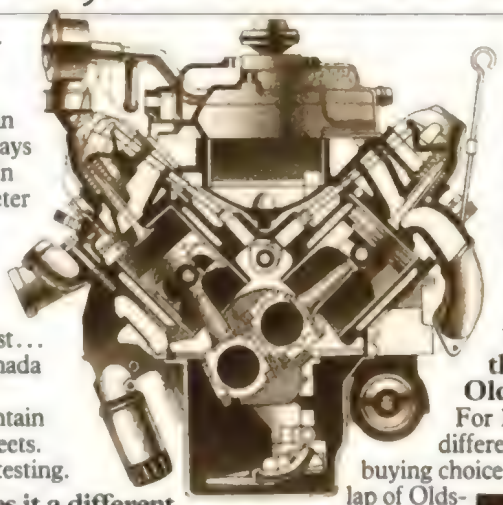

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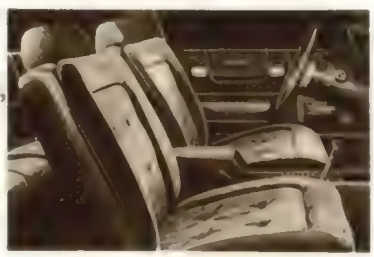

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A statue of Tsar Alexander II, who liberated the Bulgarians from Turkish rule, faces the National Assembly in downtown Sofia

To Russia with Love

From vegetables to dirty tricks, Bulgaria gives its all

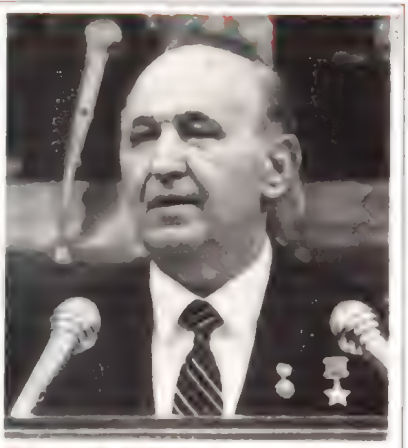
Of all the deeds ascribed to the KGB, perhaps none has drawn more outrage than the allegation that the Soviet Union, acting through Bulgaria, was behind the attempted assassination of Pope John Paul II. Over the decades, the U.S.S.R. has forged a special relationship with Bulgaria, relying on the tiny Balkan nation to perform myriad tasks, some nefarious, some merely fraternal. A report from that little-noticed, little-understood country.

On a square just off Sofia's Ruski Boulevard facing the National Assembly stands a statue of Tsar Alexander II, ruler of Russia from 1855 to 1881. A prerevolutionary Tsar being honored in a Communist country? History provides the explanation: Alexander II freed the Bulgarians from five centuries of Turkish rule in 1878, at a cost of 200,000 Russian lives. Unlike most of Eastern Europe, Bulgaria regards the U.S.S.R. as its liberator, not its conqueror. The two countries share the Cyrillic alphabet and speak similar languages. Though it is difficult to measure the affection felt by the Bulgarian people toward the Soviet government, there is no doubt about the official devotion of Sofia toward Moscow. As Todor Zhivkov, 71, leader of the Balkan country for the past 39 years, once characterized the relationship, "We will act as a common organism that has common lungs and a common circulatory system." Moscow, in turn, is so confident of the fealty of the country's 8.9 million people that no Soviet troops are stationed on its soil. Says an official in the West German Foreign Ministry: "The relationship is Pavlovian. The Soviets flinch, and the Bulgarians snap to."

That reputation leads Westerners to think of Bulgaria, if they think of it at all, as a sort of 16th republic of the Soviet Union. The country's roots, in fact, lie elsewhere. Its name comes from the Bulgars, a people of Turkic origin that moved south of the Danube and into present-day Bulgaria in the 7th century. Conquered by the Ottoman Turks in 1396, the Bulgarians spent the next 500 years under the yoke of Constantinople before being set free by the Tsar's forces. During both world wars the country sided with Germany, but it could never bring itself to declare war against the Soviet Union. In 1944, the regency of seven-year-old King Siméon II scrambled to forge a separate peace with the Allies, but to no avail. Stalin's troops marched through the country unopposed and a coalition government was installed, with the Communists gaining complete control by 1946.

With help from Moscow, postwar Bulgaria was transformed from a peasant nation of primitive farms into the Socialist version of agribusiness. At the end of World War II fewer than 2% of agricultural plots were larger than 50 acres; by 1970 the average collective or state farm covered more than 10,000 acres. Bulgaria is more than just a vegetable patch: it is the world's second largest exporter of cigarettes, with most of its Shipkas and Stewardesses going to the Soviet Union, and it provides nearly half the world's rose attar, an ingredient in perfumes.

During the 1950s, Bulgaria shifted into industrial gear. Today its industries account for nearly half of the gross national product, while agricultural output makes up only 18%. A Bulgarian firm called Balkancar is one of the world's largest producers of forklifts. Economic growth in 1982 was about 2.5%, one of the highest among the Soviet satellites. Moscow is both a customer and a supplier: it buys about half of Bulgaria's exports and provides 90% of its oil. Consumer prices are relatively high for a Soviet-bloc country ($2 per lb. for pork, $200 for a small TV set), but goods are widely available.



Leader Todor Zhivkov

Given its reputation for Balkan intrigue, the country itself strikes visitors as remarkably serene. In Sofia, a charming if somewhat dowdy city of more than 1 million, main boulevards are lined with massive public edifices, and cobbled side streets are crammed with quaint but tumble-down houses of stucco and red tile. Although policemen can be seen directing traffic, the uniformed squadrons that patrol some other Soviet-bloc capitals are absent; if the police are out of sight, they can nonetheless appear on the scene when necessary. The coast along the Black Sea is dotted with hotels built to attract Western tourists (and their currency), but the mountains and high plains are sprinkled with villages that appear to have changed little since the days of Alexander II.

Zhivkov, who has been in power long-

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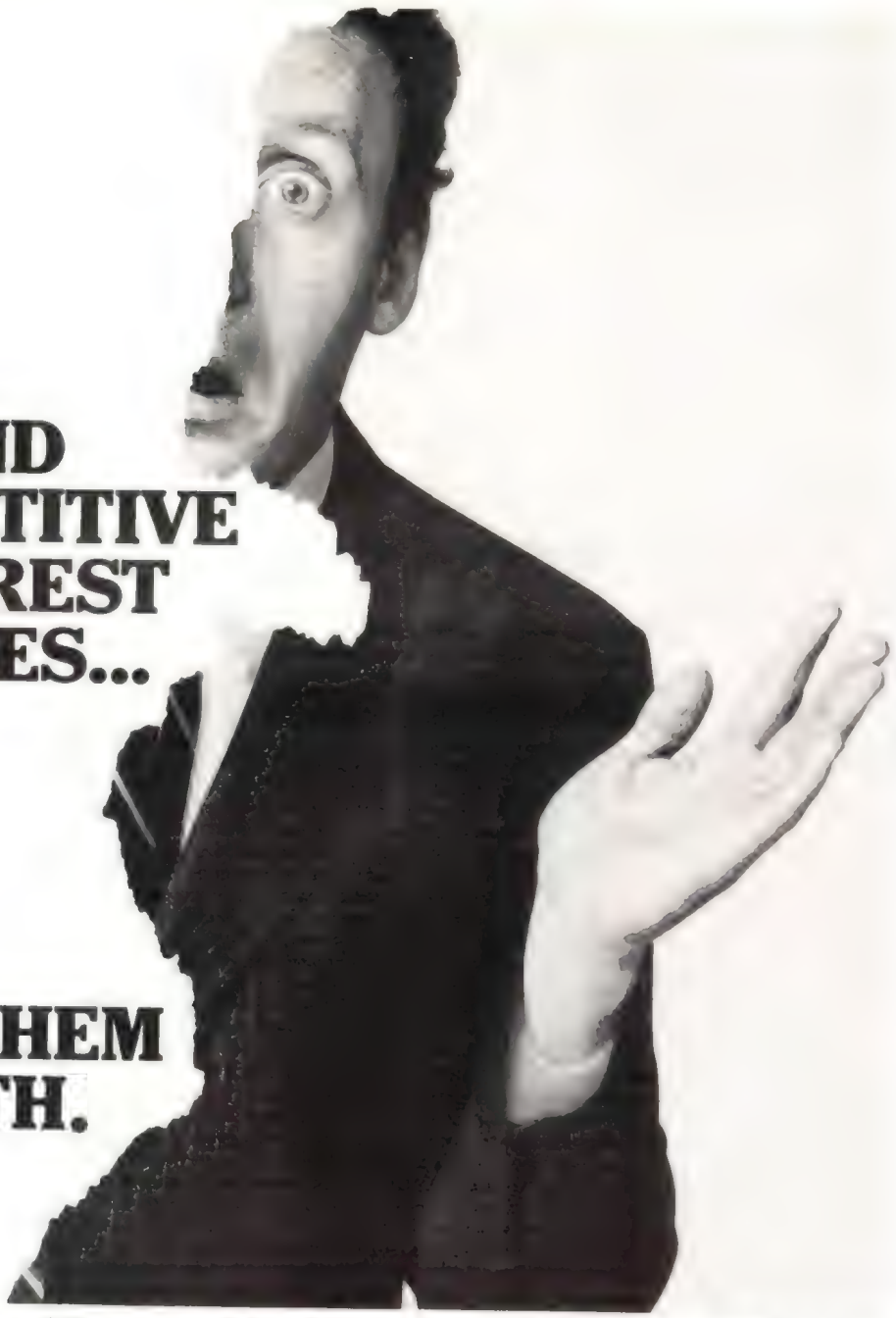

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er than any other Soviet-bloc leader, is a sprightly, plain-spoken man given to proferring glasses of yogurt to his guests. Though obedient to Moscow, he has cautiously attempted to create a Socialist state more attuned to Bulgarian needs. His economic program, while not as ambitious or as innovative as Hungary's, allows managers more flexibility than in the U.S.S.R. and encourages industrial workers to till plots of an acre or so.

With the appointment of his Oxford-educated daughter Lyudmila Zhivkova as head of the committee for culture in 1975, Zhivkov sought to bolster national identity and pride, reportedly to the displeasure of the Kremlin. It was Lyudmila, for instance, who was the guiding force behind the 1981 celebrations of the 1,300th anniversary of the founding of the Bulgarian state. Halfway through the anniversary year, however, Lyudmila died at age 38 of a brain hemorrhage. Since her death, no one else has emerged as a staunch crusader for Bulgarian nationalism.

A shopper inspects the bountiful stock of food at a Sofia store

After nearly four decades of Communism in Bulgaria, Soviet influence is as pervasive as ever. Although Bulgarian émigrés insist that their fellow countrymen chafe under Soviet domination, there is scant evidence to support their view. In Sofia, Soviet Ambassador Nikita Tolubeyev serves as a kind of proconsul, channeling Moscow's instructions to Bulgarian officials. "The Soviets run everything in the country, from the subway system to the secret service," says Stefan Sverdlev, a colonel in the Bulgarian security service until he defected in 1971. Bulgaria's Durzhavna Sigurnost, with its headquarters on General Gurko Street in downtown Sofia, is organized along the lines of the KGB. Each of the DS's five departments has its own KGB "adviser," along with 20 or so KGB officers in its ranks. Many of the 30,000 officers of the DS have been trained by the KGB in the Soviet Union. Interior Minister Dimiter Stoyanov, who oversees the DS, reportedly has studied at the KGB Higher Intelligence School outside Moscow and is considered a protégé of Yuri Andropov, who was chief of the Soviet agency at the time. Says former CIA Director Richard Helms: "It is well known in intelligence circles that, point one, the Bulgarian service is closest to the KGB of any satellite, and point two, that it has the reputation of being the most obedient."

As in other East-bloc nations, the KGB runs training camps in Bulgaria. One such center, according to another former DS colonel, is located near Birimirtsi, seven miles north of Sofia. Disguised as a pig farm, the grounds include a four-story building in which agents are given instruction before their missions and debriefed afterward. The camp is reserved solely for foreigners, including Turks, Greeks, Palestinians and West Germans. Many recruits have police records and might welcome a new identity or might be blackmailed into performing odious tasks.

The two agencies are so well integrated that in the late 1960s the head of the DS felt the need to establish a separate branch for the protection of Bulgarian agents only. As a countermove, the KGB decreed that another branch could bug or trail any member of the DS, including its chief. Western intelligence officials believe that in foreign cities the head of Balkantourist, the Bulgarian tourist office, works for the DS, while officials of Balkan Air, the state airline, work directly for the KGB. Says Sverdlev: "Since the Bulgarian security service is completely under the thumb of the Soviets, the real question is how the Russians use them."

For just about anything, according to Western intelligence officials. In the past, the Bulgarians have admitted sending arms to leftist insurgents or liberation movements in Angola, Viet Nam, Algeria, Mozambique and South Africa. Bulgarian ships and planes have been caught smuggling weapons into Lebanon, Yemen, Chile and Tanzania. Many of the deals are handled by government-sanctioned foreign-trade companies, notably a Sofia-based firm called Kintex.

The Bulgarians are impressively versatile. About a hundred work for the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua. More than 1,000 Palestinian guerrillas have received military training in Bulgaria over the past decade, according to Israeli intelligence officials, while many of the heavy arms received by the P.L.O. in Lebanon were shipped from the Black Sea port of Varna. In 1971, Gaafar Nimeiri of pro-Western Sudan charged that the Bulgarians were behind a coup that nearly toppled his regime. In 1978, Bulgarian Exile Georgi Markov died in London after being injected in the thigh with a poisoned pellet from an umbrella wielded by a passer-by. Markov's murder is widely believed to be the work of the DS.

The Bulgarian trail is clearest in Turkey, where the DS, undoubtedly working at the behest of the Soviet Union, tried to destabilize a string of governments in the late 1970s. Sofia sold millions of dollars' worth of arms to Turkish smugglers, who supplied both right-wing and left-wing terrorists in their native land. The bloody attacks were halted only by a military coup in 1980. At the time the generals took command, there were as many as 30 killings a day.

In return for running the guns, Bulgaria permitted the dealers to transport European-bound heroin across its borders, no questions asked. The country is perfectly situated for such trade, lying as it does on the northern border of Turkey *(see map)*. According to Ugur Mumçu, a lawyer in Ankara who has written on the subject, many Turkish smugglers have bases in Bulgaria. The Vitosha Hotel on the outskirts of Sofia has been a favored hangout among smugglers and DS operatives, and its casino is packed nightly with shadowy characters in ill-fitting suits.

The Bulgarians have been found out many times. In June 1977, for example, the Cypriot-flag freighter *Vasoula* was discovered carrying boxes labeled "mechanical spare parts" and shipped by Kintex. The cargo, supposedly destined for Africa, was in fact headed for Turkey. Inside the boxes: 495 bazookas and 1,000 rockets. In 1980 a shipment of arms from Argentina was intercepted as it was being smuggled into Turkey. When the Turkish government complained, the Argentines shrugged. They had sold the batch to Kintex three weeks earlier.

Bulgaria's reputation as a clearinghouse for dirty tricks is, to be sure, at odds with its image as a country slowly opening up to the West. With its Black Sea resorts and growing export trade, Bulgaria is committed to reaping the economic benefits of stronger ties to countries outside Eastern Europe. On the other hand, the Balkan nation must do Moscow's bidding. It is likely that the case for Bulgaria's complicity in the papal shooting will never be fully proved or disproved. Even so, the circumstantial evidence already gathered surely will leave a stain nearly impossible for the Bulgarians to scrub away. By serving the Soviets so well, the Bulgarians may end up serving themselves poorly. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Richard Hornik/Sofia, with other bureaus*

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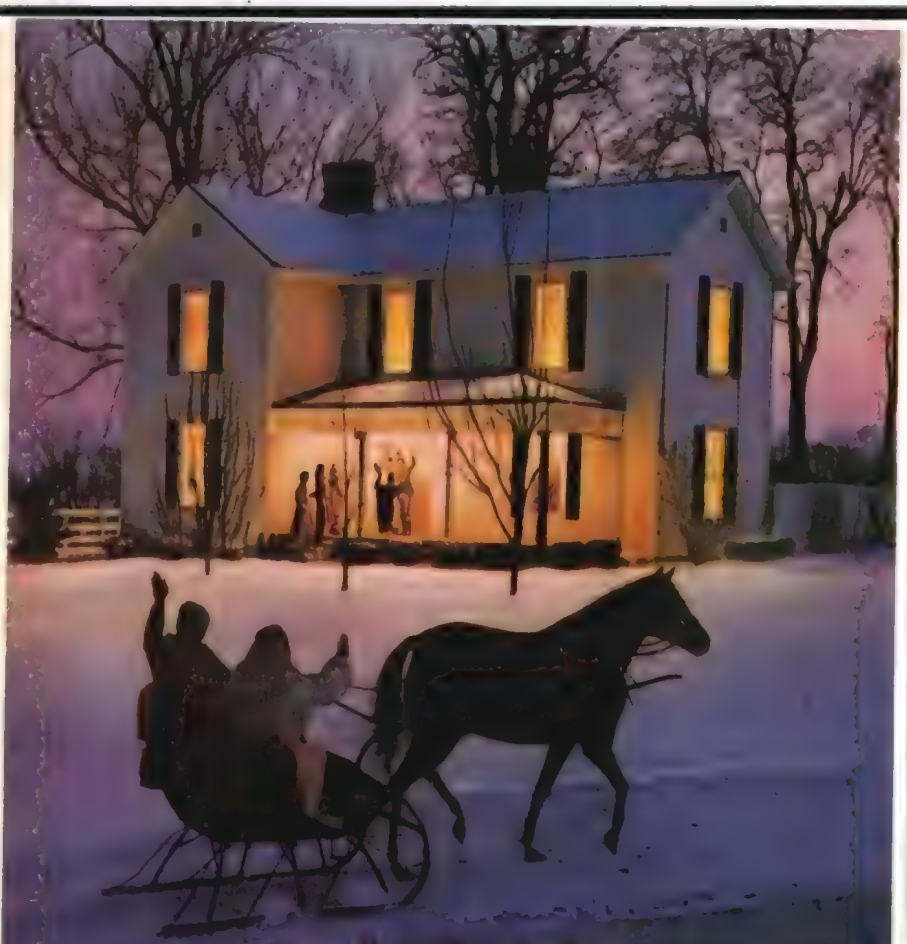

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A Cold Look at the Cosmos

And problems heat up for the space shuttle Challenger

"The scientists are walking three feet in the air. They're absolutely ecstatic." So said a NASA spokesman last week as data began pouring down from one of the most unusual instruments ever launched into space. The cause of the jubilation is a one-ton cylindrical-shaped object called the Infrared Astronomical Satellite, or IRAS. A first of its kind, the solar-powered spy in the sky will literally show the universe in a new light.

Peering into the heavens from its orbital perch, the $180 million robot observatory "sees" infrared light, or heat waves, a form of radiation totally beyond the range of human vision (and that of most living things other than rattlesnakes). Even cold objects radiate some heat, making it possible for IRAS to sense celestial bodies that are all but undetectable in other parts of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Until now such observations have been made with extreme difficulty. Since water in the earth's atmosphere absorbs most infrared light, astronomers had to send up instrument-packed balloons and rockets, go aloft in specially equipped planes or perform infrared work in high-altitude observatories like the one atop Hawaii's 14,000-ft. Mauna Kea volcano. But thanks to some extremely innovative, indeed, out of this world, engineering, IRAS bypasses the obscuring atmosphere entirely.

To prevent its own heat, as well as that of space, from interfering with observations of far-off infrared sources, IRAS' sensitive electronic devices must be kept supercold. The telescope's array of detectors, plus its primary lens, a 22-in. mirror, are tucked inside a thermos bottle–like vessel filled with pressurized liquid helium, which keeps the entire mechanism at 4° above absolute zero (−459.7° F). The detectors are so responsive they could spot a tiny electric bulb on the planet Pluto, nearly 4 billion miles away.

Such sensitivity poses hazards. A fleeting, accidental glance at the sun or the earth could burn out the telescope. Even the strong reflected light of the moon or a bright planet like Jupiter would ruin the observations. For protection, IRAS has a highly polished gold-plated sun shield. But its main insurance is its precise course. Circling the earth once every 103 minutes at an altitude of 560 miles in an orbit that carries it from pole to pole, IRAS roughly follows the line on the earth's surface where day meets night. Along this pathway, the telescope can always face 90° away from the sun, yet catch rays of sunlight on its solar panels to make electricity to power itself.

A decade in the planning, the telescope was built and launched in the U.S., while the rest of the spacecraft comes from The Netherlands. Twice a day IRAS' recorded observations, stored on tape by its computers, are "dumped" in a burst of radio signals as it passes above a ground station at Chilton, England. The signals are retransmitted via a communications satellite to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California for detailed computer analysis.

In orbit since Jan. 25, the satellite became operational last week when, on command from the British tracking station, the telescope's cover was successfully exploded away. Two quick test scans produced such a flood of data that cheering broke out in the Chilton control room. Said Caltech's Gerry Neugebauer, IRAS' co-chief scientist: "Everything is going even better than we thought it would."

This week IRAS begins the first formal infrared survey of the entire sky, which should become an important guide for future observations. Before it exhausts its helium supply, the telescope is expected to spot as many as a million heavenly objects. IRAS will observe young cool stars now hidden behind veils of tiny dust particles that block ordinary light. It will also study old stars near the end of their lives. Such observations could help clarify the mysteries of stellar birth and death. Closer to home, it may spot the long-sought Planet X, which some astronomers suspect is lurking beyond Pluto.

The orbiting eye should also help establish the true size of our Milky Way Galaxy and discover distant galaxies and quasars. By identifying unknown sources of energy and adding data on the universe's mass, IRAS may help settle the grandest question of all: whether the universe will expand indefinitely or collapse upon itself under the remorseless tug of its own gravity.

ROGER RESSMEYER

Glittering sunshade crowns model of infrared satellite

Young and old stars, quasars, perhaps even Planet X.

■ ■ ■

Even while it took pride in the performance of the infrared telescope, NASA last week was confronted by new difficulties with the troubled space shuttle *Challenger*. Standing forlornly on its Florida pad since Nov. 30, the gleaming $1 billion orbiter will probably not be launched before mid-March at the earliest, two months late. Reason: a hazardous hydrogen leak required the removal last week of one of *Challenger's* three main rocket engines, a task never before attempted while a shuttle was still on the pad.

Using special sensors that can "sniff" the chemical signature of a gas, technicians traced the leak to a ¾-in.-long crack in the hot-gas manifold, where hydrogen and oxygen are gathered under high pressure (4,400 lbs. per sq. in.) before combustion. Undiscovered, the leak might have caused an explosion. This week technicians hope to install a new engine, trucked from the National Space Technology Laboratories in Bay St. Louis, Miss.

NASA last week decided to forgo a test firing of the new $30 million engine. Two other test firings, at $1.5 million each, have already taken place. But the space agency still must weigh new quality-control procedures. The crack that ultimately caused the leak was discovered during the engine's manufacture at Rockwell International's Rocketdyne plant in Canoga Park, Calif. The crack was welded, but it was not considered necessary to take the additional step of hardening the weld (cost: about $200,000). Now the space agency faces extra bills totaling about $4 million, to say nothing of irritated customers waiting impatiently on the sidelines for *Challenger's* liftoff. —**By Frederic Golden.**

Reported by Bob Buderi/San Francisco and Jerry Hannifin/Washington

Allied Chairman Edward Hennessy Jr.

Economy & Business

White Knights and Black Eyes

The price of corporate derring-do is often painful

It was a strangely quiet denouement to one of the dirtiest, sloppiest, most wasteful takeover battles in U.S. corporate history. At its height, the contest was an unseemly spectacle of "cannibals gorging on one another," in the apt metaphor of Television Commentator Bill Moyers. Last week it ended with a whimper. In meetings at Southfield, Mich., and Morristown, N.J., shareholders of Bendix Corp. and Allied Corp. formally approved the merger of their companies. There was scarcely any dissent, but there was some sober reminiscing. Allied Chairman Edward L. Hennessy Jr., 54, said of the torturous maneuvering leading to the $2.3 billion deal: "It was a pretty sorry spectacle that gave American business a black eye."

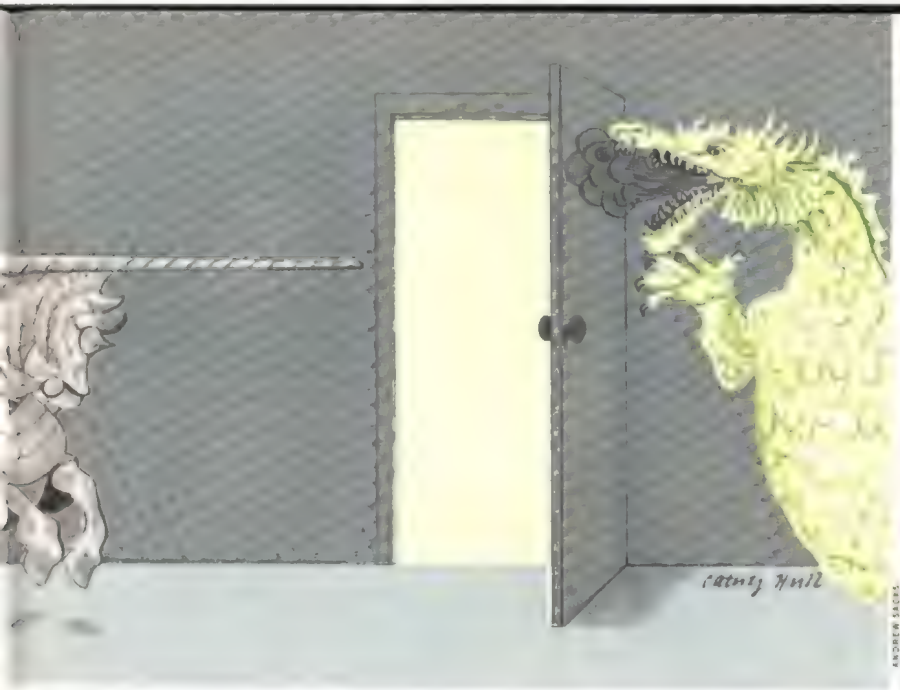
Hennessy is a man who ought to know. Allied played the role of "white knight" in the merger mess, which was stirred up last summer when Bendix Chairman William M. Agee, 45, made a surprise tender offer for the shares of MX missile contractor Martin Marietta. But Martin Marietta turned the tables on Agee. The company promptly retaliated by trying to buy Bendix, and the result was a corporate donnybrook in which the two companies acquired huge chunks of each other and made headlines in the process. Finally Allied was called in by Bendix to buy Bendix stock and save it from falling into the clutches of Martin Marietta.

Now that the battle is over, there are growing worries within Allied as to just how it is going to digest Bendix—and doubts all around about the merits of white knighthood in general. The corporate Lancelots usually pay a great deal more for the companies that they rescue than hostile raiders would have paid in the first place. And they must live with the results of such expensive derring-do. Too often that means coping with huge financial burdens and assimilating unfamiliar corporations. Some of the mergers may eventually work out, but few of them, at least so far, are showing any great success.

The largest white knight merger of all was Du Pont's purchase of Conoco in September 1981 for $7.4 billion, against hostile bids by Mobil and Seagram. Conoco has turned into Du Pont's most profitable division; its performance blocked Du Pont's earnings last year from being even lower than they were. But the recession has weighed heavily on the chemical giant, making the huge debt from the Conoco purchase harder to carry, and forcing the company to omit its customary extra year-end dividend. To save money, Du Pont executives have announced plans to close Conoco's Connecticut headquarters next July and move selected employees to Du Pont's home base in Delaware.

Occidental Petroleum is currently groaning under the burden of Cities Service, for which it shelled out $4 billion last year. Oxy's long-term debt has now jumped from $1 billion to $5 billion, while its earnings have dropped from $722 million to $221 million. Similarly, U.S. Steel fought off Mobil to rescue Marathon Oil and is now struggling with the $6.7 billion price of its chivalry. Its steel business is down sharply, and while Marathon's earnings were at a record high last year, they are currently threatened by the downturn in oil prices. To help compensate, Big Steel has put its Pittsburgh headquarters building up for sale.

Quite a few of Wall Street's more powerful mergermakers now concede that some rescued companies might have been better off with the hostile raider, which had at least studied its quarry and knew its own intentions. In contrast, white knights have little time for arming themselves and can sometimes fall victim to decisions made in haste. Occidental's negotiations for Cities Service, for example, took just nine days. Other deals have been set in motion on the basis of a quick telephone call from one chairman to another. As one Wall Street investment banker puts it, "How can anyone be expected to investigate all the ramifications of a



Bendix Chairman William M. Agee

$1 billion or $2 billion commitment in such a short time?"

About 15 years ago hostile takeovers, and hence white knights, were rare. A hostile takeover was like "spitting on the floor," says Martin Lipton,* a Wall Street lawyer who specializes in mergers and acquisitions. "It just was not done." Hostility has prevailed, though, in the newest round of mergers that started about two years ago when Kennecott Corp. sold out to Standard Oil Co. of Ohio shortly after a takeover bid by Curtiss-Wright.

More and more marriages have been encouraged by depressed stock prices and banks that seem almost eager to lend potfuls of money for mergers. In all, corporations have spent $258 billion since 1978 to gobble each other up, instead of pumping that money into research or modernizing existing plants.

Allied's relationship with Bendix has only just begun, but it shows little promise of being sunny. Allied faces the daunting task, as Harvard Business School Professor Robert Hayes puts it, of "assimilating a dispirited conglomeration of auto parts, aerospace and machine tool businesses into its own conglomeration of chemicals, plastics, oil, gas and electrical businesses."

Allied's Hennessy says his company should benefit in the long run from Bendix's strengths, particularly in aerospace technology. But the price was high. Allied wound up paying $2.3 billion for all of Bendix and 38% of Martin Marietta. The deal enriched Bendix shareholders, who saw the price of their holdings jump 61% during the tussle. But it saddled Allied with a $2 billion debt, which it will have to pay off by selling some of its own assets and others that came with Bendix. Among the possible candidates: Bendix's large RCA holdings. Meanwhile Allied's stock has suffered. Instead of rebounding with the powerful market surge that started in August, Allied's shares sold at about $34 last week, down slightly from three months ago.

There is also the problem of meshing Bendix's executives with Allied's, a chore that claimed its first victim within hours of last week's meetings. Bendix President Alonzo L. McDonald Jr., 54, was forced out of his $725,000-a-year post as the company's No. 2 man behind Bill Agee.

That was seen as further evidence of the frigid relations between Bendix's Agee and Hennessy. The Allied chief has vowed that Agee "will have no line duties at Allied," even though he is the company's titular president. McDonald's departure will have the intended effect of keeping Agee tied down at Bendix in Michigan, inhibiting him from becoming involved in Allied affairs back East. Hennessy has also promised that he will study, presumably with a critical eye, the "golden parachute" package fashioned by Bendix directors for Agee during the merger battle. Under its terms, Agee would receive his current $825,000 annual salary plus bonuses for up to six years should he be forced to resign.

Agee has thus paid the ultimate price for the blundered Martin Marietta merger: he has lost Bendix. Yet he was keeping up a brave front. Said he last week: "I firmly believe that where mergers are intelligently done, they create jobs and wealth. And this one was." He pledged to stay on at Allied "as long as I'm needed."

That would be anywhere from six to 18 months, judging from other white knight mergers. Top managers of acquired companies rarely stay past the time it takes for the acquiring company to learn the ropes and bring in its own people. It took only 16 months, for example, for John Duncan, 62, to pull the ripcord on his $1 million golden parachute after the company he headed, St. Joe Minerals Corp., was bought 18 months ago by Fluor Corp. to escape a hostile bid by Seagram Co. Ltd. of Canada.

Similarly, Allegheny International played rescuer to Sunbeam in late 1981, saving it from takeover by IC Industries, Inc. Soon, however, Sunbeam Chief Robert Gwinn and 160 of his colleagues found themselves out of jobs. Complained one executive: "They went at us with a meat ax. If Allegheny is a white knight, God save us from white knights." But Allegheny has complaints too. Chairman Robert Buckley said he discovered in Sunbeam "problems under the surface that were greater than they seemed."

Not all the jousting is in vain. When Detroit's Stroh Brewery Co. bought much larger Schlitz eight months ago, it looked to Wall Street as if two sick chickens were being gathered in a single coop. But, says an industry watcher, "they've done a little better than expected. The jury is still out on Stroh-Schlitz."

For now, it seems, the mergermakers are in a mood to back off from deals born in hostility. This year's corporate marriages will not be as big or as exciting. They will also be between less disparate companies in similar industries. That could lead to friendlier arrangements and so reduce the need for lances, maces and battle-axes. Firm handshakes between reasonable people could make the white knight obsolete. —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York and Barbara B. Dolan/Detroit*

*It was Lipton, apparently, who first popularized the term white knight. In his book *Takeovers and Freezeouts*, co-authored with Erica H. Steinberger, he describes the process metaphorically. A count (read corporation) under attack from a marauding black knight tries to defend his castle. But when all else fails, he turns to a white knight, "a neighboring count or foreign potentate [who] vanquishes the black knight, repacifies the serfs and moves into the castle. But alas it is the white knight's men who now sit at the council table. The count either swears fealty or joins his fellow exiles in Palm Beach or La Jolla."

Trickle Down

Jitters over teetering oil prices

The spot markets for oil, where tanker-size shipments are traded on a day-to-day basis, normally bustle with buying and selling. Last week, however, they seemed almost paralyzed by uncertainty. Only a fortnight ago, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries had failed to reach agreement on a plan to prop up oil prices by curbing production. That dramatic breakdown induced a kind of suspended animation. The cost of crude seemed sure to fall, but no one could be certain how far or how fast. While a few oil producers made their opening moves last week, others held back to see what their competitors would do.

The first gambit came from an unexpected source: the Soviet Union. In a new deal with the Italian government, the Soviets reduced the price of their crude by $2.15 per bbl., to $29.35, which was considerably lower than the OPEC benchmark price of $34. The Soviet Union produces more oil than any other country (12 million bbl. per day), and exports of crude account for 80% of its foreign currency earnings. Apparently, Moscow wants to protect its share of the oil market, or even increase sales, through price cutting. But almost no one followed the Soviet lead. Only Egypt, which exports just 340,000 bbl. per day, announced a significant cut, lowering the price of its so-called Suez blend crude from $31 to $29.

Some of the biggest buyers of crude oil decided not to wait for producers to drop prices. Led by Gulf Oil Corp., all the major U.S. oil refiners announced a $1-per-bbl. reduction, from $32 to $31, in the price they were willing to pay for oil from independent producers in the U.S. Gulf also curtailed its purchases of North Sea oil, and was reported to be selling oil on the spot market at significant discounts. The moves were clearly designed to force down the price of crude from overseas suppliers, including the OPEC countries.

News from the Middle East about the intentions of OPEC's feuding members was confused and contradictory. Early in the week, Kuwait's government news agency reported that Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Qatar and the United Arab Emirates had agreed to trim $4 off their $34-per-bbl. price unless the other members of OPEC accepted new limits on their production. Two days later, the United Arab Emirates' Oil Minister denied that the four Persian Gulf nations were threatening their OPEC allies with price cuts.

Western oil experts believe that the Saudis are willing to reduce their price but want some other major oil producer to go first. Two weeks ago, Saudi Oil Minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani suggested that Britain, which is not part of OPEC, might take the lead by lopping $2 or $3 off the $33.50 it charges for a barrel of North Sea oil. But British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is hardly eager to initiate a price cut that would slow the flow of oil revenues into Britain's struggling economy. Says a senior British oil executive: "Why should we be first? Why should Saudi politics be more important than our politics?"

Whoever lowers the price first, oil experts predict, the average cost of crude oil to U.S. refiners will fall about $2 per bbl., to $30. If the cost falls below that level, oil companies will probably begin to buy aggressively, and the price will stabilize. Theoretically, a $2 reduction in the crude price could mean about a 5¢ drop in the price of a gallon of gasoline. Because of sluggish demand, gas prices have already been drifting down from an average of $1.29 per gal. a year ago to $1.18 per gal. now. At a few stations in some areas, gasoline now sells for less than $1 per gal. for the first time in more than three years.

To help prevent prices from going lower, OPEC still hopes to set a new production ceiling. Several of the OPEC Oil Ministers will be in Venezuela this week for the dedication of a new refinery. Although no formal meeting is scheduled, the ministers will undoubtedly be searching once again for a common strategy to take control of the falling cost of crude. ■

Changing times: happy motorists line up for cheap gas at a station in Worcester, Mass.

In Venezuela, OPEC ministers may try again to take control of the falling cost of crude.

Amerasian Auto

GM cuts a deal with Toyota

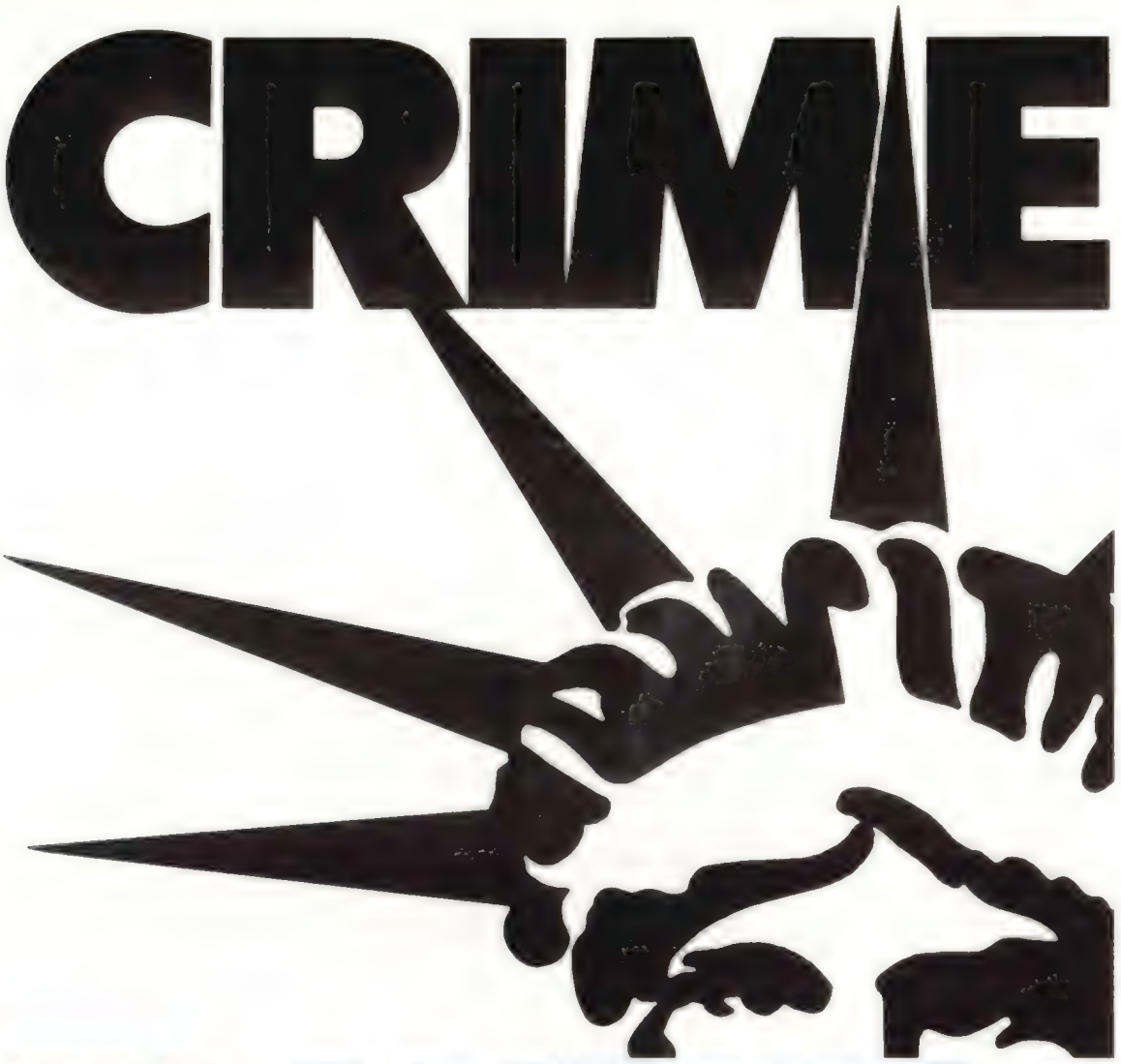
Even in the depths of their current despair, Detroit automakers have shown that they can learn from the competition, including their archrivals in Japan. Japanese inventory-control techniques are being introduced in U.S. plants, as are pared-down corporate staffs and worker-management cooperation programs. Now General Motors Corp. is pushing that process one giant step further, taking to heart the old tactic of joining 'em when you can't beat 'em. Reports out of Tokyo and Detroit last week indicated that GM, America's largest car manufacturer (sales in 1982's first nine months: $46.1 billion), may soon enter into a joint venture with Toyota Motor Co., Japan's biggest (fiscal 1982 sales: $16.1 billion), to build a new small car in the U.S.

The subcompact-size auto, which would be patterned after the popular Toyota Corolla, is to be assembled at a now closed GM plant in Fremont, Calif. About half the parts, including the all-important engine and drive train, would be made by Toyota in Japan. A second factory would be built next door to produce metal body parts. Production of the car, which would probably be marketed by Chevrolet dealers, is scheduled to begin in late 1984.

Although an auto with both an American and Japanese heritage sounds improbable, it is a direction in which U.S. carmakers have been heading for several years. Chrysler Corp. owns a 15% share of Mitsubishi Motors Corp., Ford Motor Co. has a 25% stake in Toyo Kogyo Co., and GM already holds a 34.2% interest in Isuzu Motors. As one Japanese auto company official put it, GM needs no help in the design and styling of a new model, but it is the Japanese who are really expert at devising an efficient and high-quality production system for small cars.

A final agreement to formalize the GM-Toyota linkup must still be signed, and it will surely be opposed by other U.S. automakers on antitrust grounds. Though few think that GM and Toyota would have embarked on lengthy negotiations without at least tacit approval from the Government to go ahead, one well-placed official is extremely skeptical that the deal will go through. Bargaining between the two companies consumed nearly a year and dragged on longer than GM expected. One major sticking point was resolved when Toyota apparently agreed to allow the new plant to be unionized by the United Auto Workers. Toyota will re-

CRIME



IN AMERICA

Starting Monday, February 14, ABC's "World News Tonight" will report on crime with a depth and scope never before seen on television.

ABC News has initiated this unprecedented examination because crime eventually claims half of all Americans as its victim. Whether you're a direct victim or not, crime is costing you money, subjecting you to fear, and degrading the quality of American life.

Each night for two full weeks, "World News Tonight" will feature in depth reports on crime by Correspondent Richard Threlkeld. In addition, every other ABC News broadcast will devote a special segment or its entire content to the major issues involved: the police, plea bargaining, prisons, parole, youth crime, minorities, the role of the media and much more.

ABC News is taking a long, hard look at crime. Because crime isn't just statistics. It affects you. Your family. America.

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portedly also get a 2.5% design royalty on each car built. With production estimated to be 200,000 cars annually, that could amount to $25 million a year.

By linking up with Toyota, GM is making a virtue of necessity. Like other U.S. manufacturers, it has not been able to solve the manufacturing and financial equations of small cars. Design problems helped doom the Corvair in the 1960s and the Vega in the 1970s. The rear-wheel-drive Chevette, introduced in 1975, is obsolete and overdue for replacement. As a stopgap, GM has been planning to import 200,000 subcompacts made by Isuzu starting next year, and there are tentative plans to bring in up to 80,000 smaller minicars from Suzuki Motor Co. So far, the giant automaker has not announced any change in its intentions.

But GM has balked at spending the estimated $1.5 billion it would cost to tool up for an entirely new model because there was no guarantee of an adequate return. Japanese manufacturers enjoy a cost advantage of some $1,500 per unit in the production of small cars, which comes from production efficiencies, labor-cost differentials, tax laws that favor exports, and the cheap yen. U.S. automakers have been unable to compete profitably (*see* Book Audits). Japan commands 48% of the small-car market in the U.S.

While Honda Motor Co. has already begun producing Accords at its plant in Marysville, Ohio, and Nissan Motor Co. will be turning out pickup trucks in Smyrna, Tenn., later this year, Toyota has dragged its feet on U.S. production for a decade. In 1980 it initiated talks with Ford about a joint production arrangement, only to break them off after a year of protracted discussion. Now a decision is being forced upon the company. Next month the agreement under which Japan "voluntarily" limits its auto exports to the U.S. to 1.68 million cars annually is due to expire. With the U.S. expected to demand a two-year extension, Toyota has no room to expand its U.S. sales. It also wants to head off proposed domestic-content legislation, which would require that high-volume imported cars built by foreign automakers contain a large percentage of American parts and labor. Moreover, the *zaikai*, the top leaders of Japan's business community, have been pressing Toyota to move some of its manufacturing capacity into the U.S. because they fear retaliation in other industries like electronics.

Though GM Chairman Roger Smith claims that the Toyota venture represents only a "temporary" solution, there was another sign last week that Detroit is leaving the manufacture of small cars to someone else. American Motors Corp. indicated that it may soon pull the plug on its archaic Spirit and Concord models. That will leave AMC with only the four-wheel-drive Eagle and the hot-selling Alliance, which was developed and financed by its French partner, Renault. ■

Picking Up Where Braniff Left Off

A controversial new flight plan for California's PSA

PSA, Inc., which owns Pacific Southwest Airlines, is one of the nimbler members of the stricken air-travel industry. The San Diego–based company reaped a profit of $30.4 million for the first nine months of 1982, but only through deft financial management. Its airline, which flies mainly in California, lost money, a situation PSA hopes to change by building a coast-to-coast empire on the remains of bankrupt Braniff International. Last week a bankruptcy judge in Texas approved a scheme to let PSA do exactly that. The airline hopes to begin nationwide service in May under the ruling, which is already encountering opposition from regulators and rival carriers.

DAVID WOO — DALLAS MORNING NEWS

Grounded jetliners packed together on an apron at Dallas/Fort Worth Airport

Striving to build a coast-to-coast empire out of the remains of a bankrupt company.

The court-approved plan would give PSA control of a big chunk of the assets of Dallas-based Braniff, which has not flown since it went bankrupt last May. PSA would lease 30 of Braniff's 62 jetliners and fly them under PSA colors. The California airline also would rehire about 2,000 of Braniff's 8,500 laid-off employees and has already started interviewing in Dallas. Most important, PSA would take over Braniff's landing slots at airports in 16 U.S. cities from Texas to New Jersey. The new routes would more than double the size of the PSA flight map, which now spans some 12,000 miles.

The plan could aid both PSA and Braniff's creditors, who include banks, vendors and even other airlines. PSA would gain a vast new market and an east-west system that would feed its California routes. Those benefits impressed Wall Street, where PSA stock jumped 1⅜, to 28¼, the day the court ruling was announced. Says Eliot Fried, chief investment officer of Shearson/American Express: "In one shot this would give PSA the base to build a brand-new airline." Judge John Flowers, who approved the plan, said it should enable Braniff's creditors to recover 12¢ of every dollar owed them, or about a third more than they might otherwise get. "I am convinced this is the best that could be achieved under the circumstances," Flowers told a packed courtroom last week.

FAA officials, however, fear that the arrangement may be too good for PSA and too bad for its competitors. The FAA already has reassigned Braniff's 411 landing slots to other airlines, and maintains that it alone can do so. (Flowers ruled that the slots were Braniff assets and thus under his jurisdiction.) Declares Sandy Murdock, the FAA general counsel: "We do not consider those slots to be the property of Braniff, nor do we consider PSA as a legal successor to Braniff." The agency, which also argues that transferring slots to PSA would disrupt air travel for months, has asked the Justice Department to appeal Flowers' ruling.

Carriers ranging from giant American Airlines (estimated 1982 revenues: more than $3 billion) to tiny Muse Air (1982 revenues: $33 million) have objections of their own. Muse, a 1½-year-old Texas firm, holds former Braniff landing rights at Dallas/Fort Worth Airport, and President Michael Muse says that the airline cannot survive without them. PSA, meanwhile, seems unwilling to wait for the wheels of justice to grind. The airline, which is anxious to launch the new routes in time for the summer travel season, insists that it will jettison the consolidation plan and fly off alone unless it can get final clearance by next month. ■

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Marina Verola: "I went bare in a bull market"

Naked Option

Take that, Dean Witter

When Stockbroker Marina Verola, 29, agreed to pose for the March issue of *Playboy* both in and out of her pin-stripe suit, it was, she said, "to show that beauty and brains can go together." Her employer, the Dean Witter Reynolds office in Boca Raton, Fla., was apparently not convinced. According to Verola, she informed her employers of the modeling offer last July and was abruptly fired. Then, she claims, Dean Witter lured away her clients with unspecified "inferences and innuendoes." She and her husband Victor, 36, a broker at the same firm, say they shared 125 clients and a yearly income in the low six figures. Both were sacked at the same time and, Verola charges, given only 15 minutes to clear out.

Last week Verola sued the Dean Witter firm for, among other things, libel, slander and interference with business relations. She is seeking a public retraction of the slurs in addition to $100,000 for lost income and, she hopes, an extra $500,000 or more in punitive damages. Says she: "I went bare in a bull market."

Verola subsequently landed a new job with the E.F. Hutton office in Fort Lauderdale. And she has started her own biweekly stock tip sheet, *Marina's Market Letter* (cost: $195 a year), which she says has hundreds of subscribers. (She currently likes gold, Dynatech and Caesars World.)

Still, she could probably use a windfall from the lawsuit. Verola lives like a movie starlet (she owns both a Corvette sports car and a Lincoln Continental), but not necessarily on a starlet's income. An E.F. Hutton executive was quoted as saying that she now has just eleven accounts and that her income at the brokerage last year did not reach the minimum wage. As for the brokerage house's opinion of Verola's asset disclosure, everybody is listening but so far Hutton is not talking. ■

Book Audits

SUPPLY-SIDE SLEEPER

At first glance, *Supply-Side Economics: A Critical Appraisal* (University Publications of America; 488 pages; $27.50) seems arcane and forbidding. But look again. As edited by Richard Fink of George Mason University in Virginia, this new collection of essays by 25 economic experts turns out to be a lively debate on supply-side theory and on its application in Ronald Reagan's Washington.

These ruminations are not marked by an excess of politesse. Nobel Laureate James Tobin, for example, has some scorching opinions about the current Administration. Reaganomics, Tobin declares, has little to do with supply-side theory or any other coherent system. Instead, it is a hodgepodge of measures designed to shift resources from the public to the private sector, and from the poor to the rich, without careful regard for the effect on G.N.P. Says Tobin: "The program will not fulfill the promises that have led the country to support it."

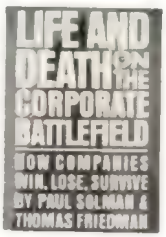
Another chapter, on the Laffer curve, features Arthur Laffer defending his famous doodle, and David Henderson, senior staff economist for the Council of Economic Advisers, concluding that any case for tax cuts based on that model "is a castle made of sand." Whoever is right, the arguments are worth reading.

COMBAT ZONES

Paul Solman and Thomas Friedman started out in business as editors of Boston's now defunct counterculture weekly, the *Real Paper*. There they learned, the hard way, their first lesson in management: somebody has to be in charge. They are not so naive any more. In *Life and Death on the Corporate Battlefield* (Simon & Schuster; 248 pages; $13.95), the two examine competition in American business. The rise and fall of the *Real Paper* is but one of the case histories that they crack open to extract the techniques of corporate survival.

The authors make no attempt here to pass judgment on American-style capitalism, or to find perfect corporate strategies. Their concern is the uncertainty of the market place, and how businessmen cope with it.

The uneven quality of the writing, which sometimes reads like a TV show without the pictures, is more than compensated for by the conclusions reached. We may think of ourselves as a society of entrepreneurs, for instance, but the risk takers, according to this battlefield survey, are often among the bodies left behind. As one financial expert interviewed by the authors put it, "Gold rushes finish ugly." Even so, in a business environment where the average corporation survives just six years, little companies with wit and guts can still occasionally outmaneuver corporate goliaths. Stories of a few that have provide some of the most entertaining and enlightening moments here.



BLEAK HOUSE

Until now, the Japanese industrial rise has been depicted largely in terms of a work force that labors with an almost cultish devotion to the common economic good. That was before a Japanese journalist named Satoshi Kamata went to work on a Toyota assembly line and kept a diary. The brutal conditions he describes in *Japan in the Passing Lane* (Pantheon; 211 pages; $14.95) seem like something from a Charles Dickens novel.

At Kamata's plant, the employees saw a certain irony in the company motto, "Toyota: Cars to Love." Instead of a benevolent management philosophy, the author found complete disregard for the mental or physical health of workers. Scheduled days off were routinely canceled to keep up with production quotas; equipment was outmoded and unsafe. Though industrial accidents were commonplace, even the injured tended to cover them up. Reason: their pay, as well as their foreman's, was docked whenever output slowed. There was a union, but its officers were all company officials. Company security agents openly snooped around worker dormitories; one even appeared at Kamata's bedside one night to inquire about another employee who was late for his shift. Not surprisingly, Kamata was careful to keep his diaries concealed.

Thanks to Kamata's skills as a reporter, *Japan in the Passing Lane* survives his occasionally excessive commentaries on dehumanization in the technological age. His stark anecdotes need no overblown interpretation. On their own, they are a powerful indictment of the conditions that he discovered. ■

Press

Economic Extra

The Journal *takes on Europe*

For daily English-language coverage of commerce and finance, European businessmen have long relied on London's *Financial Times*. But those who needed fuller information on U.S. economic affairs, especially Europe-based Americans, had to hunt down an air-mailed edition of the *Wall Street Journal*. That course invariably left them at least a day late and, depending upon exchange rates, nearly a dollar short. Last week, however, at some 2,000 newsstands from Scandinavia to Saudi Arabia, a new daily arrived: the *Wall Street Journal/Europe*, which is edited in Brussels, printed in The Netherlands and delivered before noon to about a dozen countries. Said first-day Reader Paul Horne, an economist for Smith Barney in Paris: "It has acres of coverage, and it is going to give the *Financial Times* a run for its money."

The new *Journal/Europe* maintains the gray, no-nonsense style and about 50% of the content of the original, which is the largest U.S. daily (circ. 2 million). A 50-member European editorial staff supplies features and news of regional interest; the paper's model is the *Asian Wall Street Journal* (circ. 25,000), which started in 1976 and turned a profit last year.

English-language financial coverage is booming in Europe. The *Financial Times* (circ. 213,000 worldwide) started printing part of its run in Frankfurt in 1979 and now has 33,000 readers on the Continent. The Paris-based *International Herald Tribune* (European circ. 112,000), a general-interest daily, has increased its business coverage by 25% within the past two years. Moreover, the London-based weekly *Economist* (European circ. 35,000) has been joined by international editions of two American magazines, *Business Week* (European circ. 38,000) and FORTUNE (European circ. 45,000). *Journal* officials insist that the territory is large enough for everyone. But *Herald Tribune* Publisher Lee Huebner says he expects the new entry to take some corporate advertising, and *Financial Times* Managing Director Richard McClean is worried about competition for readers. Says McClean: "The *Journal* may be a threat to us, if we let them."

The hint of a fighting tone in McClean's words may reflect the *Financial Times'* decision to foray onto Dow Jones' U.S. turf: the paper is offering U.S. newspapers a weekly insert of international business coverage that made its debut Jan. 10 in the Houston *Chronicle*. Bigger efforts may follow. Says a *Financial Times* executive: "We are not printing a U.S. edition, but we should be. That is the logical next step." ■

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Get Your Balance Elsewhere

One reason why it is easy to attack "the press" or "the media" broadly—and impossible to defend them broadly—is that there is not one set of standards that applies to everybody in the press. Nor can there be. When it comes to newspapers and televised network news, critics demand that they be evenhanded and that all opinion be carefully labeled. But there exists another vast part of the press, highly visible at any newsstand, where being one-sided ("specialized" is the preferred word for it) is the very reason for being. These journals set their own standards, which their subscribers happily submit to; and fairness is not necessarily one of the rules.

Don't ask a hunters' magazine to give the deer's side of the story. Don't look for lectures on chastity in *Cosmopolitan* or *Penthouse*. Don't expect defenses of Interior Secretary James Watt in an environmental journal. The unstated premise of all specialized magazines is: Get your balance elsewhere; we're writing for like-minded people.

Lofton: fulminations

As computers get more skilled at searching out audiences, new magazines proliferate. There are now about 60,000 periodicals, new and old, published in the U.S. and Canada. Their subjects range from *Patchwork Quilts* to *Gun Talk*, not to overlook *Dirt Bike* magazine. Many of their readers concern themselves with politics only when politics intrudes upon their pet interests. But if their audiences are big or possibly significant enough, politicians come chasing. *Playboy*, Jimmy Carter decided, appeals to young fellows who do not follow the news closely and would never sit still for involved arguments, but might respond to idealized noises made amiably. The result was the famous "lust in my heart" interview. Even after that furor, Ronald Reagan in 1980 submitted to the same *Playboy* interviewer, Robert Scheer, an adroitly argumentative questioner. Scheer interviewed him for the Los Angeles *Times* and for a profile in *Playboy*, and found Reagan to be secure in his convictions and eager for disputation. They talked so often on the campaign trail that Reagan once stage-whispered to Scheer a stock line from old Hollywood movies: "You know we'll have to stop meeting like this."

Then there are the specialized magazines whose specialty is politics itself—which further confuses the idea of fairness standards. Readers of journals of opinion on the left or right, such as the *New Republic*, the *Nation* and the *National Review*, generally expect to see their own attitudes confirmed and their enemies savaged. (In the *National Review* they hope to see their own case put more stylishly by Editor William F. Buckley Jr.) Journals of opinion pursue subjects of particular interest at greater length than newspapers, but, in no small measure because their budgets are small, these subjects are often treated with more depth of feeling and reflection than depth of reporting.

The evenhanded thing to say about journals of left and right is that polemical intensity is equally fervent on either front. Yet in the era of Reagan this happens not to be so. The liberal *New Republic* didn't much like Reagan's State of the Union message but didn't like the Democratic alternative either, and editorially suggested that the times are so tough a little bipartisanship is called for. On the far right the reaction to Reagan was anger at betrayal. John D. Lofton Jr. couldn't wait to express himself in the *Conservative Digest*, the magazine he once edited, but got it off his chest in the Washington *Times*, the Moonies' new newspaper. He called Reagan a "political 'Tootsie' . . . wearing clothes which quite frankly (at least when he was a candidate) I was unaware were in his wardrobe. And the maddening thing is that despite the fact that he is now decked out, again figuratively speaking, in a big floppy hat, a skirt, high heels, wearing bright red lipstick and carrying a purse, the President and his men tell us—with straight faces—that there has been no change!"

Musing on these fulminations, Washington *Post* Columnist Haynes Johnson concluded that right-wingers "are very different from you and me. They have more bile." It may also be that liberals, centrists and conservatives are more accustomed to accommodating, to doing things together, while the radical right is a crowd of spiky individualists. But any definition of the press has to be wide enough to include them too, and others who live by their own rules.

Sad Season, Glad Super Bowl

A rare bit of good news comes out of Washington

Usually the Super Bowl has small chance to live up to a season's expectations, but there was precious little season this year, and relatively few expectations. National Football League Commissioner Pete Rozelle even called off his traditional gala the Friday before, an intimate gathering with a turnstile, because celebrating this year would be unseemly. Except for one city, Super Bowl XVII would always recall the time when the players walked out for 57 days, and some of the fans stayed away longer.

Washington may find it hard to imagine that anyone in the country was indifferent to its glory, but the N.F.L. could not have been too surprised that the Super Bowl TV audience share fell from 73% to 69%. "No-shows" since the strike—ticket buyers absent all the same—totaled 789,422. The league will not be comforted to note that the Redskins, layered as they are with 28 free agents, 13 of whom were never drafted by anyone, might be considered an advertisement for just the sort of jerry-built teams the spring United States Football League envisions. As the N.F.L. was closing, U.S.F.L. training camps were opening. Football season may never end again.

The Super teams, the Miami Dolphins and Washington Redskins, hardly seemed super before the game, when the opponents they defeated during the nine-week season were thought less significant than those they avoided in the eight-week strike. Miami missed the Cincinnati Bengals, the Los Angeles Raiders, the San Diego Chargers; Washington skipped the Pittsburgh Steelers, the Bengals, the Texas side of its home-and-away feud with the Dallas Cowboys. By the purest fortune the Redskins had the entire American Football Conference wiped off its slate. In the A.F.C., fit offspring of the old American Football League, the ball flies freely and the defensive coordinators speak fearfully, not of halting the opposition's offense, just of holding service once in a while, as though it were a tennis match, which frequently it is. Both the Dolphins and the Redskins were proud of playing defense.

Having shed Miami Cornerback Don McNeal, Riggins heads 43 yds. for the telling touchdown

One of the best big men to hit the N.F.L. makes his own path in life. Literally

Then last week's game began, and in a few hours, give or take $25 million worth of TV commercials, the most irritating pro football season gave way to the most entertaining Super Bowl. The heroic and tragic figures, Washington Fullback John Riggins and Miami Quarterback David Woodley, were clear-cut and equally attractive in different ways, unlike management's Jack Donlan and labor's Ed Garvey. The Redskins won straightforwardly, 27-17, and the Dolphins lost that way too.

After the game, Miami Coach Don Shula could smile and say of Riggins, who had carried the ball 38 times for 166 yds., "He reminded me of a fullback I used to know": Larry Csonka, of course. "Riggins is one of the best big athletes [6 ft. 2 in., 235 lbs.] ever to hit the National Football League. Pretty awesome." On a fourth down off-tackle play everyone in the Rose Bowl expected, Riggins crashed the line and ran 43 yds. for the telling touchdown. Earlier there were Washington tricks, the flanker reverse Richard Nixon used to recommend, the flea flicker Ronald Reagan so admires. But, as Shula said, "the old-fashioned stuff is what did us in: the pounding." He took it pretty well.

This has not been a happy season for N.F.L. coaches, who have been cracking like walnuts. Some were unable "to step back," as Shula advised, "and look at things objectively." Besides being the year of the strike, this is the year that Don Reese, a former Dolphin defensive end, told his story of widespread cocaine use in the league and was thoroughly believed. No wonder Shula declined to see much tragedy in Woodley's day. "David's only problem," said the coach fondly, "is that he has played three years and everyone compares him to quarterbacks who have been around ten or 15." After completing no passes in the second half, Woodley, who was twelve when Redskins Quarterback Joe Theismann was drafted twelve years ago, stood up bravely to questioners who arrived in tidal waves. He said repeatedly, "We had nothing to try. They just shut us down. The Redskins said, 'Here it is, try and beat it.' We couldn't, I couldn't."

Though Riggins came to Redskins Owner Jack Kent Cooke's casual pregame party in white tie and tails, twirling a cane, he customarily dresses like someone who resides in a duckblind. "Riggo makes his own path in life," Washington Coach Joe Gibbs says, off tackle usually. For five seasons starting in 1971, Riggins was a member of the New York Jets and considered a bit strange even in New York City. Over money, he sat out the 1980 season in Washington. "I'm bored, I'm broke and I'm back," Riggins announced when he reappeared, saying nothing else publicly for about a year.

Not unkindly, Shula commended "whoever managed to get Riggins in the right frame of mind," Gibbs presumably. And Riggins concurred, "I 'got my mind right,' as Cool Hand Luke said." Football players who choose Cool Hand Luke as a role model seldom carry teams to the Super Bowl, but this is a rare time in Washington, where the Redskins had not boasted a world championship for 40 years. The players, Hogs (offensive linemen) and Smurfs (miniature receivers) alike, reacted as calmly as anyone who has been personally welcomed home by the President of the United States, though citizens of the District of Columbia were slightly excited. The city staged a parade that was well attended despite a downpour (500,000 people, double the number greeting the hostages from Iran). The bands had to elbow their way along Constitution Avenue in single file. Good news does not pass this way too often.

—*By Tom Callahan*

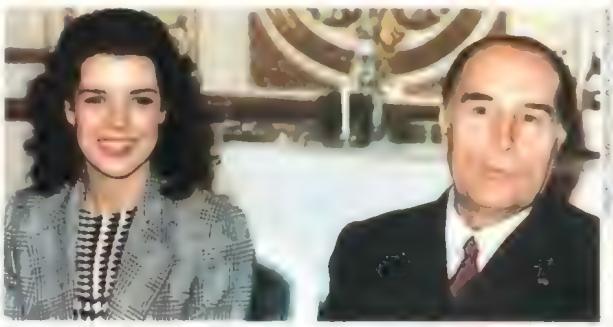
People

Offstage at the press conference, the First Lady gets set to let reporters eat cake

As **President Reagan** reeled off figures to demonstrate that his defense spending was comparatively not so large, reporters at the televised press conference began to titter. The President grew flustered, then spotted the cause. **Nancy Reagan,** 61, was in the wings with a cake for her husband's 72nd birthday. The assembled journalists launched into the appropriate chorus, with one quavering soloist adding, "How old are you?" Reagan sang back that it was "two days early." And while a few correspondents groused that the conference had been manipulated, the President happily cut slices out of something besides the budget.

■

Hey, where's Burt? You mean to say that *Harper's Bazaar* selects six guys they deem the nation's "most eligible" men, and forgets America's favorite bachelor, **Burt Reynolds,** 46? Not only that, the magazine asks his favorite bachelorette, **Loni Anderson,** 36, to play centerpiece with the designated half a dozen? Life, as Burt is sure to have said in at least one of his movies, is unfair. Fair or not, the "chosen" six are slotted by categories: **Dudley Moore,** 47 (lovableness); **O.J. Simpson,** 35 (business savvy); **James Caan,** 43 (receptiveness); **George Burns,** 87 (maturity); **Alexander Godunov,** 33 (physical grace); and **Kris Kristofferson,** 46 (brains). Brains? Oh yes, that Rhodes scholarship. And did Anderson mind Burt's absence? Says she solemnly: "It's good for one's own identity to do some things separately."



Princess Caroline and Mitterrand lunching at the Elysée Palace

French sentiment toward monarchies has eased noticeably over the past 200 years. So no heads turned, or fell, when the far-from-royalist President of France, Socialist **François Mitterrand,** 66, invited neighboring Monaco's **Prince Rainier,** 59, and his daughter **Princess Caroline,** 26, to the Elysée Palace for lunch. Caroline looked cheerful and radiant in what was her first official outing since the death of her mother **Princess Grace** last year. Monaco officials say she will be seen more and more at her father's side, assuming the ceremonial role that her mother once filled so beautifully.

■

Late one evening last November, former Green Beret Lieut. Colonel **James G.** ("Bo") **Gritz,** 44, led three fellow U.S. Army veterans and 15 Laotian guerrillas into Thailand in search of American soldiers listed as missing in action. The Defense Department, which knew of the plan, warned against it, and the unsanctioned commando raid turned up no Americans and no fresh information. Last week, however, the eagerness of Gritz's colleagues to tell their stories to *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, among others, did serve to embarrass their improbable group of backers and suppliers, who, it turns out, included Actors **Clint Eastwood,** 52, and **William Shatner,** 51, as well as the California-based Litton Industries. Eastwood is mum on his reasons for donating a reported $30,000, while Shatner claims that his $10,000 was paid solely in return for the rights to the life story of Gritz, who is believed to be still in Southeast Asia.

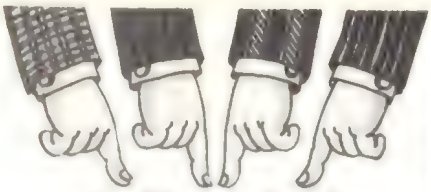
—By E. Graydon Carter

On the Record

Jorge Luis Borges, 83, Argentine author, on last year's island war between Britain and his country: "The Falklands thing was a fight between two bald men over a comb."

Eugene McCarthy, 66, former Senator and presidential candidate, on the nascent campaigns of current Democratic White House hopefuls: "John Glenn is running as Eisenhower, Walter Mondale is running as Hubert Humphrey, and Gary Hart is running as John Kennedy."

Anderson bringing together the *Harper's Bazaar* selection of eligible bachelors: Moore, Simpson, Caan, Burns, Godunov and Kristofferson



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Law

Two and Two Equal Not Guilty

A federal judge beats the "daylights" out of a bribery prosecution

Alcee Hastings had made history before. The son of domestic servants, he had risen fast to become, at 43, the first black named to the federal bench in Florida. Last week, three years later, he sat as the defendant when a jury of ten whites and two blacks filed into the Miami federal courtroom, after deliberating 17½ hours, to announce their verdict on charges of bribery-conspiracy and obstruction of justice. He hoped that he was not about to go into the history books again, as the first federal trial judge to be convicted of a crime.* A court clerk, verdict in hand, stood. "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty." Hastings, who had been criticized for handling his own defense, reached out to touch his co-counsel and girlfriend, Patricia Williams, then left the courtroom to call his crippled mother, with whom the twice-divorced judge lives. With a jubilant crowd outside the courthouse, Hastings, who had vowed to "beat the living daylights out of the Government," savored the moment. "I think I'm going to be a much better judge than I've ever been," he said. "I don't think the Justice Department will ever be able to pull the wool over my eyes."

Hastings and Williams outside court

Happy not to be making any more history.

The Government's failed case was launched 17 months ago when the FBI learned that prominent Washington, D.C., Attorney William Borders was claiming to be a pipeline for bribes to Hastings, a longtime friend. The bureau asked a retired agent to pose as Frank Romano, one of two brothers recently convicted of racketeering in Hastings' court. The FBI man struck a deal with Borders: for $150,000, the Romanos' three-year sentence would be reduced to probation. Borders received the money, and last year he was convicted and sentenced to five years in prison. The evidence against Borders was "overwhelming," said the jury foreman after only one hour's deliberation.

The case against Hastings never was. Borders refused to cooperate, and investigators could not trace any money all the way to Hastings. Conceded Prosecutor Robert Richter in his opening argument to the jury: "We will not put a big number four up in front of you. We'll put two plus two." The Government contended that Hastings had gone to Miami Beach's Fontainebleau Hilton Hotel for dinner on Sept. 16, 1981, as Borders had said he would, to signal his involvement in the scheme. Prosecutors played a tape of a phone call Hastings made to Borders 19 days later. Using what the Government claimed were code words, Hastings supposedly promised that he would rule the next day that the Romanos were entitled to the return of $845,000 that the court had seized after their conviction. The following afternoon, the order was issued.

Defense Attorney Williams derided the evidence as "two minus two," and Hastings had a ready explanation for everything he had done. Yes, he was at the Fontainebleau, but at the "social" invitation of Borders, who stood him up. Yes, he promised Borders over the phone that he would act the next day, but the supposed code was a straightforward discussion of letters he planned to write urging reinstatement of a suspended lawyer who was a mutual friend. And yes, he issued the $845,000 order, but only to comply with two recent appeals court rulings requiring that action. Hastings also offered a parade of 50 witnesses, including three judges who testified to his integrity. Borders, concluded the defense, was simply engaged in the time-honored legal scam of "rainmaking," in which bribe money is smoothly returned if the judge fails to do what the con man guessed he would do.

Hastings, who has been on leave with pay for 16 months, said after the trial that he would return to the bench soon. For federal prosecutors, that is not a pleasant prospect. Said one high Justice Department official: "I'd hate to be a U.S. Attorney arguing a case before him." But whatever satisfaction Hastings now has, it is unlikely ever to compensate for the damage to his reputation and career. Said one Miami attorney: "He's going to be on hold the rest of his life." ■

*The only other federal trial judge to be tried on criminal charges was acquitted. Two federal appeals judges have been convicted

Snap! Crackle! Fluff!

British breakfast television is born, and the competition is keen

When British citizens straggled out of bed last week, there was something new to go with the obligatory toast and tea: morning telly. Two rival shows are making British television history by filling the screen, American-style, with news and chatter: the BBC's *Breakfast Time* and TV-am's combination of *Daybreak* plus *Good Morning Britain*.

Until now, the British had lived happily with only fuzz on the air in the early morning. But when the ubiquitous David Frost, leading a group of investors and television veterans, was granted a morning franchise by the Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA) in December 1980, the BBC would be damned if it was going to be left in the dark, and it planned a rival show.

Frost, center, and his team celebrate their inaugural show with a toast

Challenging the British suspicion that morning shows are somehow decadent.

Breakfast Time was the first to arrive, on Jan. 17. A relaxed, rather modest and determinedly cheery program lasting from 6:30 a.m. to 9 a.m., it features a mix of news stories, interviews and the amiable atmosphere of a Sunday brunch. Says Editor Ron Neil: "You cannot machine-gun people with information at that time in the morning." The program massages them with it instead. The hosts (modestly called presenters, not anchors) are the avuncular Frank Bough, a veteran of the British sports program *Grandstand*, and the fetching Princess Di look-alike, Selina Scott, whose alluring television manner may heat up cold winter mornings. But the hit of the first show was the "Green Goddess," a supple Valkyrie named Diana Moran, clad in green leotards, who gently bullied bemused and bleary-eyed commuters at Waterloo Station into shaping up and stretching out on the spot.

The commercial network's entry, headed by Peter Jay, a former British Ambassador to the U.S., arrived Feb. 1 with enough razzle-dazzle to cause some sleepy viewers to pull a pillow over their heads. TV-am produces a glitzy transplant of American morning television, slicker and faster-paced than its placid competitor. TV-am's morning programs have an annual budget of $12.4 million, as opposed to *Breakfast Time's* $9 million. According to Jay, TV-am's task is "to demystify the news." But as of the inaugural week the direction of the program was still obscure.

The first hour, called *Daybreak*, was predominantly devoted to a rapid-fire rendition of major news stories. The next 2¼ hr., titled *Good Morning Britain*, presented by Frost and the sloe-eyed former Independent Television News (ITN) newscaster Anna Ford, featured interviews averaging five minutes each and lighter fare. The first week showed Frost, cheeky and condescending as usual, performing such tasks as reading bloopers from the morning papers. Frost and Ford will also be hosts on a semi-regular feature called *Through the Keyhole*, in which a probing TV-am reporter rummages around the home of a celebrity, psychoanalyzing the star from the décor and belongings, while Frost, Ford and the invaded subject watch and chuckle away in the studio.

Both shows are challenging more than just the British suspicion that television in the morning is faintly decadent. Less than half the population rises before 7, and British television sets are not generally in the kitchen. Moreover, the morning ritual of breakfast and BBC Radio 4 remains sacred for many. So far, the reviews have been mixed and ratings inconclusive. One day last week more than 5 million people watched morning television, many of them sampling the inaugural broadcast of the new show. A gastronome once claimed that to eat well in England one should have breakfast three times a day. It remains to be seen whether British breakfast TV proves tasty enough to try even once a morning. ■

TO OUR CUSTOMERS

It occurs to us that those of you who missed our announcement could very well be wondering what's going on here.

Just a few short months ago, we took out our very first advertisement in *Time* to make this announcement:

Due to a new distribution arrangement, there is now a little of our Maker's Mark whisky in enough places that we can help guide you to a bottle—if we know where you are.

Now the giants of the distilling industry wouldn't bat an eye at running ads in *Time*, but to those of us here at our little Kentucky distillery, this was a pretty monumental decision.

Quite frankly, we'd never have considered it if we hadn't been told it was the best way to reach those of you who have lost contact with Maker's Mark.

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So if you've missed Maker's Mark, write us. We'll do our best to head you in the right direction.

Bill Samuels, Jr.

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It tastes expensive...and is.

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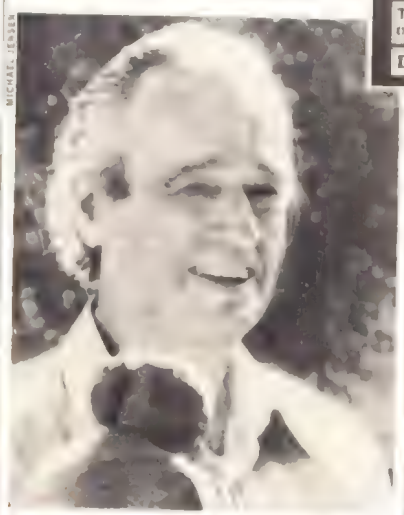
Bursting the South Sea Bubble

An anthropologist attacks Margaret Mead's research in Samoa

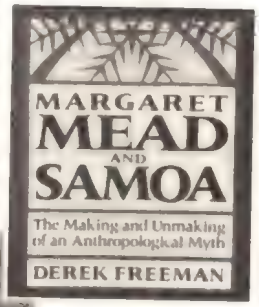
On Aug. 31, 1925, with romantic South Sea tales of Robert Louis Stevenson filling her head, Margaret Mead, 23, stood at the rail of a Matson liner steaming into the lush port of Pago Pago, Samoa. Battleships of the U.S. Pacific fleet filled the harbor, airplanes screamed overhead, and a naval band played ragtime. Mead debarked and took a cheap room in a ramshackle hotel used by Somerset Maugham as a setting for his story *Rain*. It was the beginning of a nine-month visit that would bring Mead worldwide fame through the writing of the first anthropological bestseller, *Coming of Age in Samoa*.

On April 4, 1940, another 23-year-old, Derek Freeman, arrived in Western Samoa aboard the *Maui Pomare*, a banana boat out of Wellington. The young New Zealander was heading for a teaching job in Apia, with a copy of *Coming of Age* in his luggage, and the vague thought of some day writing a humble "codicil" to Mead's classic work.



Freeman: he saw jealousy and violence

Instead, 42 years later, and four years after Margaret Mead's death, Freeman is publishing a book charging that she seriously misrepresented Samoan culture. In *Margaret Mead and Samoa: The Making and Unmaking of an Anthropological Myth*, due in April from Harvard University Press, Freeman raises the possibility that *Coming of Age in Samoa* may be one of the great acts of self-delusion in the annals of science. His charges have set off a flurry of controversy in the academic community, with usually imperturbable social scientists lining up spiritedly for and against Mead. Says Anthropologist Freeman, now 66 and a professor emeritus at the Australian National University in Canberra: "This is the first time in anthropology, or even in the human sciences generally, that such an established scientist has been proved so wrong. There was Piltdown man, but that was a hoax. How could someone get things so astronomically wrong?"



Mead, a feisty, energetic scholar, political activist, lecturer, magazine columnist, feminist and author, was perhaps most famous for her attack on conventional sexual mores. In large part as a result of her field studies among primitive peoples, she felt that sexual repression made healthy development difficult. It was a view approved and eventually accepted by millions, many of whom had never even heard of Mead. But Mead's critics have contended that her theories had a pernicious influence leading to permissiveness in child rearing and in society. Mead, in her approbative account of Samoan culture, depicted it as one of overwhelming ease and casualness, marked by an absence of deep feelings, loose family ties, no guilt and little conflict. Samoans condoned free love among adolescents, Mead said, with the result that adolescent turmoil was unknown.

All wrong, says Freeman, now an established specialist on Samoa. Adolescents and children are under considerable stress from a severe, authoritarian culture; the Samoans are competitive, touchy, particularly prone to violence and jealousy, brutal in war, and have high rates of homicide, assault and rape. And far from encouraging free sex for the young, he says, the Samoans have a puritanical bent and a strongly held cult of virginity that forbids premarital sex. Freeman suggests that Mead's portrait of adolescent free love probably came from teen-age informants, teasing her with "counterfeit tales of casual love under the palm trees." Deliberate duping, he says, "greatly appeals to the Samoans as a respite from the severities of their authoritarian society."

Mead reported that "the idea of forcible rape . . . is completely foreign to the Samoan mind." Freeman cites the rate of forcible and attempted rape for 1966, one of the first years for which police statistics are available: the rate was 60 per 100,000 females, twice as high as that of the U.S., and 20 times that of England. Further, he says, if the Samoan practice of *moetotolo* (surreptitious manual rape performed on sleeping females) is included, then the Western Samoan rate rises to 160 per 100,000 females annually. Though no one knows the exact rate of rape at the time of Mead's study, says Freeman, all she had to do to learn that rape was not "completely foreign" was read a local newspaper: the Samoa *Times* regularly reported rape cases during her stay in 1925-26.

Freeman portrays Mead as an unprepared innocent, under the sway of romantic visions about the South Seas. She arrived young and untested, with no experience in the field, no knowledge of the Samoan language and only half an hour's pep talk from her mentor, Anthropologist Franz Boas of Columbia University. In her nine-month stay, says Freeman, she never developed access to Samoan male groups, and cut herself off from much of the culture by living with an expatriate American family. After devoting ten weeks to the study of the Samoan language in Pago Pago, Mead went to her research site in Manu'a and began concentrating on her topic, adolescent girls, without first acquiring a nodding acquaintance with the general culture or adult informants. Mead studied only 68 girls. Most of her information came from the 25 who trooped each day for questioning into her office in an American infirmary.

Mead: she saw free love and no guilt

According to Freeman, Mead "greatly underestimated the complexity of the

culture" of Samoa, and overrated the kindly, polite manners called for in the society. "It is usual," says Freeman, "for Samoans to display an affable demeanor, which is, in reality, a defensive cover for their true feelings; to be, as they themselves put it, 'smooth on top but whirling beneath.'" Anthropologist Bradd Shore of Emory University in Atlanta also found much more than Mead did below the surface of Samoan life. Shore spent five years in Samoa and in 1982 published a book on Samoan social structure. "Samoans punish their children in ways that encourage pent-up aggression," Shore says. "Many beat children and infants to make them stop crying, and you watch the kids hold it in."

The strongest criticism of Mead, says Freeman, is that her falsifications of Samoan life were not accidents, but the result of imposing her ideology on the evidence. Says he: "It was her deeply convinced belief in the doctrine of extreme cultural determinism that led her to construct an account that appeared to substantiate this doctrine." As a protégé of Boas, then the most famous anthropologist in America, Mead was committed to the nurture side of the bitter nature *vs.* nurture debate of that period. On the nature side, holding that heredity molded behavior, were biological determinists ranging from evolutionists to eugenicists and overt racists. On the other side were environmentalists and cultural determinists led by Boas, who believed that humans are born as blank slates and shaped by their culture. The eugenicists, whose call for "better bloodlines" ultimately fed into Nazi racial theories, were firmly entrenched in U.S. and British universities between 1905 and 1930, and were funded by many respectable contributors, including John D. Rockefeller. Boas came to view his scholarship as a political and ideological struggle. Mead conceded that he "was always tailoring a piece of research to the exigencies of theoretical priorities."

The young Mead with the daughter of a Samoan chief

"I was alone, very slight and smaller than the girls."

One of the priorities was to attack the idea, then popular in Germany, that the turmoil of adolescence was a biological necessity and therefore universal. Boas assigned Mead, a Philadelphia-born Barnard graduate, the task of doing a field study among American Indians. Boas hoped that Mead would be able to show that adolescent upheaval was more cultural than biological. Mead borrowed $1,000 from her father, an economist at the University of Pennsylvania, and talked Boas into letting her do the work in Samoa. There she fulfilled Boas' hopes by coming up with a culture apparently free of adolescent stress. In an adulatory piece on Mead following her death, English Anthropologist Robin Fox quoted her as having said of Boas: "He told us what to look for and we went and found it."

Mead said it was "crazy" that on her first trip into the field, she should hit upon a culture that fitted Boasian doctrine so neatly. Such strokes of luck had a way of occurring regularly to protégés of Boas. In 1934 Columbia Anthropologist Ruth Benedict *(Patterns of Culture)* found three neatly categorized Indian cultures: one Dionysian, given to passion and frenzy; one Apollonian, featuring order and restrained emotion; and one in the middle. In New Guinea, Mead found the mild Arapesh, the fierce Mundugumor and, in the middle, the Tchambuli.

The idea of a book refuting Mead occurred to Freeman two years after he arrived in Samoa in 1940. He learned the language and passed a government examination in it, was adopted by a Samoan family and sat on a council of chiefs. Says he: "It began to dawn on me that the facts before my eyes and ears were significantly different from those in *Coming of Age.*"

World War II siphoned Freeman out of Samoa and into the New Zealand navy. After the war he studied for his doctorate in anthropology at Cambridge and did fieldwork among the Iban, a fierce Borneo tribe. In the '60s he focused again on Samoa, spending two years in London going through early missionary papers and other records. In 1964 Freeman met Mead in Canberra while she was attending a seminar at the Australian National University, where he taught. "I laid before her the empirical evidence, which even then was conclusive. She was bewildered and defensive. She didn't say, 'I must have been wrong,' or anything like that. Instead, she said, 'There must be some explanation for this, but I'm sure my account is correct.'" Another source says, "Freeman made her nervous. She was very good all her life at avoiding unpleasant situations." Later there was an exchange of letters, with Mead courteously saying that she looked forward to the results of Freeman's work.

Many anthropologists think it is a bit tawdry of Freeman to have waited almost 20 years, until Mead was dead, before publishing his book. Freeman's reply: It was not until 1981, when he gained access to American Samoan crime records, that he was ready to publish.

By reputation, Freeman is a difficult, almost obsessive man who inclines toward the nature side of the nature-nurture dispute; Freeman denies this. Says he: "The position I take is that both nature and nurture are always significantly present." He has spent more than six years in Samoa and owns a reputation as a sound researcher. "He's an extraordinarily careful scholar," says Douglas Oliver, a former Harvard anthropologist, now retired in Hawaii. "Among anthropologists, he's the world's greatest authority on Samoa." Author Jane Howard *(Families)*, who is writing a biography of Mead and has read an advance copy of Freeman's book, says, "Freeman's research is solid. It can't be ignored."

Anthropologist Shore calls Freeman "brilliant" and "surgical" in his attack on Mead, but says Freeman makes too much of ferocity and the cult of virginity among the Samoans. Says Shore: "Why people would believe Samoans could be as wimpy as Margaret Mead says they are, or as violent as Derek Freeman says they are, I just don't understand."

Like many U.S. sailors who stopped at Samoa after World War II, Shore thinks the cult of virginity on the islands is overestimated. Freeman derides Mead for saying that free sex and an insistence on virginity coexist in Samoan society. Writes Freeman: "Surely no human population could be so cognitively disoriented as to conduct their lives in such a schizophrenic way." But, Shore insists, that is exactly the way Samoans conduct their lives. "They are both sexually free and sexually restrained. Virginity is prized as an ideal and widely violated."

Shore cites one case where Freeman and Mead contradict each other, but are both right: Freeman in saying that children are raised to be competitive; Mead in saying they are raised to be noncompetitive by parents who express shame if their youngsters outstrip other children. Says Shore: "Samoans know perfectly well how to deal with this apparent contradiction, though it often puzzles outsiders."

Mead's Samoa work has been under occasional, muted attack for decades. One anthropologist in the '50s and another in the '60s reported trouble reconciling

Mead's benign view of Samoa with high rape statistics, social strife and evidence of harsh parenting. Mead replied in the final two paragraphs of the 1969 edition of the book *Social Organization of Manu'a:* either her 1925-26 visit happened to take place during a "temporary felicitous relaxation" of Samoan troubles, or she may have relied too heavily on her adolescent informants for a picture of the wider culture. "I was alone, very slight and smaller than the Samoan adolescent girls," she wrote. "My primary task was to get to know and understand adolescent girls." Her portrait of the culture, she added, was a "by-product, an extra dividend."

Freeman says, if anything, American Samoa was more turbulent than usual during the '20s, when a native movement arose against the American presence. Percy Cohen, a sociologist at the London School of Economics, raises a different point: the Samoans may have changed since Mead wrote. "Mead sometimes said these island people tended to change quickly," he says. Freeman rejects this theory: "I looked into this with great care and I see no evidence of it."

S.L. Washburn, professor emeritus of anthropology at Berkeley, recalls a controversy over Mead's work in New Guinea: "People say whatever tribe she studied made the point she wanted to make. Well, that's Margaret. Scientists knew that and subtracted for it, so to speak. She'd make world-shaking, worldwide generalizations from a very small number of people in odd conditions." Still, Washburn thinks Freeman should have pushed his book into print long ago, when Mead was still alive. "To publish it now, right after she died, is really unfair."

Anthropology is a subjective enterprise, with the observer drawing unity out of confusion by imposing patterns that are often arbitrary. Robert Redfield's 1930 study of Tepoztlán, Mexico, found warm, laid-back peasants. Oscar Lewis studied the same people in 1951, finding a culture in which murder, gossip and cheating were rampant. Early reports on African bushmen labeled them the "harmless people"; later research revealed a distinct aggressiveness. Bronislaw Malinowski, in a famous 1923 study of the Trobriand Islanders, found that the area's young boys grew up without an Oedipus complex, a refutation of one of Freud's presumed universals. But last year Anthropologist Melford Spiro, using Malinowski's own data, said Malinowski's conclusions were unwarranted.

One vexing problem is that some natives cheerfully tell fieldworkers whatever they want to hear. Says Zoologist Ernst Mayr, a friend of Mead's who thinks she may have been misled by Samoans: "Any leading question is always answered in the way it is thought it should lead. It is social politeness."

Another pitfall: many anthropologists cannot resist overdrawing points to add drama or illustrate a theory. Mead was notorious for this. Says Cohen: "Margaret Mead used to do very quick fieldwork, and in making comparisons between different tribal societies, she used to try her very best to draw sharp contrasts, with the result that some of her descriptions are highly idealized." Mead may have exaggerated the gentleness of the "gentle" Arapesh for purposes of contrast with the Mundugumor. Reo Fortune, the second of Mead's three husbands, apparently thought so. While estranged from Mead he tapped out a respectable paper on warfare among the Arapesh.

DRAWING BY HANDELSMAN. © 1970 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"You have no idea what a drag it is, living in this god-forsaken place, waiting for anthropologists to turn up."

In Mead's defense, Annette Weiner, who heads the anthropology department at New York University, points out that all anthropological scholarship involves a measure of reinterpretation. Says she: "If we expected something 60 years later to have the same validity, that would not be saying much for our discipline and for our ability to learn." Amherst Anthropologist Mary Catherine Bateson, 43, Mead's daughter, says *Coming of Age* "was written for a popular audience and was written responsibly and accurately." Maintains Jim Fernandez of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences at Palo Alto, Calif.: "None of this should deny the importance of her extensive body of work, which is much greater than the work in Samoa."

Coming of Age in Samoa, like much of Mead's work, attracted a wide audience for its implied critique of Western civilization. The book said, in effect: The West features fidelity, competition, overheated sexual arrangements, a tight nuclear family, guilt, stress and adolescent turmoil; yet here are alleged primitives leading graceful lives of cooperation, adolescent bliss, casual family ties and easy sex, all without any signs of guilt or neurosis.

The book made Mead a hero among scholars and nonscholars alike. Bertrand Russell and Havelock Ellis liked her findings on sex, marriage and child rearing and cited them often. Mead became the natural ally of those who promoted free education, relaxed sexual norms and green-light parenting intended to give American youngsters the trouble-free adolescence enjoyed in Samoa. Says Manhattan Psychologist Otto Klineberg: "She had a very definite influence in shaping public opinion, similar to that of Dr. Spock. Mead and Spock reduced the emphasis on the biological side of childhood and adolescence and changed the pattern of child rearing."

Even some of the minor ideas of *Coming of Age in Samoa* deeply penetrated American culture. Jealousy, Mead concluded, is not natural, just a social invention. This idea was adopted by the '60s counterculture and has come to rest in many sex manuals in the conclusion that sexual jealousy among males is just another way of treating females as property. Her finding that Samoan children grew up healthily with no strong attachment to parents helped revise popular thinking about the nuclear family. No anthropologist would be likely to suggest such a finding today, in the light of Konrad Lorenz's work on imprinting and John Bowlby's findings on attachment. Writes Freeman: "The primary bond between mother and child is very much a part of the biology of Samoans, as it is of all humans."

If Freeman is correct, Mead succeeded in swaying the minds of liberal educators and psychologists mostly by dramatic but mistaken references to primitive living. Will Mead's reputation survive? "I think so," says Sociologist Cohen. "She's already taken many hammerings on this before. Her popular reputation may be damaged, but I don't think in anthropology it will suffer." Perhaps so, but Mead's stature probably will depend on her later, more mature work. After Freeman's book, *Coming of Age in Samoa* may be increasingly regarded as a curious artifact from an ancient war. —*By John Leo.*
Reported by Joelle Attinger/Boston and John Dunn/Melbourne

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The Canon Snappy is a new kind of camera, created just for you. Snappy's got style, with a compact size and a handy shape that lets you take it with you wherever you go. To the beach, on vacation, anywhere your life-style leads you, Snappy fits right in.

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Go Southwest, Small College

Worried Midwestern schools prospect for students in new regions

The sell is soft, but the pitch is eager. William Shain of Macalester College in St. Paul brags about his school's Scottish festival. "You haven't lived till you've heard 150 bagpipes all playing together," he tells the group of high school students. To augment Macalester's appeal, he pulls out a picture of downtown Minneapolis and says, "You remember when Mary Tyler Moore tosses her hat over the city? That's where it goes." Spike Gummere of Lake Forest College, which is in a Chicago suburb, tells students that the city is close enough for easy access, but also lets their parents know that it is far enough away for safety. He assures one boy: "You can walk to the lake with your girlfriend at 11 o'clock at night." Karen Crowell of Knox College reminds prospects that Galesburg, Ill., is the birthplace of Poet Carl Sandburg and site of the fifth Lincoln-Douglas debate. She adds, "There are a lot of large Victorian homes and brick streets." Who can resist?

Nobody, hope the admissions officers from the Associated Colleges of the Midwest (A.C.M.), who were barnstorming for prospective applicants in the Southwest. Like small liberal arts colleges around the country, the 13 schools that form the A.C.M.* are worried about declining enrollments and are campaigning for candidates as never before. Nationwide, the number of students graduating from public high schools in June will drop 5.3% from last year and go down an additional 5% in 1984. The Midwest, with its high unemployment and declining population, is being hit particularly hard. In Minnesota, for instance, the pool of high school graduates is expected to decrease by at least 29% between 1979 and 1995. To make matters worse, the recession, student-aid cuts and rising costs (average tuition at A.C.M. colleges is $6,100, *vs.* $1,200 for state universities in their area) are inducing many students to apply to public rather than private schools. A growing number of high school seniors fear that a liberal arts education at a small college will not prepare them adequately for a career in business or the professions.

Facing these grim facts of life, all 13 A.C.M. colleges are eager to become better known in the growing Southwest. To save money and attract a bigger audience, they mounted a joint recruiting effort and made a recent four-day whirlwind tour of Denver, Albuquerque, Tucson and Phoenix.

*Beloit, Ripon and Lawrence University in Wisconsin; Grinnell, Coe and Cornell in Iowa; Carleton, St Olaf and Macalester in Minnesota; Lake Forest, Knox and Monmouth in Illinois, and Colorado College in Colorado

Talking to a group of guidance counselors in Phoenix, A.C.M. President Charles Neff set out to dispel some myths about his region. The Midwest is not dull. It is not flat. "We do have woods and lakes and rolling hills," he said. His jocularity did not mask his mission. Said one of the counselors: "Any time someone serves you Bloody Marys and screwdrivers at noon, you know they're serious." Neff anticipated questions with a barrage of statistics: 58% of A.C.M.'s graduates find full-time employment within a year after graduation, 25% are enrolled in graduate or professional schools, 60% of all freshmen received some financial aid last fall.

Carleton's Steele giving his sales pitch to high school pupils and parents in Tucson

Bagpipes, Victorian homes and hopes of finding a valedictorian around the corner.

Meeting students and parents, the A.C.M. recruiters set up individual booths to woo prospects. For five hours each afternoon, students and parents went from table to table. The recruiters even managed to turn the Midwest winter into a plus with slides that featured students ice skating and building snow sculptures on picturesque campuses. At Carleton College's display in Albuquerque, one girl stared with delight at a photo of the campus. "It's not like New Mexico at all," she said. "It's lovely." Added her mother: "Oh, go there, dear. I'll go too." In Denver, Lawrence's admissions director, David Busse, quickly learned that one interested high school student, Robert Castaneda, was a trumpet player who also liked math and computers. Busse immediately told Castaneda about Lawrence's music conservatory, pointing out how students can explore two interests at his college: "The first-chair violinist of our orchestra is a biology major." When Castaneda's father asked about the school's computer program, Busse extolled Lawrence's setup: "All our students can get their hands on a computer." After a long conversation, Dad walked away saying, "It sounds like a good college."

In Tucson, Carleton Admissions Director Dick Steele discovered that lanky Eric Schocket was a cross-country runner. Said Steele: "We have a brand-new, $250,000 all-weather track and a 450-acre arboretum that is laced with running and cross-country-skiing tracks." Eric was impressed but said he wanted to become an engineer. Steele suggested that he think about attending a small liberal arts school that also had a strong engineering program and mentioned Union College in Schenectady, N.Y. Eric was even more impressed. Said he later: "That's the first time I've heard a college admissions officer recommend another college."

Although the A.C.M. colleges compete with one another for students, the admissions officers were careful not to put down one another's schools. In Tucson, Cornell College's Peter Bryant told one student and his parents, "You couldn't go wrong with any of the colleges in this room." All the A.C.M. admissions officers are bound by a common cause: preserving good liberal arts colleges. At the end of the trip, after four open-house meetings with prospects in the four days, they tallied the number of visitors: 458 students and parents, up 190% from last year's more limited expedition. Things went so well that the Midwesterners decided to venture into Texas next year. "What keeps us going," says Macalester's Shain, speaking for the group, "is that we all keep hoping for the valedictorian around the next corner." —*By Ellie McGrath. Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago*

Culture in the Papal Manner

The Vatican comes to the Met, but was the journey necessary?

A sampling of 237 paintings, sculptures and other objects from the Vatican will open to the public at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art on Feb. 26. Previews have been running for weeks already. Later, "The Vatican Collections: The Papacy and Art" will travel to Chicago and San Francisco. It is the most expensive art exhibition ever put on in America. It cost $8 million to prepare, ship, insure and mount, and involved the largest single grant ever laid out by a corporate sponsor: $3 million from Philip Morris, which is to museums what Mobil and Exxon are to TV.

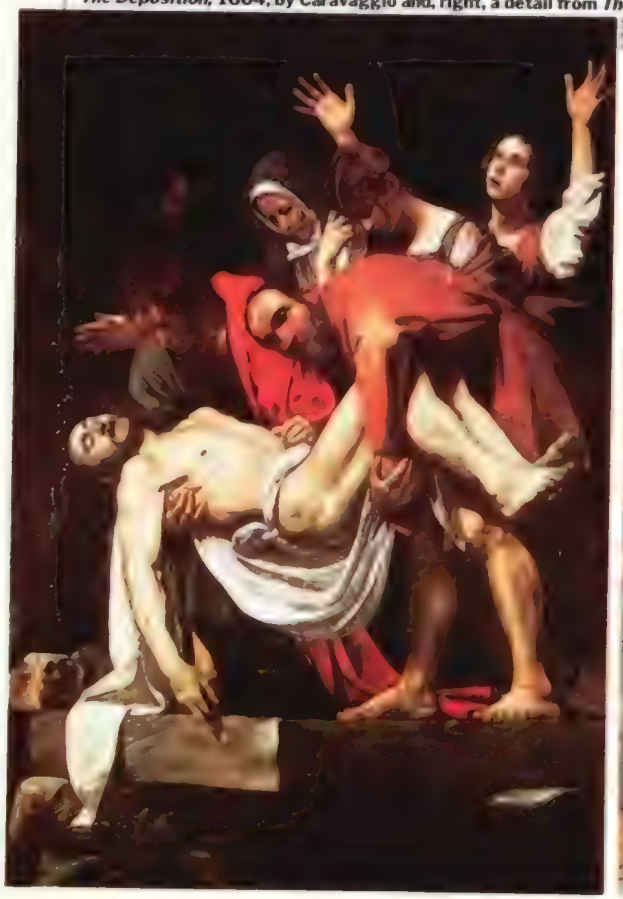
The exhibition's presence here has evoked anguished protest in Italy. Some of this is political (for in the wake of the Sindona and Calvi banking scandals, people are unsurprisingly skeptical of Vatican motives); but much of it comes from art historians of impeccable credentials, like the former mayor of Rome Giulio Carlo Argan, who holds that works like the *Belvedere Torso*, Caravaggio's *Deposition* and Leonardo's *St. Jerome*—all included in the exhibition—should not be exposed to the risks of travel, particularly for a show that has no scholarly purpose. But the Vatican does what it wants to do. It was determined to have an Event. If ever an exhibition was passively dedicated to the glamour of organized religion, this is it.

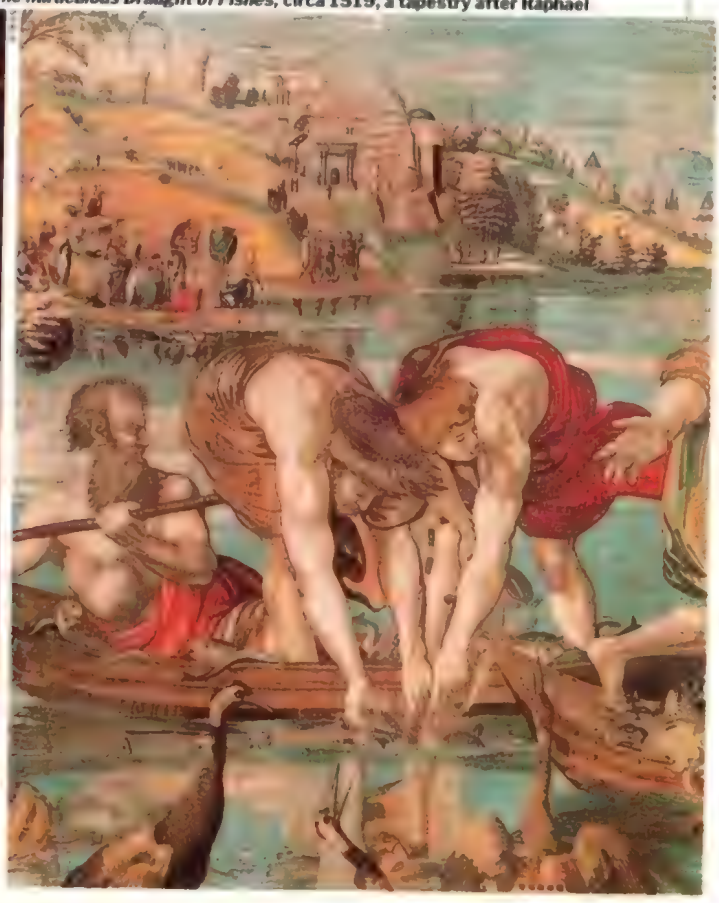
The exhibition comes to us with the *vox humana* stop full out. Its aim, the catalogue tells us, is to reflect the present Pope's will "to foster man's spiritual growth and aspirations to artistic greatness . . . to give our visitors joy in the appreciation of the creative spirit in man's nature that transcends his worldly ambitions." The bottom line of this fund-raising show is a little more concrete: the Met had to give the Vatican $580,000 for restoration work and 10% of catalogue sales, plus a cut on the replicas and souvenirs; the museum, in turn, gets 10% of the catalogue and all of the admission revenues from a hoped-for audience of 7,000 people a day, or 750,000 during the 3½-month New York run, at $4 a head. So far, the market in tickets has not been very brisk. Better one Egyptian boy-king, apparently, than any number of dead Popes.

The show tries to give an overview of papal commissioning and collecting. The papacy is, in fact, the world's oldest continuous art collector, and the history of its museums goes back to 1503, when Julius II set up a courtyard for connoisseurs, the Belvedere, stocked with a collection of antique statuary. Above its entrance was engraved a Vergilian tag, *"Procul este, profani,"* which freely translates as "Closed to non-experts." Turnstile tallies were not a concern of Renaissance Popes. In the past 1,500 years or so, the Vatican has amassed vast amounts of art in a way that has oscillated between the ravenous and the haphazard. There is a vague popular belief—which this show is careful not to disturb—that the Popes were always keen patrons of the best art of their time. It is quite untrue.

The high plateau of papal collecting and patronage came in the 16th and 17th centuries. It lasted from the pontificate of Julius II (1503-13)—who commissioned the frescoes in the *Stanze* from Raphael and the Sistine frescoes from Michelangelo—through the reign of Clement VIII (1592-1605). In those years the most vivid

***The Deposition*, 1604, by Caravaggio and, right, a detail from *The Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, circa 1519, a tapestry after Raphael**





Fra Angelico's *Meeting of St. Nicholas with the Emperor's Messenger*, 1437

and impressive aspects of papal taste came to their highest pitch, sometimes nearly bankrupting the papacy with the mania for the Antique, the demand for vast fresco cycles, fountains and pharaonic tombs, and the general love of lapis lazuli and gold.

This phase of patronage is represented in the show by some striking works: the Flemish tapestry of *The Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, designed by Raphael, all limpid air, august figures and delicious feats of natural observation; the huge and crushingly elaborate Farnese altar cross and candlesticks, finished in 1582 by Antonio Gentili; a sumptuous set of gold-ground vestments embroidered for Clement VIII; and some newly cleaned terra cotta studies by Bernini, along with his bronze portrait bust of his main patron, Urban VIII (1623-44), the man who did more than any other Pope to reshape the appearance of Rome (and who had all the nightingales in the Vatican gardens killed because their warbling disturbed his sleep).

In the 18th century the Popes began to lose their enthusiasm for live art, and the men who transformed painting in the 19th century—Delacroix, Courbet, Manet, Cézanne—excited not a flicker of interest in the Vatican. In the 20th century papal patronage guttered out, except for a few ornamental mediocrities like Giacomo Manzù's door for St. Peter's. Modern Popes disliked modern art because they associated it with liberalism. Eventually the problem vanished: John Paul II would learn to use television as his predecessors had used fresco.

Just how complete the break now is between the papacy and art may be judged from the roomful of uncomfortably "religious" paintings by André Derain, Graham Sutherland and Ben Shahn, enlivened only by a Matisse design for a large stained-glass window that gives the exhibition its feeble coda. Owing in part to the zeal of an association called the Friends of American Art in Religion, run by an art dealer named Lawrence Fleischman under the benign presidency of Terence Cardinal Cooke, masses of otherwise unsalable modern religious art have been decanted into the Vatican since the late '60s. The result, the *Collezione d'Arte Religiosa Moderna*, amounts to something between a pork barrel and a junk pile.

So although the adjective *papal* casts an aura over any noun it touches, and is one of the favorite words of cultural coercion in the Midcult lexicon (like *masterpiece* and *treasure*), one should use it with reserve. The papacy may be infallible in dogma, but not in taste. And although the exhibition claims to show us in detail just what the changing relations of the Popes to art were, it does not deliver the goods. It contains only routine information and no fresh ideas about the liturgical, propagandist, doctrinal and decorative purposes of Vatican collecting, or the effect of that collecting on taste.

Instead, it sets out to drench the visitor in lulling, disconnected experiences. The installation, designed by Stuart Silver, compounds this by fixing every small object, from a champlevé enamel to an ivory plaque, in its own shaft of light to punch up its "star quality," its isolation. Hence everything looks as though it were for sale. The problem is not an absence of remarkable works. Some are there, although to the unhyped eye, the general level could easily be matched or excelled by the Met's own collections. Rather it is the shortage of connective tissue. What we see is an array of samples but not an exhibition.

Given the need to pull in a mass audience, what kind of works do you choose? The answer is fairly obvious: revered emblems, things so famous (like the *Apollo Belvedere*) or so opulent (like the Farnese altar setting) that everyone will want to see them regardless of context. The rule for telling a Masterpiece from a Treasure is that Treasures have gold in them and Masterpieces do not. However, most Vatican art in the Masterpiece category is fresco, and nobody is lunatic enough (so far) to detach Raphael's *School of Athens* and fly it across the Atlantic. Indeed, the unrivaled magnificence of the Vatican's ensembles of High Renaissance architecture and fresco may have compounded the weakness of its congregation of paintings.

The *Apollo Belvedere*, circa A.D. 130

The collection of the Vatican's museum of paintings, the Pinacoteca, is generally dull, with some things of high interest and perhaps ten of real greatness. Paramount among these is Caravaggio's *Deposition*, which represents the 17th century master at his fullest stretch. Cleaned at last, with all manner of detail freshly visible—marble grain in the tomb slab, traces of landscape in the darkness behind—it is the centerpiece of the Vatican show and would be worth coming from Rome to see. With its flickering quadrant of hands and mourning faces slowly turning, like spokes, on the hub of Nicodemus' knee as he lowers the pallid body of the dead Christ into darkness, the canvas is at once gravely schematic and affectingly real, one of the most sustained and eloquent lamentations in Western art.

Then there is the Leonardo *St. Jerome*—the grubby wreck of an unfinished painting, but still a piercing study in the pathos of old age. There is a dark, solid Magdalen by Guercino, dense as a marble relief but much sexier; a good Sassetta; an opulent Veronese; a few minor paintings by major names, such as the predella of Raphael's Oddi altarpiece. Most delightful of all, the Vatican has sent two sets of panels depicting the legend of St. Nicholas of Bari, by Gentile da Fabriano and Fra Angelico. They offer, in capsule form, the most limpid plea-

sures of the early *quattrocento*, with its vernal freshness of pictorial impulse and enthusiasm about the new-found powers of perspective.

The center of gravity of the Vatican collections, apart from fresco, is antique sculpture. The papacy had no trouble collecting it; it lay in the Roman earth like raisins in a cake. At the tip of the Vatican's immense archaeological collection are three masculine sculptures which up to a century ago exerted tremendous influence on the history of style and were considered to be the supreme survivors of antiquity: the *Laocoön*, the *Belvedere Torso* and the *Apollo Belvedere*. By the 18th century their cult had become so intense that they were seen as the tripod on which Western art stood. They were taken to embody the fundamental modes of feeling in sculpture—the *Apollo* calm grace, the *Torso* a smoldering, heroic inward strength, the *Laocoön* pathetic energy. The *Torso* and the *Apollo* have now come to America, but what a modern audience will see in them, particularly in the *Apollo*, is less certain. Greco-Roman marbles, even if they were once more famous than the *Mona Lisa* and more visited than the Sistine, suffer because the continuity of classical tradition, on which their meaning depended, is now lost.

Inevitably, one thinks of the *Apollo* as a statue rather than a sculpture. Lofted on its pedestal, scrubbed to the purest funereal whiteness by the Vatican's conservators, stripped of its old restorations and bathed in pinkish light, it is quite a spectacle; one can even walk round it and gaze on the god's bare backside, invisible in its niche in the Belvedere.

It is not true, as the catalogue says, that this late Roman copy of a lost 4th century Greek bronze "embodies the Apollonian ideal of the Greeks." Rather it distantly reflects that ideal, just as a copy after Donatello made 450 years later by a Victorian sculptor in London might say something, but not a lot, about the Renaissance figure. What is certain, however, is that connoisseurs 200 years ago *thought* it was the archetype of Apollonian form. And by the 1840s the *Apollo* was more than a myth: it was part of the standard furniture of the "genteel" mind.

Naturally this killed it in the end. Nothing could be further from modern sculptural taste than the *Apollo*. It is a cliché, as the *Torso* or the Elgin Marbles, in their far greater expressive vitality, are not. Before the *Torso*, one can readily see why Michelangelo and Rubens found inspiration in its twisting bulk and knots of somber muscle. It is the deepest object in the show, as the Caravaggio is the deepest painting. There are some other stone celebrities—notably the *Augustus of Prima Porta*, one of the canonical images of Roman authority—but one may think that the most affecting antique sculpture here, after the *Torso*, is an effigy of a Roman and his wife made around 25 B.C. It is exquisitely carved and, in its gravely restrained embodiment of love and trust, a striking portrait.

What, in the end, is one to make of this show? The problem is to decide the grounds for judgment, since it is so frank about its "populist" aims. Met Director Philippe de Montebello makes no bones about this. "The prime moving purpose of the assembly of these works," he says, "is not to make a contribution to scholarship. We have tried to make a distillation, to save the public exhaustion. How many late Roman family portrait busts do most people want to see?" Fair enough, but to lug (for instance) tons of Egyptian sculpture from the Vatican to the Met, whose own Egyptian collection is one of the

The *Belvedere Torso*, 1st century B.C.
Knots to inspire Michelangelo.

wonders of museology, is not distillation but excess. The Met insists that the sole aim of the show is aesthetic pleasure for a wide public. "Is the ultimate purpose of a work of art to advance art history or delight the eye?" De Montebello asks. "Art history is secondary to aesthetic delectation. We do not exist for scholars alone." True again—up to a point. But the issue here is not why works of art exist, but why exhibitions do.

An exhibition is an argument: it is art plus thought. It means sorting, ordering, categorizing, imagining, combining—the whole process of cultural criticism and understanding to which museums must address themselves if they are not to be mere storehouses. A collection shows us art, but an exhibition tries to make sense of the sight. Or else, as here, it fails to; at which point the press is filled with obnubilatory chants about Masterpieces and Treasures, the organizers start talking about self-sufficient aesthetic pleasure, and the Met's well-wishers start wondering uncomfortably whether it was really such a good idea after all.

For a big, black question mark hangs over this show. Old art cannot go anywhere by boat or train (too much jarring); to travel at all, it must fly, and nothing survives a plane crash. To take the nightmare by the ears, suppose the Caravaggio *Deposition* ends up distributed, in a thousand charred shreds, across a Midwestern wheat field. What then? It would put an end to international loans of major works of art, and the exhibition programs of all museums (though not necessarily art scholarship itself) would be halted or hobbled for a generation.

All loans risk damage; it is one of the *données* of museum practice, and the Met has been scrupulously vigilant in its precautions. But one must balance out the benefits against the risks. How necessary, really, is the Vatican show, apart from fund raising? It is a queer fantasy of American education that some good must come of flying works of art, some irreplaceable and others mediocre, 13,000 miles at some risk so that a million curious people can look at them for about two minutes each, under coercively promotional conditions. Such brief and zipless encounters are thought to be beneficial for the public, like fluoride. If museums were not strapped for cash they would drop this hypocrisy at once. Anyone who wants to learn about art can spend years in the Met without exhausting its resources, and many thousands do.

Historically important works of art have always traveled, and many have been lost to history in the process. But it is time to abandon the primitive reasons for sending them round the world—political display, promotion, show biz—and move them only if their presence in another country is likely to make a real difference to historical understanding.

Nobody seeks to abolish the exchanges for serious surveys, definitive retrospectives and similar events. How one would like to see the *Deposition* as the climax of a Caravaggio retrospective, or the *Apollo Belvedere* as the focus of a show that intelligently explored the workings of the neoclassical ideal! But it is time for the international museum community to give a lot more thought to which journeys are really necessary, which shows justify great loans, and which ones are merely totemic.

Otherwise we will have governments cynically dispatching their national treasures all over the world, like greeting cards. France sent the *Mona Lisa* to Japan; Los Angeles is asking Italy for the Riace bronzes to promote the 1984 Olympics. "We must have the courage," declared the former Italian Minister for Arts and the Environment Vincenzo Scotti in a speech in New York last November, "to send our most precious masterpieces out of the country." It would be better to pray for the divine gift of cowardice and fly the audience to Italy instead.

—*By Robert Hughes*

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Cinema

A star and his shadow: Lewis feeds De Niro's fantasy in *The King of Comedy*

Beyond the Fringe of Fandom

THE KING OF COMEDY
Directed by Martin Scorsese; Screenplay by Paul D. Zimmerman

Rupert Pupkin is neat; his three-piece suit is so sharply pressed you could cut your hand on a crease. Rupert Pupkin is agreeable; encountering the boyish befuddlement with which he sometimes camouflages his essentially persistent, not to say obsessive, nature, frosty receptionists melt down to disarmed motherliness—even though he never has an appointment. Rupert Pupkin is helpful; he will give you his latest and best joke, run errands for you, even come bravely to your rescue in a life-threatening situation. In short, Rupert Pupkin is a national menace.

Especially to the celebrated. For Rupert is representative of a new and terrible type, the beamy-faced lunatic who transcends the traditional boundaries of fandom in two frightening ways. Thanks mainly to television and the pseudo intimacy with the famous that it allows, psychopaths like Rupert begin to think that their intense feelings for the people they so admiringly study must be reciprocated as soon as the star gets to know them. They are always amazed, and dangerously affronted, when all the psychic energy they have invested in their passion is rewarded not by a long-lost brother's embrace but by a quick call for the security guards. Beyond that, in these fans the impulse to idolize is often transformed into a need to emulate, literally to stand in the famous person's Guccis, even if that means ripping him right out of them.

In *The King of Comedy* Rupert not only wants to be Jerry Langford's pal, he wants the nation's leading talk-show host to give him his big break, let him do on the air the stand-up routine he has been polishing these many months in his Hoboken basement. To these ends he stalks Jerry not as an assassin, but as a nudge and a nerd. The two characters are wonderfully contrasted. Robert De Niro's Rupert has a cheerfully deranged imperviousness to traditional class distinctions and psychological boundary lines that makes you laugh even as it makes you cringe for him. As the object of his desire, Jerry Lewis gives a shrewdly disciplined performance; he has been around, and he knows exactly how to play a star. As Langford, he mimes warmth perfectly until you notice the deadness in the eyes, betraying the veteran public figure's inability to perceive any reality, even a menacing one, that exists outside his own ego. There is one scene, in which Rupert arrives uninvited to spend a weekend at Jerry's country place, that is as good as anything to be found in a modern comedy of ill-manners. For the intruder is more at ease, less guilty, than the intruded upon, who must finally dimly recognize that his privilege is based on the exploitation of a national lunacy Rupert personifies.

Paul Zimmerman's script is full of that kind of fine, mad logic, and Scorsese's edgy style, nervous and bright, fits the subject perfectly. By the time Rupert kidnaps Jerry, demanding air time for his monologue, and making everyone believe that death is his downside, the movie is irresistible, though a crude coda, which makes explicit the social criticism long since implied, is eminently resistible. But if it blunts it cannot spoil a film that will itch on the memory. —*By Richard Schickel*

High Anxiety

WITHOUT A TRACE
Directed by Stanley R. Jaffe
Screenplay by Beth Gutcheon

Some tabloid headlines find the most vulnerable part of the civilized soul. MISSING FLORIDA BOY FOUND DEAD AFTER LONG SEARCH. CALIFORNIA MAN SURRENDERS KIDNAPED BOY AFTER 7 YEARS. The tragedy of the kidnaped child is society's meanest joke on the fussy optimism of parents. *Without a Trace*, loosely based on the disappearance of six-year-old Etan Patz from a SoHo street in 1979, is an earnest, fatally muddled attempt to dramatize this dilemma. A boy is missing; his mother (Kate Nelligan) and father (David Dukes) wait and wait, not daring to despair; a sympathetic detective (Judd Hirsch) trudges after tantalizing leads; a kind of life goes on.

Kate Nelligan portrays Susan as a superior woman locked in the palace tower of her awful loneliness. Her performance is a little essay on exalted anxiety: allowing her suppressed anger to explode in a girlish squeal, semaphoring fear in a flash of the eyes, ragging her estranged husband for not feeling pain as exquisitely as she does. But there are some moments no one could bring to life. Who could infuse dramatic tension into the leisurely reading of a newspaper? What actress could bring off that old Oscar-cadging ploy, the sudden quiet hysterics in a bubble bath?

To dramatize compellingly the parents' response to a kidnaping demands more cinematic ingenuity than is shown here. For all its good intentions, *Without a Trace* exploits a subject it means to understand, and, by its bathetic end, becomes what it means to denounce: a species of liberal kiddie porn. —*By Richard Corliss*

Kate Nelligan in *Without a Trace*
Locked in a tower of loneliness.

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Crime and Craftsmanship

THE DETLING SECRET *by Julian Symons; Viking; 225 pages; $14.75*
THE TIGERS OF SUBTOPIA *by Julian Symons; Viking; 221 pages; $14.75*

English Author Julian Symons, 70, has been putting together intricately crafted and plotted novels for roughly four decades, earning along the way more respect from peers than public fame. His history of detective fiction *(Bloody Murder)* and biographies of Poe and Dickens, among others, have won scholarly tribute. Just last year he was named a Grand Master of the Mystery Writers of America, an honor shared by only three other compatriots: Graham Greene, Eric Ambler and Daphne du Maurier. Symons' name is not so well known as theirs, but like them he can invest a plot with significance beyond its conclusion. Symons has never approached the fame of Agatha Christie, whom he succeeded in 1976 as president of Britain's Detection Club. Yet he may now be on the brink of solving the mystery of his comparative obscurity. At an age when most writers are, to put it gently, no longer productive, he is overseeing the publication of two new books on the same day. Taken together, they may prove a case to a wider array of jurors: Symons is far more than a maker of puzzles; he is a master of moral conundrums.

THOMAS VICOR

Julian Symons: a master of moral conundrums

Exhibit No. 1 is *The Detling Secret*, a novel molded into the shape of the classic whodunit. The setting is England, the time the 1890s. Sir Arthur Detling is a crusty old Tory, holder of "one of the most ancient baronetcies in the land." Among the burdens Sir Arthur must bear is his older daughter Dolly's determination to marry Bernard Ross, a Liberal M.P. with a mysterious past: although born in England, he spent part of his childhood in the U.S. Sir Arthur disapproves of his new son-in-law and of Parliament, which he calls "the talking shop." He is further nettled by his son's marriage to the daughter of a financier, whose occupation Sir Arthur views as "almost as low as being in trade." The old man also rails at the spread of public education and the rumor that some London clubs are using billiard balls composed not exclusively of ivory.

While artfully setting up such comic relief and the mysteries to follow, Symons provides panoramic background. The question of Irish Home Rule charges the atmosphere. Prime Minister William Gladstone tries vainly to keep Parliament in session until it wears down and disposes of the Irish problem. Meanwhile, militant Irish congregate in London to plot bombings and other extralegal redresses. A delegation of three calls on Ross; people in his circle begin wondering where the young M.P.'s loyalties lie. Symons also conducts a guided tour of London's *fin de siècle* bohemia, where the names conjured with include Whistler, Turner and Beardsley. Oscar Wilde drops in on a party and charms everyone he greets.

When the first body appears, the event is almost disappointing, since so many other interesting plots have been set in motion. Symons anticipates this problem and shows how everything must converge in the murder. Then he tops himself with a second, this one occurring within the time-honored no-exit confines of a British country house. When the killer is unmasked, Symons still has enough ingenuity in reserve to put some reverse English on the disposition of the discovery.

"I have come tonight to plead for romance in the world of crime, for the locked room murder . . ." Thus the hero of one of the eleven stories in *The Tigers of Subtopia* addresses a club of criminologists in London. As it happens, Oliver Glass is starring in a West End production of one of his own detective plays. He is simultaneously planning the perfect crime in real life: the murder of his wife, to be accomplished during a brief intermission. Everyone in the theater will believe he is confined onstage, awaiting the next curtain. A perfect crime does indeed take place, but Glass is not its architect.

Such a reversal is typical of the stories in this collection, which owe as much to the tradition of O. Henry as to that of Conan Doyle. First Symons reveals a talent for the irresistible opening sentence: "There was a good deal of argument about the justice of the verdict when Evelyn Ellis was found guilty but insane." Or: "Caroline Amesbury had been married for three years before she had her first walk out with a man." Once this pace has been established, Symons races through plot complications (the old revolver stored safely in a drawer, an incriminating letter to a spouse accidentally opened and read) toward conclusions that upset the best-laid plans.

Unlike *The Detling Secret*, these stories are set in the present, most often in snug English suburban neighborhoods that Symons infuses with malevolence. There is the Oasis, which is supposed to protect its residents from hooliganism and does not. When four flabby businessmen turn vigilante, their neighborhood becomes unsafe not just for them but from them. In *The Murderer*, a married couple live in a house called Mon Repos: "It was one in a short road of exactly similar houses, all of which had names, names which included Eagle's Nest, Chez Nous, Everest and Happy Landings." In the world as Symons describes it, nothing seems more natural than that people who dwell in such places should go extravagantly bananas.

Two such vigorous books from a writer 70 years old pose a mystery: Where does Symons find the energy and inspiration? Since the achievement is not a crime, Symons does not try to solve it. As it has been doing for as long as most readers can remember, his work speaks for itself.

—*By Paul Gray*

Excerpt

"Robin Edgley, he said, retired director of a firm manufacturing fan ventilators, you are reaching out for happiness, and there is only one way to obtain it. Make up your mind to that. But what you are about to do is crazy, another part of himself said; you are thinking of forever but she is thinking of today and tomorrow and perhaps next year. And not only is it crazy but it is wrong, opposed to all the instincts you have lived by since youth. How can you imagine that after doing wrong you will be happy? What does that matter, the first voice said . . ."

—*The Tigers of Subtopia*

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Issued by the Department of the Treasury,
United States Mint

Preliminary coin designs shown are subject to modification

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Olympic Coin Specifications— 1983 and 1984 Silver Coins:
Proof condition • 900 fine • One dollar denomination • 1 50 inch diameter (38 10 mm) • U S silver dollar size • 0 86 troy oz in weight (26 73 g)—0 77 troy oz silver (24 06 g) and 0 09 troy oz copper (2 67 g)—traditional content for U S Silver Coinage

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136C

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Silver Coin $58 00
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One 1983 and one 1984
Silver Coin plus one
1984 Gold Coin $410 00
I wish to order _____ (# of sets) @ $410 00 = $_____

First set $2 00 Postage & Handling $2 00

Each additional set $1 00 Postage & Handling _____

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Enclosed is my check ☐ or money order ☐, payable to Bureau of the Mint

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God's Fool

THE OUTLINE OF SANITY
by Alzina Stone Dale
Eerdmans; 354 pages; $18.95

Decades ago, a controversial novel stirred England and America. Its action took place in 1984, and its theme was the encroachments of a future authoritarian state. The book was *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, written in 1904, when George Orwell was an infant. The author was Gilbert Keith Chesterton, a man perpetually in advance of, and behind, his time.

As Chicago Biographer Alzina Stone Dale indicates in her spirited biography, Chesterton doted on paradox. The lover of tradition was a radical populist; the Falstaffian clown was a deeply committed intellectual; the friend of such freethinkers as George Bernard Shaw and H.G. Wells converted to Roman Catholicism at 48, and thereafter engaged in eloquent public debates with his colleagues.

From the start he seemed to be writing with five pens in hand: verse, stories, novels, biographies, essays issued forth as from a publishing house. The son of a London real estate agent was famous at 30, striding through the town like a caricature, a voluminous caped figure, swinging a sword cane and spouting epigrams: "Silence is the unbearable repartee"; "All men are ordinary men; the extraordinary men are those who know it"; "The world will never starve for wonders; but only for want of wonder."

G.K. Chesterton

But prolificacy exacts a price; in Chesterton's case it was an excess of surface and a lack of consistency. At his death in 1936 he was called a master without a masterpiece, and his value rapidly diminished. If the writer's celebrity was disproportionate, so has been his recent neglect. *The Outline of Sanity* seeks to correct the imbalance.

Chesterton was happiest in an arena he never really left: the nursery. The happy child turned into a neurotic adolescent haunted by unspecified guilts. He could only assuage them with religion. "Dogma," he was to conclude, "does not mean the absence of thought, but the end of thought." The childless man endlessly tried to recapture a youthful sense of wonder; almost all his works blink out at the world as if they were seeing it for the first time. Yet when he could tear himself away from toy theaters and critiques about "The Ethics of Elfland," he could toss off mature, insightful analyses of Browning and Dickens, marred primarily by their inaccurate quotes (he was too lazy to look up the original passages).

To support himself and his wife, and to pay off the debts of his brother Cecil, who died young, Chesterton contracted for more newspaper and magazine assignments than he could decently fulfill. But even a breakdown at age 40 could not slow him. In self-defense he lauded the ephemeral: "The daily paper is more im-

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portant [than books] because citizenship must be more important than art.' Dale praises this attitude: after all, "Wells, Shaw, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy—all saw themselves involved with and influencing events." But those men attempted, with whatever ludicrous results, to reach far into the future. Chesterton's ideas were rooted in the past. He espoused "Distributism," a warm-hearted and thoroughly impractical program that recalled the days of yeomanry, when every man had three acres and a cow. "To say we must have Socialism or Capitalism," he protested, "is like saying we must choose between all men going into monasteries and a few men having harems."

It was not until the appearance of the Father Brown mysteries in the early '20s that readers discerned, in his vast output, a sense of the author's bedrock beliefs. The tales followed a bumbling, intuitive priest who understood evil more profoundly than any policeman. Chesterton said he based the character on the qualities he found in a real priest, Father John O'Connor, but Brown was, in fact, an idealized projection of his creator.

Chesterton came to regard life as a moral melodrama. In it he appropriated the role of God's Fool. Sometimes his undertone was jovial: "And Noah he often said to his wife when he sat down to dine/ 'I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine.' " When he spoke disdainfully about preferring "the Jew who is revolutionary to the Jew who is a plutocrat," the result was not so felicitous. Dale never averts her eye from these occasions, but she manages to find a rationale for every lapse, from deliberate naiveté to the production of potboilers. Alas, there is something to be said for Ezra Pound's annoyance with Chesterton for "*never* taking a hedge straight . . dodging behind clumsy fun."

Yet not all the fun was clumsy. Examining Chesterton's fiction, Jorge Luis Borges praised "one of the finest writers of our time," possessed with "fortunate invention . . . visual imagination and rhetorical virtues." Lionel Trilling maintained that Chesterton was "a far greater critic than his present reputation might suggest." And W.H. Auden could not think of "a single comic poem that is not a triumphant success."

According to Dale, Chesterton published 78 books. Not all are fine or triumphant, and far more than half are forgotten. But that is no reason for regret. As Father Andrew Greeley, the sociologist and pop novelist, comments, "In *Books in Print* I found nine volumes of H.G. Wells and eleven volumes of G.B. Shaw . . . for Chesterton the list goes up to more than thirty. With thirty volumes listed, who needs a 'revival'?" If one ever becomes necessary, *The Outline of Sanity* is the place to begin. —**By Stefan Kanfer**

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. 2010 Odyssey Two, *Clarke* (*1 last week*)
2. Space, *Michener* (*3*)
3. Master of the Game, *Sheldon* (*2*)
4. Mistral's Daughter, *Krantz* (*4*)
5. The Valley of Horses, *Auel* (*5*)
6. E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial Storybook, *Kotzwinkle* (*10*)
7. Foundation's Edge, *Asimov* (*6*)
8. Floating Dragon, *Straub*
9. Life, the Universe and Everything, *Adams* (*7*)
10. The Fall of Freddie the Leaf, *Buscaglia* (*8*)

NONFICTION

1. Jane Fonda's Workout Book, *Fonda* (*1*)
2. Megatrends, *Naisbitt* (*2*)
3. The One Minute Manager, *Blanchard and Johnson* (*5*)
4. In Search of Excellence, *Peters and Waterman* (*3*)
5. Living, Loving and Learning, *Buscaglia* (*6*)
6. The Secret Kingdom, *Robertson* (*4*)
7. And More by Andy Rooney, *Rooney* (*9*)
8. Weight Watchers Food Plan Diet Cookbook, *Nidetch*
9. Having It All, *Brown* (*10*)
10. Jane Fonda's Workout Book for Pregnancy, Birth and Recovery, *DeLyser*

Computed by TIME from more than 1,000 participating bookstores

The Smiler with a Knife

Pop's premier satirist draws a sharp bead on lotus land

"Well," said Randy Newman, right on time for a party in Santa Monica, "when do all the other bores get here?"

Any time now. And they may even walk in whistling a Randy Newman tune. Not one of those devastating early songs like *Davy the Fat Boy* or *Vine St.* or even *Sail Away*. More likely they will be puckering their lips around one of the novelty numbers of comparatively recent vintage, like *Short People*. (Remember "Short people got no reason to live"?) Says the composer, who will have scarfed up the cocktail peanuts by this time and will likely be heading for home: "That song was a joke. It's about someone who is insane. Nobody harbors that kind of animus toward short people." Then, typically, he adds the cruncher: "Except I do now."

So much for the world's bigots and half-pints, whose hash has been temporarily settled by the quirkiest, most implacable satiric sensibility in American pop. They may join the ragtag list of victims, victimizers, unanointed antiheroes and assorted foul balls about whom Newman has sung with stinging wit and unexpected compassion. Newman, 39, exults in playing musically the same role he has picked for himself socially: the perennial sourpuss at the party, over in the corner, casing the room and making nasty cracks about the other guests. On his new album, *Trouble in Paradise* (Warner Bros.), he has no equal at the underhanded parry and the thrust that kills. The smiler with a knife, making some of our best music from over there in the corner.

"My wife and I eat fast, we go to places early, we leave early," Newman reflected recently. "I hate wine. I don't like people who like it. I don't drink. I don't know how to live. There is no ease in me." For that last, the thanks of a grateful nation. *Trouble in Paradise* is a series of twelve interrelated songs set within the balmy regions of superficial ease where disaster keeps bobbing to the surface like a corpse in a reflecting pool. *I Love L.A.*, which opens the record, is a mock-heroic epic of the sun-kissed glories of Southern California, mixing conventional imagery of Beach Boys serenades and fast rides in convertibles with darker asides about "a big nasty redhead" and a bum "down on his knees." Like the other keynote songs on the record—*Christmas in Capetown, Miami—I Love L.A.* turns the topography of tourist cliché into a nightmare landscape on which the sun never sets.

The narrators of these songs are scared racists, displaced lunkheads, pseudo celebrities or pitiful nonentities blinded by the artificial radiance of undeflected ego. In *My Life Is Good*, Newman slings an arm over the shoulder of his "very good friend . . . Mr. Bruce Springsteen." In *Take Me Back*, a lively rave-up propelled by a roadhouse-style Farfisa organ, he chronicles how a life of early promise guttered and ended "by this dirty old airport/ In this greasy little shack." Randy Newman may live far from that kind of address—in Santa Monica, Calif., in fact, with a wife and three sons—but his imagination still dwells in the long shadows. Says his brother Alan: "Randy looks at the world from the underside."

EMERSON... SINGER SONGWRITER

Maestro Newman hard at work: "I never sit down to play for fun"

Turning the topography of tourist cliché into nightmare.

Looking and listening were always something of a problem for Newman. He grew up comfortably in Southern California, in the midst of much music. His uncles Lionel, Emil and Alfred formed a triumvirate of movie composer-conductors, whose august company Newman joined with his excellent score for *Ragtime* in 1981. His father, a highly regarded internist, once wrote a song that Bing Crosby recorded. At three, little Randy could identify the symphonies of Beethoven ("A comedown from Mozart," he observes glumly, "who could play music at that age"). Soon after, his parents installed an upright piano in his room. "I didn't know what the goddam thing was," he recalls. "It was like I was supposed to write a sonata or something. Maybe that's why music has always been just a job to me. I never sit down to play for fun."

Plagued by cross-eyes, now largely corrected, and double vision, which still troubles him, Randy had some difficult early times. His father remembers his son once walking into school backward so his classmates would not notice his eyes. "It wasn't a great big deal," Randy says now, "but it was a little tough. I know it was a long time before I could look people in the face. I mean, my eyes look all right to you, don't they? I don't think they had anything to do with my songwriting. I don't know. I wouldn't want to admit to it."

As a high school student, Newman handed in his math homework scribbled on brown-paper lunch bags. He had already started to buy rhythm-and-blues records and play games of arranger-producer with his pal Lenny Waronker, who eventually became co-producer of Newman's albums. Waronker's father founded a record company, Liberty, with which Newman landed a songwriting contract when he was all of 17. At 24 he released his first album, which set the Newman style: odd lyrics, inventive orchestrations, vocals like a blues singer on novocaine, and a rolling piano technique that sounded like a shotgun marriage of Hoagy Carmichael and Fats Domino. It also established the Newman sales curve: rave reviews and wobbly revenues.

Short People, his first major commercial success, seemed to signal that Newman was turning from the bold directions of *Sail Away* and *Good Old Boys*, his concept album about the redneck South, toward the easier, more insinuating comedy of a Tom Lehrer. *Trouble in Paradise* corrects the course. Lavishly produced and orchestrated, with a host of highly commercial guest stars chipping in their platinum vocal talents (including Don Henley, Rickie Lee Jones, Bob Seger, Linda Ronstadt, two members of Fleetwood Mac and Paul Simon, who good-naturedly joins in his own self-demolition on a piece called *The Blues*), *Trouble in Paradise* challenges and surprises as no other recent record has. Go ahead, risk it. Invite Randy Newman to the party. He may leave early, but at least he won't walk in backward. —*By Jay Cocks. Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles*

Theater

Black and Blue

Ordeals of utter agony

"Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere," Martin Luther King Jr. wrote in a letter from a Birmingham jail exactly two decades ago. In that same letter, he also wrote, "Unearned suffering is redemptive."

Two off-Broadway plays, *Poppie Nongena*, by Sandra Kotze and Elsa Joubert, and *Do Lord Remember Me*, by James deJongh, amplify King's insights and offer further proof that the human spirit is perdurable in resisting, actively or passively, any force that tries to crush it.

Poppie Nongena, which originally appeared as a novel by Joubert (herself a white), is based on the true story of a black South African woman. It is retold in song, dance and narrative and seems to seal an audience under a black skin with corresponding emotions. Poppie (Thuli Dumakude) endures the trials and manifest inhumanity of apartheid with a tragic valor. The first view of Poppie shows a young girl living with her mother and grandmother, both played by Sophie Mgcina, who also composed the limpid and arresting music.

At 16 Poppie marries and moves in with her husband's people on the outskirts of Cape Town. There they are set upon by South Africa's cruel catch-22, the pass. Without a pass, one cannot get a job; without a job, one cannot get a pass. When her husband (Selaelo Maredi) dies of TB, Poppie presses on, a desolate yet noble soul.

MARTHA HOLMES

Frances Foster

Do Lord Remember Me is a remembrance of evil things past recalled from W.P.A. '30s interviews with old ex-slaves. Some of the revelations possess a stark and simple poignance: "Praise God, my little son has gone to Jesus. Dat's one chile you ain't never gonna sell." Whippings and slave auctions abound; a woman of 86 (Frances Foster) recalls how, when she was a little girl, her mistress deliberately mutilated her face under a rocking chair because she stole a piece of candy. Despite its undertow of violence, *Do Lord Remember Me*, which originated at the American Place Theater and is now at Manhattan's Town Hall, is astonishingly rich in folk humor, bold in pride, luminous in its faith in Jesus and its knowledge that adversity strengthens as many as, or more than, it breaks. —*By T.E. Kalem*

STEPHANIE SOSA

Dumakude and Mgcina in *Poppie*

Cruelly caught in South Africa's catch-22.

Blind Passion

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE
by Arthur Miller

Some dramatic revivals are like toys in an attic. One remembers them fondly. They look oddly shrunken and faded. At a touch, a faint puff of dust rises.

So it is, unfortunately, with Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*. Though Miller strove for Greek myth, his play is more of a tabloid melodrama. A simple stevedore named Eddie (Tony Lo Bianco) in Red Hook, Brooklyn, allows two of his wife's Sicilian relatives, illegally smuggled into the U.S., to live in his home. The younger one, Rodolpho (James Hayden), falls in love with Eddie's orphaned niece, Catherine (Saundra Santiago).

In his own blind, unrecognized passion for Catherine, Eddie turns viciously against Rodolpho, libeling him as a homosexual, mostly because he sings tenor and cooks. In an impotent fury, Eddie turns informer to the immigration office and triggers his own death.

At least two things now vitiate the play's impact. In 1955, during the heyday of Freudian illumination, when the play first appeared as a one-acter, shortly to be revised and expanded to a two-acter, Eddie's love for his niece possessed shock effect. Incest isn't what it used to be. Furthermore, one doubts whether the current flood of illegal aliens cowers before an immigration official as if he had sounded a storm trooper's knock in the night.

What this production does have working for it is Lo Bianco's volcanic performance. His eyes are tunnels without light. He springs at his prey like a tiger. Pathetically, the prey is himself, brought low not by pride but by ignorance. —*T.E.K.*

Milestones

BORN. To **Jean-Claude** ("Baby Doc") **Duvalier,** 31, portly President for Life of Haiti, and **Michèle Bennett Duvalier,** 31: their first child, a son and heir apparent to the dictatorship set up by his grandfather Papa Doc; in Port-au-Prince. Name: François Nicolas Jean-Claude. Weight: 7 lbs. 12 oz.

EXPELLED. Klaus Barbie, 69, alias Klaus Altmann, the "Butcher of Lyon"; from Bolivia, to which he fled in 1951. An SS captain who was Lyon Gestapo chief from 1942 to 1944, he was sentenced to death *in absentia* by French courts for active complicity in killing some 11,600 French Jews and Resistance fighters. Barbie was returned to France, where he will probably be tried again, since that country abolished the death penalty in 1981.

DIED. Karen Carpenter, 32, dulcet-voiced singing half, opposite her pianist-arranger brother Richard, of the squeaky-clean Carpenters; of an apparent heart attack (she had suffered earlier from anorexia nervosa); in Downey, Calif. Since 1969, their ballads *(Close to You, We've Only Just Begun)* have sold 80 million records and tapes, won three Grammy Awards.

DIED. Yang Sun Nyo, 66, mother of South Korean Lightweight Boxer Kim Duk Koo, who died after a title fight with Ray ("Boom Boom") Mancini last November; by her own hand (she drank a bottle of pesticide) after becoming despondent following her son's death; in Kojin, South Korea.

DIED. Gitullio Campagnolo, 81, designer and manufacturer of the world's best bicycle parts; in Monselice, Italy. After losing a 1927 Alpine race because he could not unstick frozen wheel nuts to change a tire, Campagnolo invented the release system now widely used for removing wheels, also devised improved gearshifts and some 50 other items (but not a complete bicycle) that have made the nickname "Campy" cycledom's synonym for efficiency.

DIED. Robert Ten Broeck Stevens, 83, president of the huge, antiunion J.P. Stevens textile company for much of the past half-century; in Edison, N.J. Under Stevens, the 170-year-old company became the U.S.'s second largest textile firm (1982 revenues: $2 billion), but lost its fight to bar unions in 1980, when it was cited for violating fair labor practices. Stevens' greatest personal fame came in 1954, when as Secretary of the Army he gamely defended himself for 13 days against the attacks of Joseph McCarthy in televised hearings that eventually led to the demagogic Senator's censure and downfall.

IF A CAR IS REALLY AN EXTENSION OF ONE'S PERSONALITY, WHAT KIND OF PERSON WOULD DRIVE A SAAB?

Not long ago, a leading car magazine called Saab owners "the lunatic fringe of the American car-buying public."

Yet according to our statistics, the average Saab owner is male, age 38, college-educated, works in a managerial job, and earns over $40,000 a year. He is married and has 1.2 children.

The fact is, both descriptions are accurate.

The fringe.

Some people call this person a driving enthusiast; others call him a car nut.

Whatever you call him, he buys a car for one reason.

Economy? Who cares. Luggage space? Who needs it.

His attitude is if a car doesn't give you goose bumps when you drive it, what's the point of owning it.

For him, even a drive to the supermarket should be exhilarating.

For that, Saab's front-wheel drive and taut suspension give him the cornering ability of a sports car.

And every time Saab's new APC turbocharger kicks in, he feels like he's just engaged warp drive.

Engineering philosophy doesn't interest him. Results do.

Often, he belongs to a car club.

Not the kind with leather jackets and secret handshakes.

But every month or so, they sponsor an event called an Autocross. Much to the dismay of the local townspeople, club members roar their Saabs against the clock through staid suburban parking lots.

Beyond the fringe.

At the other end of the spectrum is the Saab owner who is largely responsible for the respectable statistics that were cited earlier.

He bristles at Saab's cult car reputation. He thinks of car clubs in the same light as motorcycle gangs.

Nonetheless, he does realize that many of Saab's "radical" innovations like turbocharging, front-wheel drive, and aerodynamic design have broader applications than just blowing your neighbor's BMW off the road.

He sees the safety in high performance every time he merges onto a crowded freeway or passes a truck on a two-lane highway.

And, in a Saab APC Turbo, this performance is attained without sacrificing fuel economy. In fact, the APC system actually improves gas mileage.*

He sees the logic of Saab's front-wheel drive and four-wheel disc brakes, especially after the first snowfall. Or the last rainfall.

Even Saab's hatchback design, which some find unconventional, he finds practical, considering that it gives his Saab the carrying capacity of a station wagon.

And not only does his Saab have plenty of room for luggage, it also has plenty of room for people. More, in fact, than many elitist cars.

For those who insist on luxury for luxury's sake, Saab has made one concession. Some turbo models are now equipped with an *Exclusive Appointments Group* that includes leather-upholstered seats and electric sunroofs. (That's really two concessions, isn't it?)

1983 SAAB PRICE** LIST	
900 3-door	$10,750
900 4-door	$11,050
900S 3-door	$13,550
900S 4-door	$13,950
900 Turbo 3-door	$16,510
900 Turbo 4-door	$16,910

Automatic transmission $370 additional.

Even with leather upholstery and sunroofs you don't have to open manually, Saabs have not replaced Mercedes and BMW as the standard-bearer at the country club.

But for Saab owners, whatever type they may be, the experience of driving a Saab outweighs the lure of status.

It has to.

How else could they get a practical car that drives as well as most wildly impractical cars? A car that appeals to their emotions as well as their intellect?

So what kind of person drives a Saab?

A very satisfied one.

**Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: (2) EPA estimated mpg. 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.*

SAAB
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The most intelligent car ever built.

Essay

The Baby in the Factory

Three weeks ago, the nation recoiled at the story of a microcephalic child, called Baby Doe by the court, who apparently was born without parents. Judy Stiver, the surrogate mother who bore him after being artificially inseminated, claimed that Baby Doe belonged to Alexander Malahoff, who had contracted to pay Stiver $10,000 on delivery. Malahoff, who is separated from his wife, and who hoped the baby might reunite them, accepted the deformed child in the beginning, and had him baptized. Later he rejected the boy, contending Baby Doe was not his own. Last week a blood test proved him right. This established, the Stivers said they were willing to receive the child, thus granting Malahoff his money back, along with an end to a story nobody wanted to hear in the first place, one that, when it was finally played out, involved an array of several unattractive personalities, a multimillion-dollar lawsuit, the specter of baby selling, the suspicion of fraud and deception, and a tasteless denouement on a television talk show, where the M.C. spoke of "renting a womb."

But the sleaziness of this particular affair did not account for its disturbing effect on the public. From Baby Doe's birth on Jan. 10, he was seen and discussed as a piece of inferior merchandise, an imperfect creature come into the world as damaged goods. The mother disavowed motherhood; the father said "Not mine." Yet there was the child, frail but present. Deposited on the doorstep, he had to belong to someone.

In a sense, he belonged to everyone for those three weeks, and that universal parenthood may be worth remembering. Baby Doe was the product of a beneficent social impulse. Malahoff wished him into existence, and Stiver provided the incubator, but the context and impetus for the birth were in the public realm, the generally, if warily accepted idea that if infertile people want children strongly enough, then modern science ought to offer a way. Thus arose the recent and remarkable inventions of surrogate parents and test-tube babies. No one is wholly comfortable with these mechanisms, including the principals, but when the baby shows up, glowing and cooing, most reservations dissipate in a hurry. A life has been created, after all, even if it has been done a bit oddly and at various removes.

What happens, on the other hand, when a baby shows up neither glowing nor cooing, but, like Baby Doe, with a strep infection and too small a head, a sign of probable mental retardation? What happens when one is reminded of the numerical odds in such things, when normal reality intrudes on the man-made miracle? It was easy to condemn Stiver for feeling no motherly connection to the child, yet surrogate motherhood necessarily precluded those feelings, indeed made reasonable her self-imposed detachment. It was easy, too, to be appalled by Malahoff's rejection, but the baby he originally ordered up was to be his own, not another father's. Oh yes, there was the matter of the deformity, which cried out for special kindness and scruples, so one might think that Stiver or Malahoff would have been willing to take Baby Doe, no matter what. But who would not hesitate before deciding to accept a retarded child if one really had the choice? And the circumstances did present a choice.

Choice may, in fact, be the key to the matter, the center of public uneasiness. On the face of it, or even in the heart of it, there is nothing wrong with the idea of surrogate parenthood, or with any indirect process by which a child is created because somebody wants him. The essential difference between such a procedure and an opposite one like abortion is that in the surrogate situation someone does want the child, the desire being compelling. Indeed, everyone concerned wants the child; the prospective family and the surrogate parent too, either for profit or as an act of philanthropy. It may be argued that adoption is a cleaner and less cumbersome method, for all its bureaucratic impediments, but this is not an issue enhanced by taking sides. A couple wants a child. If the insemination is artificial, the parental attitude is real.

The disturbing element here, however, the one this story exposed to the air, is the implication that these processes, which satisfy that basic human desire and which do so by manipulating a basic human act, are merely mechanical, technologically clever, new testaments to American know-how. Pregnant women often joke gently about their offspring "in the oven," but in a jokeless context, where the baby in question is being cooked up on consignment, there is cause for real worry. With all the potential joys of scientifically created parenthood, the last thing one wishes to encourage is the impersonal approach. What is being cooked up in each instance is not a cake or a car or a mail-order watch. It is a person, small-headed or not, and any situation that suggests otherwise is not just dismaying but dangerous.

In the case of Stiver-Malahoff we observed a problem fairly simple to resolve. Malahoff has been taken out of the picture, and the Stivers now claim to be ready to accept their responsibilities. But the problem between Malahoff and themselves would never have arisen had Baby Doe arrived healthy. How far was this matter from a slightly different one in which some future Malahoff, while being proved the true father of an imperfect boy, decides nonetheless that a microcephalic baby was not what he had in mind? He would like to send it back, demand a refund. The law might stand in his way, of course, but the heart of the issue is not legal. A procedure has been devised in which a human being is literally conceived as a manufactured product. Therefore, consciously or not, all the participants in that procedure tend to regard the product either as the flower of a growth industry or, if a flaw appears, as industrial waste.

This is probably why the story was so troubling, and why it ought to be. What we were viewing was not a mishap in a procedure to be condemned or abhorred, or even regulated with excruciating detail—though regulations will help—but rather something new and fragile, like a baby, to be watched with great and serious care. Technological parenthood may have the trappings of a business, but it is not a business; it is the answer to someone's most personal prayers. So it should be seen and handled. If the answer to a particular prayer happens to emerge deformed, it is no less the prayer's answer; and, as many parents of such "damaged goods" have discovered, they sometimes give more contentment to a family than whole and healthy children and thus provide answers to different prayers entirely.

The point is simply that these goods are people, however they may be produced. Nor is any child to be judged or treated as a factory reject merely because something is wrong with him. One forgets these things from time to time, lost in pride at our advancement.

—By Roger Rosenblatt

Illustration for TIME by Michael C. Witte

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